

SEPTEMBER, 1942

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D McILWRAITH. Editor.



Changeling

By LEAH BODINE DRAKE

AM out on the wind In the wild, black night; On the wings of the owl

I take my flight,

On the ghostly wings of the great white owl; And whether the night be fair or foul.

Or the moon be up or the thunder growl,

Happy I be, Happy I be

When the changeling blood runs green in me!

When meek folk sleep

In their dull, soft beds,

I creep over roots

That the weasel treads.

Where the squat green lamps of the toadstools glow-And only the fox knows the ways I go,

And nobody knows the things I know. . . .

Wise I be.

Wise I be

When the changeling blood runs green in me!

O Mother, slumber

And do not wake! . . . Thin voices called

From the rain-wet brake.

And the child you cradled against your breast Is out in the night on the black wind's crest, For only the wild can give me rest. . . .

Sad I be.

Sad I be

When the changeling blood runs green in me.