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By ALFRED I. TOOKE

Like broken windows in a ruined house
These sightless sockets stare; this gaping jaw
Provides a doorway where a scampering mouse
May carry thistledown and moss, and gnaw
The sedge-grass into soft and pliant strands
To fashion in this skull a cozy nest,
And there retire, when Nature's law commands,
To bear her young. Time had a merry jest
With this bleached skull, where thought was once enthroned,
And pride and solemn dignity held sway.
But wait! An empty skull that you once owned
May house a lot of squeaking mice some day!