

A Memory

by Lola Ridge

I remember

The crackle of the palm trees

Over the mooned white roofs of the town...

The shining town...

And the tender fumbling of the surf

On the sulphur-yellow beaches

As we sat...a little apart...in the close-pressing night.

The moon hung above us like a golden mango,

And the moist air clung to our faces,

Warm and fragrant as the open mouth of a child

And we watched the out-flung sea

Rolling to the purple edge of the world,

Yet ever back upon itself...

As we...

Inadequate night...

And mooned white memory

Of a tropic sea...

How softly it comes up

Like an ungathered lily.