

# **Dreams and Dust**

Don Marquis

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# Dreams &Dust

Don Marquis

TO  
MY MOTHER  
VIRGINIA WHITMORE MARQUIS

## PROEM

"SO LET THEM PASS, THESE SONGS OF MINE"

So let them pass, these songs of mine,  
Into oblivion, nor repine;  
Abandoned ruins of large schemes,  
Dimmed lights adrift from nobler dreams,

Weak wings I sped on quests divine,  
So let them pass, these songs of mine.  
They soar, or sink ephemeral—  
I care not greatly which befall!

For if no song I e'er had wrought,  
Still have I loved and laughed and fought;  
So let them pass, these songs of mine;  
I sting too hot with life to whine!

Still shall I struggle, fail, aspire,  
Lose God, and find Gods in the mire,  
And drink dream—deep life's heady wine—  
So let them pass, these songs of mine.

## DAYLIGHT HUMORS

## THIS IS ANOTHER DAY

I AM mine own priest, and I shrive myself  
Of all my wasted yesterdays. Though sin  
And sloth and foolishness, and all ill weeds  
Of error, evil, and neglect grow rank  
And ugly there, I dare forgive myself  
That error, sin, and sloth and foolishness.  
God knows that yesterday I played the fool;  
God knows that yesterday I played the knave;  
But shall I therefore cloud this new dawn o'er  
With fog of futile sighs and vain regrets?

This is another day! And flushed Hope walks  
Adown the sunward slopes with golden shoon.  
This is another day; and its young strength  
Is laid upon the quivering hills until,  
Like Egypt's Memnon, they grow quick with song.  
This is another day, and the bold world  
Leaps up and grasps its light, and laughs, as leapt  
Prometheus up and wrenched the fire from Zeus.

This is another day—are its eyes blurred  
With maudlin grief for any wasted past?  
A thousand thousand failures shall not daunt!  
Let dust clasp dust; death, death—I am alive!  
And out of all the dust and death of mine  
Old selves I dare to lift a singing heart  
And living faith; my spirit dares drink deep  
Of the red mirth mantling in the cup of morn.

## APRIL SONG

FLEET across the grasses  
Flash the feet of Spring,  
Piping, as he passes  
Fleet across the grasses,  
"Follow, lads and lasses!  
Sing, world, sing!"  
Fleet across the grasses  
Flash the feet of Spring!

*Idle winds deliver  
Rumors through the town,  
Tales of reeds that quiver,  
Idle winds deliver,  
Where the rapid river  
Drags the willows down--  
Idle winds deliver  
Rumors through the town.*

In the country places  
By the silver brooks  
April airs her graces;  
In the country places  
Wayward April paces,  
Laughter in her looks;  
In the country places  
By the silver brooks.

*Hints of alien glamor  
Even reach the town;  
Urban muses stammer  
Hints of alien glamor,  
But the city's clamor  
Beats the voices down;  
Hints of alien glamor  
Even reach the town.*

## **THIS EARTH, IT IS ALSO A STAR**

WHERE the singers of Saturn find tongue,  
Where the Galaxy's lovers embrace,  
Our world and its beauty are sung!  
They lean from their ca