



In the Oriental Art Room

By Mamie A. Meloy

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In bronze they speak, and tufted snow
 That fell two thousand years ago.
 High tides of vast emotion swept
 And surged through hoary centuries;
 Unnumbered patient fingers wrought
 To shape the lofty dream, the fate,
 The longing inarticulate,
 The priceless jade, in brass, in silk,
 Here untold ancient altars flame.

In awe, I . . . alien Occident . . .
 Go softly, breathless, reverent;
 East's august emperors are here;
 Calm Buddha by his Bo-tree sits;
 Here wintry, austere mountains rise
 To stay the poet where he goes
 To seek plum-blossoms in the snows;
 Quintessences of dynasties—
 A whole faith blooms in one jade flower!

Not my unseasoned loom can weave
 This precious stuff, and I must leave
 This many-shining woof; I have
 No backward-ranging centuries,
 For I am Oklahoman—saw
 The ground beneath this very room
 In its primeval grass and virgin bloom,
 To its far horizon lie newborn—
 Without inhabitant or name!