

**Classic Poetry Series**

**Lala Fisher**  
**- poems -**

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## Lala Fisher(1872-1929)

Lala Fisher lived in London and worked as a journalist between 1897-1901. On her return to Australia she lived in Charters Towers and worked for various papers, including the radical New Eagle and Steele Rudd's Magazine. Later, in Sydney, she became the owner/editor of Theatre Magazine from 1909 to 1918.

Fisher published several volumes of poetry. She was a founding member of the Society of Women Writers.

# The Moon Flower

I know a valley- through its solitude  
A brown road winds towards a mountain crest;  
There gnarly trees dripping sweetness rest,  
And grasses bend, too heavily bedowed.  
In that still valley by the still lagoon,  
A ruined homestead for her secret shrine,  
Dwells Beauty's self, half-earthly, half-devine-  
Thrilling, I saw her waken to the moon.  
In peaks of emerald the cactus crept,  
And there o'er rafters falling to decay,  
A miracle of flowers, spray on spray,  
Burst into perfect life while nature slept.  
First a slim silver riband from the sky  
Uncurled green fronds from each imprisoned bud,  
Then, one by one, bathed in the beaming flood,  
Like ghost-notes in a spirit litany.  
They blossomed out before my eyes,  
Great chalices of snow filled up with light;  
Set in the mystic radiance of night  
They seemed a vision from immortal skies.  
Hidden in shadow near the still lagoon  
Nightly I worship at a secret shrine,  
There on a ruin- lily-white, devine,  
Is beauty lying naked to the moon!

Lala Fisher