

HOPS

By Preston Langley Hickey

STRANGE deeds transpire
 Where the midnight fire
 Of the hop-pipe lanterns glow.
 And misty shapes,
 Like cringing apes,
 Go fitting to and fro.

There is beauty rare
 In the smokers' lair
 Where the opium tapers blow.
 And the fallen sigh,
 And some men die,
 As the fancies come and go.

For the dreams they dream
 Are dreams of love,
 Of memories fond and sweet.
 Then they wake in the gloom
 To their earthly doom
 And totter away to the street.

And the souls that sigh
 In the night, and die,
 To the land of their dreams are bound.
 For their bodies stark
 'Mid the damp and the dark
 'Tis a city's nameless mound.

But the ones who are left
 With the coming of night,
 Are back to their cribs in the wall.
 Then—the picture fades
 I awake with a start—
 'Tis a dream I have had—that is all."

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