

**HOME FOR EASTER**

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Home names  
Are fond  
And they are chantable  
To the heart far-wandered,  
Island-born  
And therefore  
Not transplantable.

Red clay soil  
Is strongly lovable,  
Dear-folk-dust  
Thickened to the soul;  
Home lanes are friendly,  
Walkable,  
Along the ways  
Neighbours  
Time—enough-to-talk-and chat-able  
Inclined.

O, I find home names  
Fond,  
And home things chantable  
Cosey to the mind.

Flying home  
Is dear,  
Warm,  
Excitable:  
Through  
The gray-wool clouds  
Dropping down,  
Slow-curve slicing  
To the ground:  
From the mainland hopping,  
When I'm  
M. C. A.  
Round-trip  
Six-day-stopping,  
Gayheart,  
Early-Birding  
Home.

—A. P. C.