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### The Blind Child

As I sit listening to fire laughter  
When supper is eaten and cleared, and after  
The dishes have ceased to click and clatter,  
And the swift soap-suds to sizzle and splatter  
Like drizzle and gust of rain on the pane,  
I hear the scratch of a match, the scrape of a chair,  
The slow shuffle of your feet, and the queer  
Sound of the opening book that you took  
Swish from the table. "Shall it be a fable  
Tonight, child, or a tale of oldenday kings,  
And castles, and courts and heroic things,  
Or of wee, winged creatures we cannot see,  
Called fairies or little folk; which shall it be?  
With sounds like sudden wind at the eaves  
I hear your fingers rustle the leaves.  
The kings and the castles are nothing but words,  
You speak from pages that flutter like birds;  
So it must be of fairies you read to me,  
Of the only things that arn't sounds to me,  
Of the strange people—so plain to see.

—Dorothy Roberts.