

# REPATRIATED

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All my dear childhood and the budding years,  
Glamorous and glowing, knew the spruce-bound hills,  
The ruddy Avon, and the towering tiers  
Of bleak-browed Blomidon; the wood-locked mills;  
The apple-orchards dropping yellow fruit,  
The fields of grass and grain of Acadie.  
Through long maturer years, with magic mute  
In clamour of great cities, I could see,  
Eyes closed, the marshes that I loved, the stream  
Of plover, hear the raucous call of crows,  
And knew a deep nostalgia through my dream.  
Out where the strange Pacific ebbs and flows,  
Through the wild roads and hills of Santa Fé,  
Far on the Tucson desert, and along  
The Apache Trail, a thousand wonders lay.  
Grandeur I knew, and warmth, and friendliness  
In the great Western States, and health and play;  
But always was I alien, nationless,  
With voices calling from St. Mary's Bay,  
From little sleepy towns of Gaspereaux.  
I have come home from world-wracked troublous climes  
To the calm haven of the Maritimes,  
Calm without fixity, a land of men  
Rugged and real, my people. All of me—  
Sprung from their soil, their forests, and their sea,  
Canadian in blood and hope and heart—  
Calls to my people. And so, in the gloam,  
My eventide, ready to do my part,  
I have come home.