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College Spirit

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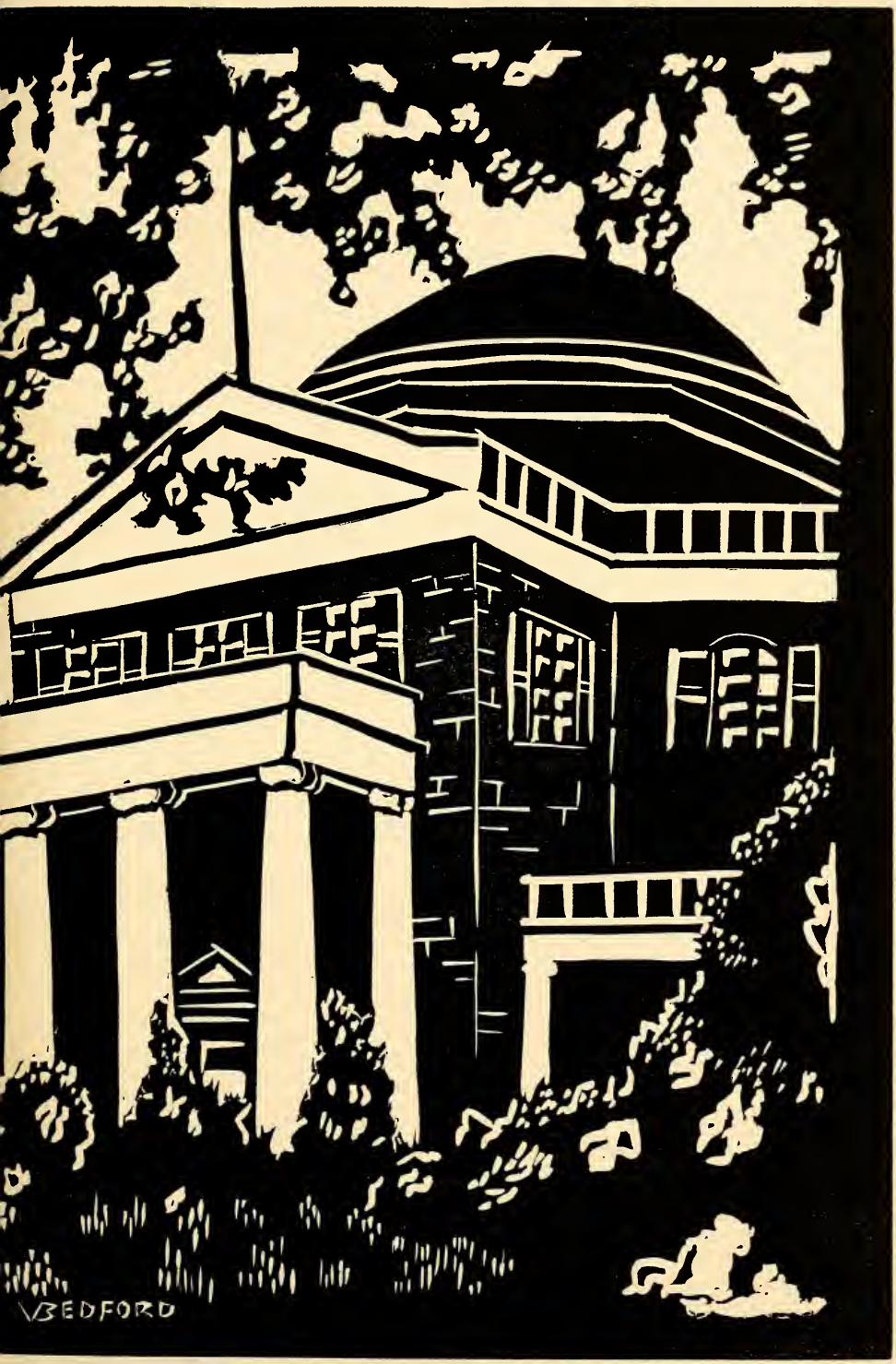

BEDFORD

The Way

ALICE RIBBLE

"Faith, courage, serve thee well, with honor over all."
Midshipmen's voices
Flinging forth their song
Defianty—determinedly—
We lead forever—
Onward!

