

G.A.H.

Morning desert sun streaming through
Lattice windows, on three golden skinned
Imps he loved, playing on an old Thibetan rug
Before dressing ; and in the evening, three black
heads
Arms thrown out in abadon, dreaming away
The fun of the day.
Then the chug of the motor he worked so hard
to fix
Intent faces that stare at it—fascinated ;
Casting of metal into patterned sand
Spurts of flame from the cupola . . .
Temple designs taking shape on rugs
Joy of creation on young faces,
Each a loved face, loved for all its hope
In spite of every fault.
Loved for all its effort, all the joy it gave—
Impetuous Chang Tse-han, steady Du An-fang,
And all the rest. He could love all right.
The old stupa framed in foliage, from
His room door.
The clack of looms weaving serge for winter
Clothing, whirr of stocking machines,
Steady clank from the blacksmith's shop
Sparks that light up the ancient graven
Stone of Chuan Tung, of the Ming ;
Precision mastering over drawing boards
As machines take shape on paper
Excitement in the leather shop
As new vats are planned—then groups around
the pottery kiln
He as interested and happy as they.
And all the unfolding of minds
Like lotus flowers which still adorn
Our old temple walls,
Clean, free limbs that work in with
Ever thoughtful minds ;
These things would have atoned for all the
Sweat and pain that went to buy them ;
He always suffered with a stiff upper lip.
And so he went through days of final agony
“ Don't be afraid ” banally said the doctor
Towards the last. “ I'm not afraid,” quickly
came
The answer—and then he went
From us, in all his sturdy, casual strength,
Into the valley of mists they call death
And those he loved took what he left,
And buried it near the stream they call Edson
Gol
That flows down from the Chi Lien Shan, in all
their
Snowy majesty, on out into the Gobi . . .
Yet that is not the last of him.
He is still so much around us, that we half expect
To look up and see him by ; or hear the sound
of his
Sandalled feet ; his pleasant Honan accent
solving
Daily problems ; easy to see him in all his lads
In all they make, in all they say
In all their hopes for the better day
And so in pain and wonderment
And in all humility do we strengthen old resolves,
So borrowing from his strength come from our
daze,
To pick up his work again.

REWI ALLEY.