

NATSU-SAN.

BY ONOTO WATANNA.

When Natsu died the fields were all
alive

and sweetened, sweet with cherry
blossoms and;

and everywhere the rubbids made their
nest

And sang in concert with the half-
rascals.

When Natsu died the sun, all blazing
red,

Sank suddenly behind a blue-gray
cloud;

The blowing, restless wind (red scarlet-
ly striped);

Each summer for her while in his snowy
slumber.

When Natsu died the fasting swallows
sailed

and played in rapture up her win-
dow-bell;

It lutteted glad in her deep purple
eyes.

And lived the round cheeks and lips
so red.

When Natsu died the position of her
hand died.

And white and cold and dry and stiff
at the day;

The sweet lips numb, the speaking eyes
now dumb;

The white questioning gaze, dead,
but not.

Past rice fields, whence the summer's
genie had flown,

Where every winter-wind comes
to be still,

They have one enemy—the one who never
had known

The first winter's child.

—Boston Journal.