"O, God, defend our V. M. I."
Gray-clad cadets
Offering their prayer—song;
Boy voices,
Hushed with reverence
Singing their own
Doxology—
Ever upward.

"All hail, Alma Mater . . . . . "
A thousand girl voices rising
Clear as moonlight,
While not far off
A statue
Of a young girl, armor-clad,
Astride
A great war charger
Listens,
And with outstretched arm
Points the way—
Ever onward—and upward.

The Gift of Bondage

LOULIE MILLNER

Oh Egypt,
Thy bonds were hard to bear,
Thy sun burnt days, thy piteous fare;
Thy massive columns and temples stand
The product of our slave-worn hand;
Thy rulers bent our backs to earth;
Begrudged us life, denied us birth;
But taught us in a lasting way
To keep our faith, to trust, to pray.

Oh Egypt,
Thou gavest us loyalty
To god, to man, to life;
A loyalty that's born of faith
And carries on through strife.

No greater gift can man desire,
No light of brighter sun,
For loyalty —it comes of God
And with it the battle's won.

A Night as a Slave

LOULIE MILLNER

Dark night that girds me round
While phantom souls arise
To torment my surging thoughts
And glaze my burning eyes with hate;
My hands reach out to catch the hissing whispers
That deep-mouthed ogres spit into the night.
I am captured—rebellion takes possession
And I plant my feet into the soil
To conquer!

Dawn pushes forth into that stifling gloom
Its light a quieting balm on anger's hold.
I shield my eyes as one last cloud is brok'n
And the sun bursts bright upon a sleeping world.
My eyes see naught but glist'ning drops of gold
Like piercing tips of righteous swords
That cut me through.
A wondrous rapture courses in my veins
And I kneel to feel the warmth of light
That makes me clean.
I life my head and gaze into a shining face
While on my ear falls soft the soothing word
That whispered brings a joy into all life
"Loyalty"—
Be cursed! ye phantoms of a fevered night
While yet again I breathe the precious word
That makes my heart swell full;
Oh "Loyalty"! the gift of right.

Sonnet

KAY SCHROEDER

"Now facing life with life within my hands
and beauty real as any full-blown flower,
I cannot realize the just demands
which rob the passion from each unreal hour.
The cold disdain that creeps in smiling lips,
the light that flickers from enthralling eyes.
are like the metamorphizing of ships,
the brief mirages on a sea of lies.
Forgotten all the future memories
that we shall be, the ghosts to linger on
(mere fragile flotsam on swift-moving seas)
Within the fleeting minds of those we've known
You with me here tonight . . . and that is all . . .
each new, exultant spring laughs doubt at fall."

To D

KAY SCHROEDER

Why did you come
Too late?
Love came to me
Before you came.
Love that was not
The glorious love
That you might give.
Now that romance
Has come at last
I cannot hold it
In my heart.
My heart is filled
With wasted loves.
You've gone away
My dear, you know
That I must always keep
My place on
Friendship's
Lesser throne.

If

ALICE HARRISON

If I were a fairy, I should float
In that silvery boat,
The moon,
O'er the blue sea, Sky;
On the clouds piled high
I'd curl in luxurious ease
And soon
The breeze
Would whisper sweet stories to me
Of that starry sea.
When I became hungry, I'd fish
For the little star-fish in the bay;
And thirsty—I'd dip the Big Dipper
Into the Milky Way,
And if I were lonely, I'd surely play
With the big and the little Bears.
And with no cares
I'd chase a comet all over the sky,
And catch 'im, too;
With never a worry, a woe, nor a sigh
I'd sail o'er the fairy blue.
And all night long
I'd sing a song
So happy, and bright, and gay—
If I only could be a fairy
And sail in that fairy bay.

If

If I could sail in the silvery moon
Over the blue sea, Sky,
I'd pluck the loveliest of the stars
And those that hung most high.

And if, looking down, I should see your eyes
Gazing upon me there—
I'd sail to you
Across the blue
With the stars for your shining hair.

The Girl in Jade

ALICE HARRISON

She makes one think—
To look at her—
Of white, warm pink
And baby-blue—
And very few
There are, who know
That down below
The softness of the way she's made
There lives
The Girl in Jade.

