

By N Ingram, K. E.  
CHRYSANTHEMUM

In the white morning sunlight  
The white chrysanthemum is a strange shock-headed  
doll;  
A wild raggle-taggle gipsy  
Flirting with the wind.  
Look! How she shakes her wild white hair.  
Hoop-la! Hoop-la!  
It's a song and dance today.  
But at night  
When the ground is fresh-dug and fresh-dunged,  
And the rich smell of the humus hangs heavy in the air,  
The chrysanthemums come out like shooting meteors  
Falling in the upper air;  
All heaven is streaked and starred  
And the warm earth lies panting  
Under the barred and ragged moons  
As ragged as a midnight gipsy fair.  
And the delicate little white buds  
Draw close within the thick night air  
Flickering like stars, flickering on the brink of the  
unborn day,  
Till in the early morning they too will burst forth  
Silver-flaked and flamed,  
Meteor-like in a moon-death . . .  
Hoop-la!  
The shock-headed gipsies have returned to earth.

*K. E. Ingram*