

THE FORT GIBSON POST

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J. S. Holden, Editor

POEMS OF ALEX POSEY

The Creek Bard and Author of "Fux Fixico."

An Outcast

Pursued across the waning year,
By winds that chase with lifted spear,
A leaf, blood-stained, fell spent at last;
Upon my bosom: Poor outcast!

Ingersoll.

When love and the fireside inspired,
Words dropped from his eloquent lips
Like music from the golden lyre
Swept by Apollo's finger-tips.

To a Morning Warbler

Sing on till light and shadow meet,
Blithe spirit of the morning air;
I do not know thy name, nor care;
I only know thy name is sweet,
And that my heart beats thanks to thee,
Made purer by thy minstrelsy.