Deep jade
And rayed
With golden gleams,
Her eyes—
Jade dreams
Arise
From out their strange, soft depth.

I am not in her dreams
For they
Are far away
By emerald streams
And golden castles gay.
Betsinda wanders hand in hand
With Giglio,
And Alice, too, in Wonderland,
Angelico,
All other dear book-people
Walk there to and fro,
And other people not in books,
That she has made,

Live in the fancy of
The Girl in Jade.

Her thoughts are more real than she is;
And I am half afraid
When she will let me share them with
The Girl in Jade.

The Toast

MILDRED STEERE

Red wine
Brimming tall crystal goblets
Shimmers in the pale candle-light,
Heralding the rustle of silks and the clinking of swords
—red wine that glistens as ruby beads,
That to one clink of crystal gives all,
To a wish, a hope, a dare.

At Helen's

KAY SCHROEDER

I had so often heard of Helen. The name was incarnate of a thousand famous women of the past. The Helen of this current gossip of our set was wealthy, bohemian, charming and personality plus. I must meet her and attend one of the risque parties of her "place". With the usual inertia of a Washington summer we were content with tennis, bridge, theatres and riding. Connie and I at the last moment decided on a call to Helen before Con went north and I went South to our respective studious retreats of the winter. We made the rounds and after leaving Bev's apartment on Sixteenth street we went down Columbia Road to Helen's. Her place, a really spacious home, was breath-taking in its modern daring color schemes and cubist furnishings. Con and I were ushered into a huge cheerful room cluttered with odd-shaped chairs and tables. Magazines and books were scattered here and there. Paintings of the modern art, rather provokingly hard to interpret were on the walls—and lovely yellow tea roses were in a jade bowl on the low cream colored piano that stood in an alcove at one end of the room.

Helen! Could the woman in the doorway be the woman I had come to see! She was petite—, dressed in a mannish suit, her hair was cut very short, and a cigarette was dangling from the corner of her mouth. She looked rather interesting—but—well, anything but the chaming feminine I had anticipated. I had visualized a queenly woman with considerable beauty and obvious charm. Ted and Bev and the other lads had been enthused about her so I wondered slightly. Con's introduction brought forth a cool, busy greeting and an offer of cigs and a highball. We talked about Dan's book of poetry, Tim's novel, and

Con's career (which seemed to be losing ground against the more fascinating game of marriage). Helen wanted me to meet a very promising artist, a protege of hers from South Carolina. Parties for Christmas week were being taken up by Con and me—and Helen insisted that we come to some of hers. Her cool, husky voice, the charming sincerity of her talk and her modern credo interested Con and me.

Parties at Helen's—interesting people, extremely modern pratices, and the thrill it would all hold—gave Con and me an event to tide us over Fall classes and grinds. Win's little song:

> "We're here today and gone tomorrow,
> Make whoopee while we may"

was sung discreetly as we went up Columbia Road—and thence to Budd's for a very late dinner.

Emily Dickinson

ALICE HARRISON

HENEVER I make friends with anybody, especially a poet, I not only desire acquaintance with the work of her brain and hand, but it pleases me to know her everyday habits; her little idiosyncracies, such as whether she likes one or two lumps of sugar in her tea, or takes mayonnaise with her tomatoes; her favorite flower; the color she likes best; the author which she particularly admires; and her views on such matters as love, war, politics, and religion.

Like the little boy who wouldn't stay in the dark with God because He didn't have a "skin" face, when I am reading, learning, and taking into my life the thoughts of another, I want that person to mean more to me than a "disembodied spirit"—I'm interested in her appearance; I must be sure she has a "skin" face! With great pleasure, indeed, I discovered that the inveterate ugliness usually evinced in the portraits of my favorite poets, was not true in the case of Emily Dickinson. At the age of sixteen she became very much interested in her appearance, and wrote a friend of hers she was quite sure that by her seventeenth birthday she would be "the belle of the town," and in consequence had fastened up her bronze-chestnut hair, which she admitted "does make me look different." And in writing to another friend who had never seen her, she told him that her eyes were the color of the sherry that he left in his glass.

