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Death at Sea

The porthole lifts and falls, white-gold light
On the sea is shown and hid; the wind
Is crying or laughing in the shrouds.
Talk and cold smoke slip through the door to me,
With food-heat from the galley. I can see
Bubbles like drops of gold, and swinging grass,
Old ships, old casks, old jewels, swift sea-maids
With the sea like diamonds in their hair,—
The things that I shall know before a wind,
Another old sad night-wind lifts his voice,
Then I shall be
A soul lost in the lightless depth of sea,
A body, canvas-robed, lost in the land
That makes lost things its own, with bright-grained sand
And tangled gowns of weed.
God of the sea and night
But numb these hours for me,
Before the light,
That I may wake and laugh
When laughs the white dawn down the open sea.

—D. G. Roberts.

That Unlucky Thirteen

By W. Goodridge Roberts

"O. V. B." the young and well-known cartoonist stepped out of his favourite restaurant the other evening with the not unpleasant tastes of Spanish cream and coffee struggling for predominance on his tongue.

He lit a Mogul and puffed languidly away into the night. Several blocks down he bumped into someone.

"I beg your pardon, Sir," said he.

A deep and tragic moan was the reply. The cartoonist was startled. A sudden chill went through him like a cherry-ice and he flashed his monocled eye.