

The Chanticleer

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Back at School

My bright loves on the hill,
My brave loves on the sea
Call with wild hearts to me,
"Come love! You are so free
Only the wind can be
Like you born free.
So come away.
There is no night or day,
Or tide or frost holds sway
Over your dream and play;
Your swift feet feel no tie
To earth or sky."

My foolish, happy loves,
If you could see
The thing you dreamt so free.
These captured hands
Forget the strands and sands;
And there is nothing fleet
In these two feet
Beside a seat.
Only the heart is brave
And dashes out to be
With grey gulls down the sea,
Thinking it will be free
Mounts a long laughing wave
And is thrown back—a slave.

—Dorothy Roberts.