Emily was born in 1830 in Amherst, Massachusetts. She lived in an old brick house with a gentle mother, a stern and Puritanical father, a prudent, sensible sister, and a merry brother. The only really objectionable person in this quartet, as far as I can see, was the "prudent, sensible" sister, which type of girl, however lovable, pre-

cious, and sweet she may be otherwise, can certainly be a "thorn in the side" of the sister who does not possess these highly useful qualities. I speak from experience. Emily, in writing to a friend, once said of her sister:

"Vinnie is sick tonight, which gives the world a russet tinge . . . It is only a headache, but when the head aches next to you, it becomes important . . . Sisters are brittle things . . . "

At the age of seventeen, Emily entered South Hadley Female Seminary, of which Mary Lyon was the head. She was very homesick at first, and touchingly explained it by saying: "You see I have such a very dear home." I have often thought how wonderful it would have been, if I could have known Mary Lyon, and attended her school, but Emily doesn't seem to have appreciated the privilege. Her letters are full of the bright and satirical remarks concerning her teachers and school. Emily's ideas did not at all accord with Miss Lyon's. One instance will suffice to prove this point. It was the day before Christmas when Miss Lyon announced that Christmas day was to be recognized as a fast, and that the girls were to remain in their rooms in prolonged meditation. She asked the school to rise as a token of agreement, and it did—all except Emily and her roommate. Such dreadful disobedience was shocking to the teacher, and she enlarged upon her program. Then she asked anyone who would not carry out her wishes to stand for the whole school to regard, and, of the two petrified objects of her anger, Emily stood alone. This reminds me of the story of Nebuchadnezzar and the fiery furnace, only I guess, in this case, Miss Lyon had God on her side.

Newspapers were not allowed at South Hadley, and while at school, Emily wrote her brother, Austin, in pretended despair about her dearth of political knowledge:

"Please tell me who the candidate for President is! I have been trying to find out ever since your last visit, and have not succeeded. I know no more about the affairs of the outside world here than if I were in a trance. Was

the Mexican war terminated? Is any nation about to besiege South Hadley?"

Late in the spring of the same year, she was sent home on account of her health. Some of the letters which she wrote at this time have sentences in them which are interesting to me, such as:

"Vinnie sits sewing like a fictitious seamstress."

"Vinnie thinks twenty must be a fearful position for one to occupy. I tell her I don't care if I'm young or not. I'd as lief be thirty!"

"We cleaned house—Mother and Vinnie—and I scolded because they moved my things. I can't find much I used to wear. You will conceive I am surrounded by trial."

I like these last sentences; they describe my position in the domestic affairs of my own home. I, too, have "scolded because they moved my things," and I couldn't "find much I used to wear." And it is nice to know that the coming of new clothes, was as much a mystery to her as it is to me;—it doesn't make much difference whether Mother made 'em, or they were brought by Elijah's raven's —though it is exceedingly disconcerting and provoking when old clothes disappear.

Emily loved nature. She rarely ever wrote a letter in which she did not describe some outdoor scene, a flower, a bird, a change in the weather. Once, when telling a friend of a frozen landscape in late autumn, she said:

"These behaviors of the year hurt almost like music, shifting when it eases us most."

And in talking of nature the shy little person remarked:

"How strange that nature does not knock, and yet does not intrude!"

In the springtime she writes about the hyacinths:

"I wish I could show you the hyacinths that embarrass us by their loveliness, though to cower before a flower is perhaps unwise, but beauty is often timidity—perhaps oftener pain."

In two of her most beautiful poems she tells, in the

first, what nature has given to her for her poetry, and in the second, what she hopes this same poetry will give to others

"This is my letter to the world,
That never wrote to me,—
The simple news that nature told,
With tender majesty.

Her message is committed
To hands I cannot see;
For love of her, sweet countrymen,
Judge tenderly of me!"
And,
"My nosegays are for captives;
Dim, long-expectant eyes,
Fingers denied the plucking,
Patient till paradise.

To such if they should whisper
Of morning and the moor,
They bear no other errand
And I, no other prayer."

Unlike most of us, Emily realized the wonder and uniqueness of words. Of the power of words and the fruit which they produce after their utterance, she wrote:

"Could mortal lip divine
The undeveloped freight
Of a delivered syllable,
'Twould crumble with the weight."

