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Ethel B. Cheney

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Revanant

By ETHEL B. CHENEY

-1-

If I must die!
Oh do not let me lie
Beneath soft grasses, where a perfumed breeze
Moves through pale flowers, and quiet cedar trees.

If I must go
I would not want to know
The peace of garden places, where each sound
Is muted by the deep, high walls around.

I fear that I would keep
Too long a sleep,
Were I to know the gentle sheltering
Of tempered winds, and fragrances of spring.

-2-

I who have been made weak through tenderness would know
The strength of deserts, proud, high winds that blow
In swirling, angry lashes of great pain
Across a boundless and unconquered plain.
And I would merge into the mountain crags that rise
Fearless, undaunted, to the threatening skies;
Nor tremble at the thunder's roll and crash
Of fast flung bolts, as lightnings sear and gash.
I would become as one with age-old trees, that break
The winds with strength, and hurl back in their wake
The shattered hail; so would I find at length,
The peace that comes from consciousness of strength.

-3-

And when I may return again,
A soul newborn;
I would come sure and swift across the plain,
As comes the morn.

And I would come as one victorious
Before the day,
Triumphantly, with hand high flung, as one
Who leads the way.

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