

A DUET

'FLOWERS nodding gaily, scent in air,
 Flowers posied, flowers in the hair,
 Sleepy flowers, flowers bold to stare—'
 'Oh, pick me some.'

'Shells with lip, or tooth, or bleeding gum,
 Tell-tale shells, and shells that whisper "Come,"
 Shells that stammer, blush, and yet are dumb—'
 'Oh, let me hear.'

'Eyes so black they draw one trembling near,
 Brown eyes, caverns flooded with a tear,
 Cloudless eyes, blue eyes so windy clear—'
 'Oh, look at me.'

'Kisses sadly blown across the sea,
 Darkling kisses, kisses fair and free,
 Bob-a-cherry kisses 'neath a tree—'
 'Oh, give me one.'—
 Thus sang a queen and king in Babylon.

T. STURGE MOORE.