

The Chanticleer

VOL. 4

JANUARY, 1925

No. 2

Sick in Bed

The pixie-day at the blue window pane
Taps with cold leaves,
The imp wind laughs again
Along the eaves.
And I shall rise and go
Where brown birds blow.
Beyond the yellow goblin candlelight
Strides by the wizzard night
With the witch wind,
And I shall leave and go
Where frost ferns grow.
If you will have me facing a white wall
You must be wise,
For when your steps are dead along the hall
I shall arise.
You cannot keep me captive that am blest
With such a rover heart within my breast.

—Dorothy Roberts.