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Tramp and Scarecrow

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Child-changed again, from the cool preservative;
 To have raced asquint the appealing doors where dawn
 Burned helpless pierced with violet thorns; to live
 Deposed from a world, and for this while wind-free
 Of our mouldering hopes, and of our summer-silence
 Likewise free; we have seen the greenish eyes
 Among the sleek and soft autumnal islands
 Lurk in perspiration, feigning sleep;
 And we have parried carefully our leap.

JAMES FRANKLIN LEWIS

TRAMP AND SCARECROW

One of them had no place to go
 And one of them had no place to stay;
 The one that had no feet at all
 Was watched by the one with feet of clay.
 After no fruit was left to fall,
 Someone forgot to take away
 The shape intended to frighten birds—
 And even the birds were gone today.
 He could not put it into words,
 But it troubled the tramp still more to know
 What anyone who passed could see:
 That even the frame of the old scarecrow
 Had on a better coat than he!
 And, sure that the scarecrow could not care,
 He looked about, and climbed the fence
 And changed the coats . . . That was common sense—
 Since only the crows were left to scare.
 Nothing to guard was left for one,
 But one still had within his trust
 For keeping warm—to oblivion—
 Something a little more than dust.

GLENN WARD DRESBACH