

TWIN TERRITORIES

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NOT FOR ME

(The following poem has appeared in another publication, and created so much favorable comment that we are glad of the permission to reproduce it. Mr. Hall's poems are **always** read with interest. -- Editor.)

All odorous and creamy white  
    Upon a table at my right  
    A great bouquet was placed; the room  
Was filled with sweet perfume.  
    It thrilled the senses but to see --  
    I drank its fragrant beauty in,  
Well knowing it was half a sin,  
    For it was not for me.

I touched the strings, the music rose,  
    And throbbed as sentient life that knows  
    When hearts conceal some hidden pain  
And tremble while they beat again.  
    The glad notes, glad to be set free,  
    Pulsated down the spacious room  
And hovered o'er that gem of bloom  
    And echoed "not for me."

The audience sat mute and still  
    And listened to the tinkling trill  
    From out those vibrant, magic strings,  
While I thought -- ah, so many things!  
    With each rich chord there seemed to be  
    Those whispered words of tenderness,  
"Fate has fair gifts mankind to bless."  
    But they are not for me.

I see about me beauty rare  
Of luring eyes and silken hair,  
And angel-tempting bosoms white  
And pure and innocent as light!  
However sweet the smile may be,  
However honeyed be the kiss,  
I must content myself with this:  
These things are not for me.