

Classic Poetry Series

Myra Morris
- poems -

Publication Date:

2004

Publisher:

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Myra Morris(1893 - 1966)

Myra Morris was born in the Victorian Mallee country and was educated at the Brigidine Convent, Rochester. She spent most of her life in small Victorian country towns, and these form the backdrop to much of her fiction. A prolific author, she contributed poetry, serials and short stories to many Australian publications, notably the Bulletin. Her own publications included volumes of verse, novels, and short stories.

A Morning Walk

From Frankston into Cranbourne
The road runs all along
Between green-golden stretches,
A lovely way of song,
With thrushes singing loud and gay
And blackbirds clear and strong.
From Frankston into Cranbourne
We went, and cared for none.
The pines along the wayside
Showed yellow shoots, each one;
And the bare old orchard trees were gray
As cobwebs in the sun.
Where the bracken's frosted silver
Rimmed spikes of pearly heath
We saw the cream clematis
Weave lacy wreath on wreath
Above the jade-green fuchsia bells
And greenhoods underneath.
The purple sarsparilla
Spread out a cloak of pride,
And flat-faced little sundews---
Each chalice opened wide---
Were white flotillas floating on
Some tangled, moveless tide.
We knelt beside still waters,
As dark as dark could be,
And plucked the strange swamp-lilies,
Their fretted ivory
Flung up in two black-dusted wings
With fairy symmetry.
We watched the firesmoke rising
Behind its dim blue veil;
The shy young gum-trees dancing
In a vision sweet and frail,
And the far-off hills that lay in dream,
Pale as the dawn is pale.
From Frankston into Cranbourne
The road runs all along
Between green-golden stretches,

The lovely way of song,
With thrushes singing loud and gay
And blackbirds clear and strong.

Myra Morris