And of the immortality of words:

"A word is dead
When it is said,
Some say.
I say it just
Begins to live
That day."

One of her best poems is written about the beauty and joy words can bring to a human life:

"He ate and drank the precious words,
His spirit grew robust;
He knew no more that he was poor,
Nor that his frame was dust.
He danced along the dingy days,
And this bequest of wings
Was but a book. What liberty
A loosened spirit brings!"

Emily was by no means perfect. She tells about "some lonely houses off the road, a robber'd like the look of,"—with a true burglar's instinct, she notes the low-hanging windows,

"Where two could creep:
One hand the tools,
The other peeps
In to make sure all's asleep."

She describes the kitchen, "with just a clock," but goes on to say that "they could gag the tick" And as they plunder,

"The moon slides down the stair
To see who's there."

What a delightful burglar's companion Emily would make! I should enjoy stealing with her myself, if the people whose houses we robbed would always think, "that the sunrise left the door ajar!"

Friendship to Emily was nearly all of life. She ran away and hid from most people, but to her friends she told everything, and loved them with her whole heart.

All of us who have dear friends know the dreadful feeling of desolation and emptiness which comes to us when we find out that one of them has come our way and gone again without our knowing it. Emily expresses it so unforgetably and truthfully:

"Within my reach!
I could have touched!
I might have chanced that way!

Soft sauntered through the village,
Sauntered as soft away!
So unsuspected violets
Within the fields lie low,
Too late for striving fingers
That passed an hour ago."

When Emily had found a friend she never let him go, but held him to her all her life long with hands of love which grew as the years passed:

"Alter? When the hills do.
Falter? When the sun
Question if his glory
Be the perfect one
Surfeit? When the daffodil
Doth of the dew:
Even as thyself, O friend!
I will of you!"

When death, or a sense of duty and rightness, divided her from someone she loved, it hurt her deeply. She said:

"My life closed twice before its close;
It yet remains to see
If Immortality unveil
A third event to me,
So huge, so hopeless to conceive
As these that twice befell.
Parting is all we know of heaven,
And all we need of hell.."

Emily very rarely left home, but on one of her visits to Philadelphia in the springtime—love came and overwhelmed her. But it was the love of a married man and her sense of duty righted itself, she cried, "No!", and ran back to her own home for refuge. She never told anyone, and the poems she wrote about her love were suppressed by her sister Lavinia, when her other poems were collected. Only a short while ago these were discovered by her niece and published.

"A wife at daybreak I shall be,
Sunrise, thou hast a flag for me?
At midnight I am yet a maid—
How short it takes to make a bride!
Then, midnight, I have passed from thee
Unto the East and Victory.
Midnight, "Good night"
I hear the call.
The angels bustle in the hall,
Softly my Future climbs the stair
I fumble at my Childhood's prayer—
So soon to be a child no more!
Eternity, I'm coming, sir—
Master, I've seen that face before."

The religion of Emily's time was like that of the ancient Hebrews; it didn't suit her, and when she became old enough to assert her authority, she very rarely attended church. She wrote one of her friends about a minister who "preached such an awful sermon though, that I didn't much think I should ever see you again until the Judgment Day, and then you would not speak to me, according to his story. The subject of perdition seemed to please him, somehow." I do not mean that she was not religious. She simply could not be afraid of God; she loved Him, and dealt with Him on terms of intimacy. She wrote:

"And so, upon this wise I prayed,—
Great Spirit, give to me
A heaven not so large as yours
But large enough for me."
And, according to her,
"A smile suffused Jehovah's face;
The Cherubim withdrew;
Grave saints stole out to look at me,
And showed their dimples, too."
She says:
"Who has not found the heaven below
Will fail of it above.
God's residence is next to mine,

His furniture is love."
She carried the pain of her last love to God:
"Savior, I've no one else to tell
And so I trouble Thee,
I am the one forgot Thee so.
Dost thou remember me?
Not for myself I come so far,
That were the little load—
I brought Thee the imperial heart
I have not strength to hold.
The heart I carried in my own,
Till mine too heavy be,
Yet stranger—heavier
Since it went—
Is it too large for Thee?"

