

In the Café

FOR
THOMAS
WALSH



A sudden shower and all of us
In the café; they slammed the
The rain cut; and the great thr
Went on eating its breakfast or
For it was eleven in the morning
And the lazy ones met the early
At different ends of their day's
The wild chatter of voices
Went on unshushed by the rainfa
Blackman and Indian, all with
Of Central and lower Europe;
Distinguished official señores, gall
Putting five tablespoons of sugar
Muscular Galicians with small
shoulders;

Beautiful eyes out of Africa as v
Golden skins of the Conquistado
By tropic suns and tropic bloods
Of creamy browns and dusky re
And the voices chatter in the ra
Of Spain, with oversinging of
And melting falls learned in th
From the escaped slaves of old.
Here the fine logic of the renaiss
The spirit of the Fray Luises a
Is used to discuss the world-war,
The reports of the railroad comi
Or the new steps of Maruxa,
The beauty from the alleyways o
Soon again the rain is over,
And a sun from the golden bo
Breaks through the clouds, lightin
Its candle of memories of the pa
Of a Sevilla without a Cathedra
A Sevilla without an Alcázar,—
A Habana with her blue sea like
Her golden-shaded people,
Her American heart and Latin g
Her love of liberty and native la
Her tourists in their new Panar
Her tolerance, her anti-Clericals
With blessed medals pinned to t
Her adorable sinners!—

There they throng out again
Into the sun and the narrow str
Dodging automobiles and trolle
Glad in the sunshine, glad in the
And stimulation of her wines a
Of her hai-alay and opera hou
Her Prado and Malecon and
Glad in the ghost-light of her l
For which her dusky revolution
Fought and died, starved and s
For which her poets sighed and
Her mothers wept and prayed,
Glad in the impending compro
That will make of Cuba.

A crowned land of pleasure,
An arc-light amid the Antilles
The center of our continental
The capital of Pan-America!

SRA. C
JUA



In the Café Europa

FOR
THOMAS
WALSH



A sudden shower and all of us were trapped
In the café; they slammed the doors to shut
The rain cut; and the great throng
Went on eating its breakfast or its lunch,
For it was eleven in the morning
And the lazy ones met the early ones
At different ends of their day's work.
The wild chatter of voices
Went on unhushed by the rainfall; Spaniard,
Blackman and Indian, all with the grimaces
Of Central and lower Europe;
Distinguished official señores, gallant soldiers in khaki
Putting five tablespoons of sugar in a demitasse;
Muscular Galicians with small heads and fleshy
shoulders;

Beautiful eyes out of Africa as well as Spain;
Golden skins of the Conquistadores burnt
By tropic suns and tropic bloods to the shades
Of creamy browns and dusky reds.
And the voices chatter in the raucous burr
Of Spain, with oversinging of Indian tones
And melting falls learned in the jungles
From the escaped slaves of old.
Here the fine logic of the renaissance,
The spirit of the Fray Luises and Quevedos
Is used to discuss the world-war,
The reports of the railroad commissions
Or the new steps of Maruxa,
The beauty from the alleyways of Camagüey.
Soon again the rain is over,
And a sun from the golden book of Sevilla
Breaks through the clouds, lighting anew
Its candle of memories of the past,—
Of a Sevilla without a Cathedral,
A Sevilla without an Alcázar,—
A Habana with her blue sea like a Vega around her,
Her golden-shaded people,
Her American heart and Latin genius,
Her love of liberty and native land,
Her tourists in their new Panama hats,
Her tolerance, her anti-Clericals
With blessed medals pinned to their undershirts,
Her adorable sinners!—
There they throng out again
Into the sun and the narrow streets,
Dodging automobiles and trolley-cars,
Glad in the sunshine, glad in the life
And stimulation of her wines and coffee,
Of her hai-alay and opera houses,
Her Prado and Malecon and race-track,—
Glad in the ghost-light of her liberty,
For which her dusky revolutionists
Fought and died, starved and suffered prison,
For which her poets sighed and sang,
Her mothers wept and prayed,—
Glad in the impending compromise
That will make of Cuba.
A crowned land of pleasure,
An arc-light amid the Antilles,
The center of our continental literature,
The capital of Pan-America!