

Page 3 Poetry from Margaret Harkness Calder's Book "Little Chips"

To Etta: Would You?

I'd like to go to the country fair  
 And sample all the cheese,  
 I'd like to hear a familiar voice  
 Say: "Tickets, children, please",  
 But I'd rather spend a holiday,  
 And I think you know why--  
 Safely hid in a beechnut tree  
 Pelting husks at passers by.

Note: Etta was Miss Margaret McKeen

Musings on Seeing a Print of Tom Thomson's "West Wind"

Tom had gone into the forest beneath a clear, blue sky,  
 And it mattered not to him how the hours journeyed by;  
 He found a place of comfort, that faced the sunny south,  
 Tilted back his slouch hat, stuck a long pipe in his mouth,  
 Thumb-tacked his sketching paper a little carelessly  
 Then placed his easel firmly before a sturdy tree.

He felt the morning breeze blowing in his hair  
 Heard the crackling underbrush when leapt on by a hare;  
 Sketched on and on for hours using sheet after sheet,  
 Munched away on apples from a sack at his feet;  
 Filled his pipe quite often, then blew great rings of smoke,  
 Chuckled somewhat loudly as he recalled a joke;  
 Wandered at intervals to the land of memory,  
 Unaware the morning breeze had gained velocity  
 Until he saw a sapling, bedecked with pretty green,  
 Bend before the west wind's wrath while the sturdy stood serene.

Above great clouds had gathered and were quickly driving east,  
 Travelling like factory men and children to a feast;  
 The sloping western forest of maple, beech and fir,  
 Had let the west wind sweep the lake--it had begun to stir,  
 Then foam, and lash the boulders on the rugged shore,  
 Sounding at that distance like a caged lion's roar.  
 Tom's inspiration flamed like embers fanned to fire  
 At the rising wind's power from a Greater and a Higher,  
 He was startled! A glorious vision was revealed  
 That painted into WEST WIND can never be concealed.

To Owen Sound, Annan and Leith

I have crossed the Rocky Mountains in the dawning of the day,  
 I have crossed them when the shades began to fall;  
 I have touched the great Pacific and the broad Atlantic too,  
 They are marvelous: and Our Father made them all.

I could touch upon the beauty of an ocean or a lake,  
 Of Mount Rainier with its snowy cap of white,  
 Of the St. Mary River and the Locks at the Soo  
 But I cannot seem to picture them to-night.

I am on McKnight's hill with the Owen Sound Bay in sight,  
 I am following it along the eastern shore,  
 It has carried me to Leith and I'm filled with delight  
 As I faintly see my favorite haunts once more.

My memory leads me on to the road past Grandad's farm,  
 Where huge willows gently rustle with the breeze,  
 I turn in to rest awhile, as I did so long ago,  
 Underneath their spreading mammoth butternut trees.