Of all Emily Dickinson's poems, the ones which interested me most were the ones on thoughts and the brain. She asks in one of her letters:

"How do most people live without any thoughts. There are many people in the world,—you must have noticed them in the street,—how do they live?"

I have always thought of my brain as being like a desk, filled with many little drawers and compartments, each distinctly labelled, and ready to hold the ideas and thoughts which belong there. If any thought comes in which will not fit, and is unworthy having a place created for it, it gets thrown out.

Emily thought of her brain as being like a china closet, on the top shelf of which she kept the silver. Once, one of the things she placed there, fell from its pinnacle, and broke into many pieces. But she says:

"—Yet blamed the fate that fractured, less
Than I reviled myself
For entertaining plated-wares
Upon my silver shelf—"

"Much madness is divinest sense
To a discerning eye;
Much sense the starkest madness.
'Tis the majority
In this, as all, prevails.
Assent, and you are sane;
Demur—you're straightway dangerous,
And handled with a chain."

I like this poem. It is not only ironic, but true.

She thus describes the scope of the brain:

"The brain is wider than the sky,
For put them side by side,
The one the other will include
With ease, and you beside.
The brain is deeper than the sea,
For, hold them, blue to blue,
The one the other will absorb,
As sponges, buckets do.
The brain is just the weight of God,
For, lift them, pound for pound,
And they will differ, if they do,
As syllable from sound."

Emily Dickinson's niece says of her poems:

"Her words were few—those words like dry-point etching or frost upon the pane! Doubly depicted, every event, every object seemed to hold for her both its actual and imaginative dimension."

I like this criticism of Norman Foerster:

"Her poems are remarkable for their condensation, their vividness of image, their delicate or pungent satire and irony, their childlike responsiveness to experience, their subtle feeling for nature, their startling abruptness in dealing with themes commonly regarded as trite, their excellence in imaginative insight, and still greater excellency in fancy . . . She is penetrating and dainty, both intimate and aloof, challenging lively thought on our part, while remaining herself a charmingly elfish mystery. Her place in American letters will be inconspicuous but secure."

The Forsyte Saga

John Galsworthy

THE FORSYTE SAGA is the story of the Forsyte family, "upper-middle class" people from 1880 to 1920. The ***Saga*** is composed of three novels, ***The Man of Property, In Chancery,*** and ***To Let,*** with one short interlude between the first and second books, ***Indian Summer of a Forsyte.***

The first book is in the main the story of the man of property, Soames Forsyte, and of his wife, Irene; the second, the story of Soames apart from Irene, and of Irene apart from Soames; the third, the story of Irene's son and Soames' daughter. Of course, "no man lives unto himself alone"; therefore there are many other characters and stories which enter in. A single plot cannot be traced alone. Each touches another and is interwoven with it. In this lies some of the charm of the ***Saga,*** for is not the pattern of life untraceable? Does not each thread weave itself among other threads?

This Galsworthy shows us, and other things. If I were trying to draw a moral, I should say that the book teaches us that nothing we do affects ourselves alone, but that each thing influences us and our children in a way that we cannot escape—through memory and sentiment. I believe, however, that teaching a moral is not Galworthy's aim. I believe that he has tried to lay before us a faithful account of the lives and the reactions of his characters. He leaves us to draw our own conclusions.

You will remember that I said, "and their reactions". In this, to me, lies the charm of the book—in the characters. They are as memorable as those of Dickens, as clear-cut and vivid as those of Shakespeare, not for what they say, but for what they think and feel. You cannot classify

them, for some are passionate, some heroic, some whimsical and gentle, some seemingly harsh and cruel—yet none are any one of these, but perhaps all. For who in life typifies one characteristic? Who has not within him a Dr. Jekyll and a Mr. Hyde?

Of the style I say nothing. It speaks for itself. It has clearness and fluency as well as beautiful and vivid diction.

If you haven't read ***The Forsyte Saga,*** lose no more time. Nowhere can be found a better example of Galsworthy's incomparable understanding and portrayal of human character. Nowhere can be found his superior in gentle but supremely entertaining wit.

