

HILL HUNGER.

I want to stride the hills! My feet cry out
For hills! Oh, I am sick to death of streets:
The nausea of pavements and people always about;
The savagery of mortar and steel that beats
Me under, hedges me in; the iron shiver
Of traffic!—I want to stride the hills, I want
Hills toned frantic silver or a quiver
Of scarlet; hills that hunger and grow gaunt!

I am tired of steps and steps, and a thousand flights
Of stairs resounding, shuffling, quarrelling
With shoes. I want a hill on windy nights,
When April pauses with me, clambering
Over the purple side to the top, until
We pull ourselves up by a star—the hill! the hill!

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