

WEST COAST

ANNE MARGARET ANGUS

Unkempt great country,
How shall I praise you—
Fretted with rivers,
Inlaid with lakes,
Ragged with mountains
(Keen silver saw-teeth)?

Lovely your skies are:
Satin in moonlight,
Stained with the sunset;
Fiercer and fairer when
Raked by the west winds,
Netted with foam.

Sombre and silent your
Shaggy-plumed forests:
Birds—small and secret—
Dart through the sword-fern,
Only the fringes smile
Sunny with song.

Bones of an unknown past
Rootheld by listening trees,
Ghosts of another race,
Echoes of older songs
Haunt me, and keep me
Alien to soil I love.