M. Eleanor Davis

Loyalty

"TO thy own self be true and it follows as the night the day, thou canst not then be false to any man" is a philosophy that is not only true to itself but is true to him who is true to it. And this advice of Polonius to his son is scarcely more applicable to Laertes than it may be made applicable to a student career.

Loyalty one owes first to himself, next to his undertaking, which becomes his duty, then loyalty and truth he owes to his fellow worker and his friend.

In signing his name with other aspirants for degree upon the lists of his chosen Alma Mater, a man becomes a part of his school and during the first week of associating himself with his school it becomes a part of him—"To thine own self be true . . . " says Polonius.

What is loyalty to self? loyalty to Alma Mater? What is loyalty?

What is loyalty but Spirit, the spirit to do, the spirit to do or die!

Verses After Votes

or

JOLLY JINGLES OF OUR JUDGMENT

Elizabeth Taylor—Most Talented
We think just now the world is great;
It's' all because of Liz—
For she can do a million things
And we are where she is!

Adele Hutchinson—Most Popular
We do not understand just why
We love some people so—
And thinking of Adele, we feel
Our love just grow and grow!

Catherine McAllister—Most Beautiful
We're mighty glad to let you know
She is our lady fair—
With eyes of blue and winsome smile
And lovely shining hair.

Alice Covington—Most Attractive
Ain't it just grand—when some folks don't attract
And others attract just a pile—
That the one who attracts most we see every day
And the others—just once in a while?

Virginia Robertson—Most Cultured
Virginia Robertson has all
The lovely things that go
To make the cultured person. That's
Why we admire her so!

Ella Carroll—Most Intellectual
Some folks use all the sense they have
To give 'em headache pains—
But Ella Carroll has the looks,
and fun—as well as brains!

Loulie Millner—Most Stylish
Is Loulie Millner stylish?
Why we should smile!
From crown of head to tip-toes—
She's Style!

Allie Oliver—Most Athletic
We'd like to tell the way she looked
The time we saw her last
Out on the hockey-field. We can't,
Because she moved too fast!

Who's Who in the Voice

AN artist's molding fingers turn from wood a likeness dear to loyal girls here. Miss Bedford serves us with a spirit akin to the listening Joan.

With music thrilling as martial strains a song is wafted which causes the head to lift and the knee to bend in reverence. Mr. Alfred Strick, our music director, inspires again, bringing a song that challenges loyalty to our Alma Mater.

Poetry—soft from the pen tip and soul of our own poets. The challenge onward—Alice Ribble; The mystic web of thought, again a challenge—Loulie Millner; light, wistful dreams—Alice Harrison; The soul of love—Katherine Schroeder; a Toast—Mildred Steere.

Modern art and thought fascinatingly told—Katherine Schroeder.

That charmingly unusual poetess, Emily Dickinson, charms again under the spell of Alice Harrison's thought weaving. How like each other they are.

The wisdom of advice from the lips of the character of Shakespeare is interpreted anew to lodge in the hearts of youth by its truth, force and application to our Alma Mater—by Martha Walters.

Our modern reader's' guide. The famous Galsworthy again enchants. Our guide is gifted and original—Eleanor Davis.

"Youth, splendid, careless, racing with the rain,
Laughing against the storm as it shouts by"

Features the fairest of the fair—a worthy tribute to our Alma Mater.

The Dream Lady

She comes when the shining stars are blinking—sleepily
in the sky—
When the yellow moon is sagging in the dusky sky,
The mellow, staggering moon—drunk with the perfume of
red roses and purple violets—
She comes . . . . .
Her hair is dusky, too, and her eyes
Are of lapis lazuli
And the blue French poppies she wears on her breast
Blend into the ultramarine of her robe,
Her misty blue robe.
And she bends low and kisses the children who love her,
And the kisses . . . . become fairy dreams.
Sometimes I try to catch her—to make her stay—
For I love her—
But she is elusive, and has finer lovers than I.

The Dream Peddler

When that blind boy, Dusk, with stars in his quiver,
Comes shooting a flower with each dart,
The Dream-Peddler comes from without the blue river
And places bright dreams in my heart.

When the dusky-green foliage of sweet-scented trees
Blends into the mellow gold sky,
The Dream-Peddler comes with dream-laden arms—
And he never passes me by.

