



Little Door to the Thirteenth of December

One December by Clinton Scollard
(September 18, 1860 – November 19, 1932)

Now that the year unto its close is
 rounding,
And sleet slants down the breeze,
My mind across the perished past is
 bounding
As leaps a ship across the racing seas.

It is once more that magical December,
 Void of the north wind's stings,
And lighted by Romance's quenchless
 ember,
When first I drank the Orient's golden
 springs.

Again I leave the land of Pharoah's
 daughter,—
The long, low umber dunes,—
Embarking on a waveless waste of water
Beneath the most inviolate of moons.

I see it, like a lovely lotus, lying
 Upon night's placid pool,
And hark the flapping of flamingoes flying
 —
Faint scraps of sunset—through the ether
 cool.

Scarce seems the black bulk of the vessel
 shifting
So soft we glide along.
While dreamily adown the deck comes
 drifting
The liquid ripple of Levantine song.

Thus am I borne unto a goal elysian
 Across sleep's shadowy bar,
To find, at waking, burning on my vision,
From out the east, an iridescent star.

The shepherd's star— not broader and not brighter
 The sages saw it shine!—
Now grows the hill-notched sky-line swiftly lighter;
 'Tis Christmas morning over Palestine!

