

**POEMS
OF POWER**

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Poems of Power by Ella Wheeler Wilcox

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ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

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Ella Wheeler Wilcox

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BY

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX



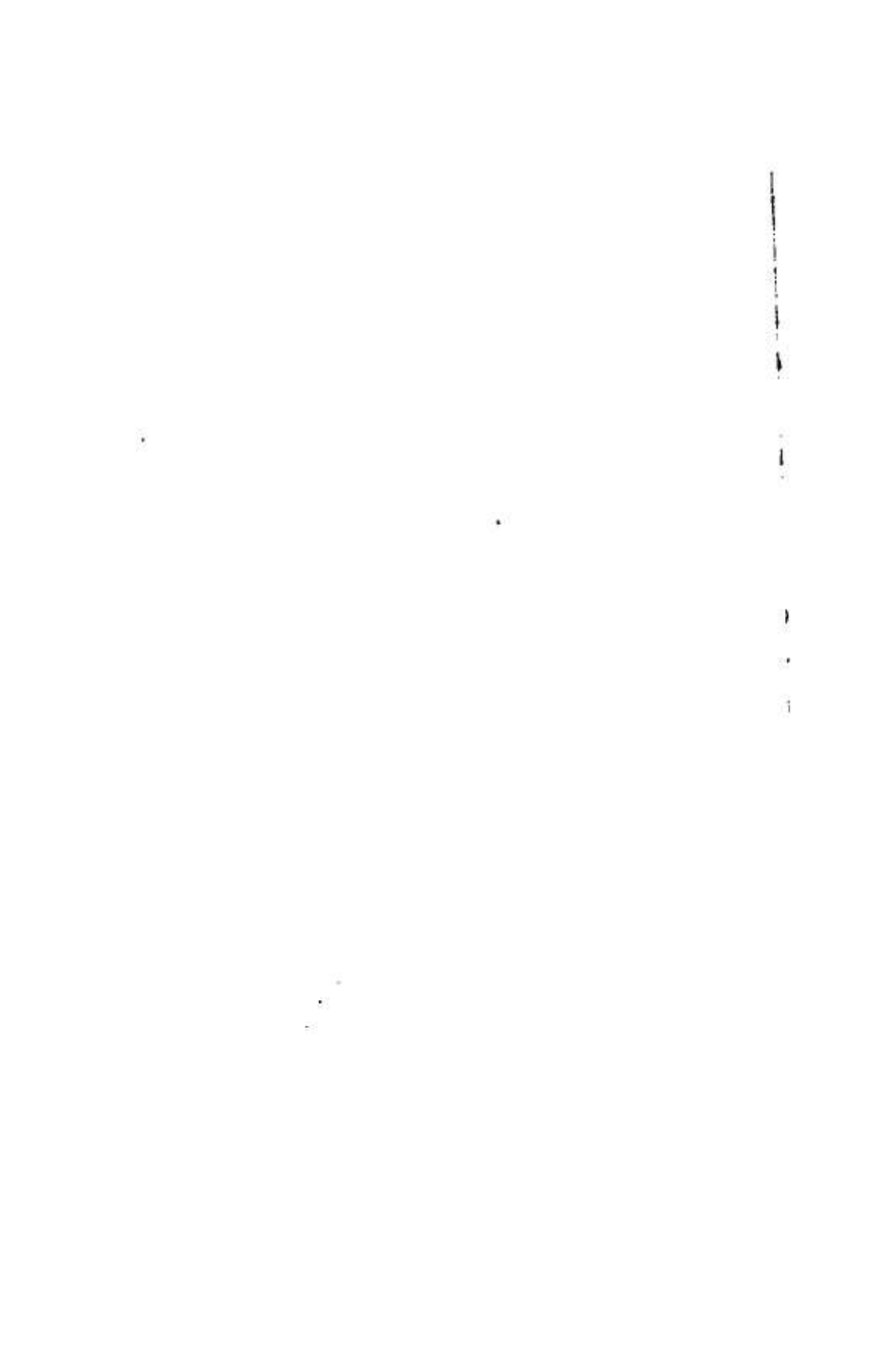
CHICAGO

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PREFATORY

THE final word in the title of this volume refers to the Divine Power in every human being, the recognition of which is the secret to all success and happiness. It is this idea which many of the verses endeavor to illustrate.

THE AUTHOR



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THE MEETING OF THE CENTURIES.

A CURIOUS vision, on mine eyes unfurled
In the deep night. I saw, or seemed to see,
Two Centuries meet, and sit down vis-a-vis,
Across the great round table of the world.
One with suggested sorrows in his mien
And on his brow the furrowed lines of thought.
And one whose glad expectant presence brought
A glow and radiance from the realms unseen.

Hand clasped with hand, in silence for a space,
The Centuries sat; the sad old eyes of one
(As grave paternal eyes regard a son)
Gazing upon that other eager face.
And then a voice, as cadenceless and gray
As the sea's monody in winter time,
Mingled with tones melodious, as the chime
Of bird choirs, singing in the dawns of May.

THE OLD CENTURY SPEAKS:

By you, Hope stands. With me, Experience walks.
Like a fair jewel in a faded box,
In my tear-rusted heart, sweet pity lies.
For all the dreams that look forth from your eyes,