Misty blue dreams—and hid in those mists—
Roses and violets and stars—
And he whispers soft messages e'er he turns
And crosses the world's golden bars.

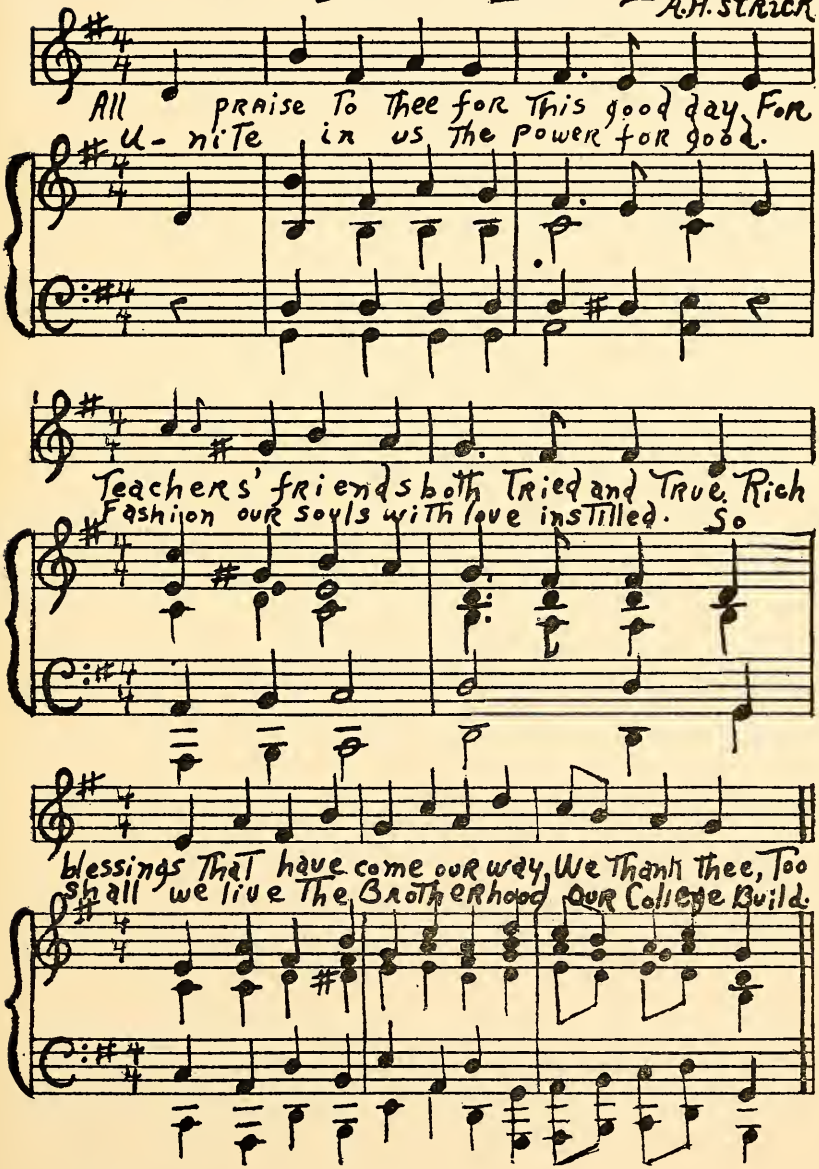
Messages of work and ambition and love—
Oh, hope in my heart that gleams—
When the Dream-Peddler comes with dream-laden arms
And gives me such wonderful dreams.

Thought weaves the tapestry of dreams,
And in each shining fold
Of silvery gossamer there gleams
A thread of fairy gold.

The thoughts I feel
I dare not write in words, for fear
They might reveal
The dreamings of my heart,
And those who hear
(At least, in part)
Will not in fealty before them kneel
But laugh—because they do not understand . . . .

Thanksgiving Hymn

A.H. STRICK



Three things I know,
And all the rest
Are only wondered
At, and guessed.

I must add till
The parts make whole—
Peace is the white lie
Of the soul.

Go where you will
You'll never find
The places traveled
By my mind.

Life in one place
Is ***not*** a curse
When mind strides over
Universe.