

**Classic Poetry Series**

# **Eleanor Agnes Lee**

**- poems -**

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## **Convention**

The snow is lying very deep.  
My house is sheltered from the blast.  
I hear each muffled step outside,  
I hear each voice go past.

But I'll not venture in the drift  
Out of this bright security,  
Till enough footsteps come and go  
To make a path for me.

Eleanor Agnes Lee

## Peace

Suddenly bells and flags!  
Suddenly -- door to door --  
Tidings! Can we believe,  
We, who were used to war?

Yet we have dreamed her face,  
Knowing her light must be,  
Knowing that she must come.  
Look -- she comes, it is she!

Tattered her raiment floats,  
Blood is upon her wings.  
Ah, but her eyes are clear!  
Ah, but her voice outrings!

Soon where the shrapnel fell  
Petals shall wake and stir.  
Look -- she is here, she lives!  
Beauty has died for her.

Eleanor Agnes Lee