clings to them. The remains furnish little mirrors in which the
birds realize their sad condition. They preen because the social
life of bird-dom is quickening its tempo. More visitors from the
South arrive daily. Song fests have more volume. The olive-drab
forsythia, wishing to attract these desirable tourists, turns a brilliant
yellow. Realizing the new amicability of old enemies, tree and sap
unite in a common purpose. Delicate green sprouts grace rain-
washed branches. Curious crimson tulips venture a look around,
followed closely by shy hyacinths, who can no longer compose
themselves.

NEVER LAND
Walter R. Miller

Before me glows a studded sky,
A shining star, a journey of a day.
An isle of joy, of trees, of birds,
Of golden suns which never set,
Of silver nights which never die.

Beside me hangs a tiny bell,
Which tinkles softly in my ear.
The sound commands my loyalty,
My everlasting adoration.

Across the sky
A graceful ship sails by.

Before me steams a musty swamp,
A pit of mire, a journey of a day.
An isle of sadness, sin and toil,
Of suns which never set,
Of nights which never end.

Around me hangs a brazen bell,
Which clanks and jangles in my ear.
The scream of horn,
The wall of sax,
My blood pounds within me.

I glance back toward the studded sky,
The shining star, the journey of a day,
The isle of joy, of trees, of birds,
Of golden suns which never set,
Of silver nights which never die.

And as I gaze,
Across the sky a graceful ship sails by.

Democracy
Roland Becker

Our ship dropped anchor in Phaleron Bay late in the evening of
a buoyant August day. All was still except for the metronomic
beating of the water against the sides of the ship. The stars seemed
near as I leaned on the rail and gazed at the multitude
of glittering lights before me. The shoreline was marked by the
streetlights of the boulevard lining it.

Over to the left, the city of Pireaeus was visible. A carpet
of lights swept inland and seemed to disappear into the sky. And there,
above the carpet of twinkling rays of light, as if on a cloud, aloft
from reality, stood the most famous of ancient structures. The
Parthenon, with its Doric columns gleaming in the lights of the
modern era, portrayed the beauty of classic Athens—Athens,
the capitol of the nation that had seemed crushed under oppression time
and time again, only to reappear; Athens, the city whose history was
summarized by Sylla when he said, “The inflated skin may be dipped
under water, but cannot be sunk.”

It was my privilege to walk the streets of this ancient city, to
wander in the footsteps of the great statesmen of twenty-five cen-
turies ago. I visited Pryx Hill, where the ancient Athenian Assem-
by met. I wonder how many times Socrates spoke from its orator’s
platform. I visited a triangular rock, known as Areopagus, or Mars
Hill, from which Saint Paul delivered his message to the Athenians.
I visited the Acropolis.

It would be folly to attempt to describe the beauty of this,
the greatest of all citadels. It would be folly for one so lacking in wisdom
to attempt to convey its history and its significance. Facts, such as
“The Parthenon’s construction was started in 447 B.C. and was al-
most completed in 438 B.C.” are too cold and impersonal. I would
rather ask the reader to think of the Acropolis as a visible monument
to the wisdom of the philosophical mind. I would rather ask the
reader to think of it as an indestructible shrine to “Athens, the eye
of Greece, mother of art and eloquence.” I would rather portray to
the reader the realization that was mine, the realization that “I” am
small and insignificant, but that “we” are great and mighty, and
that “we” shall endure.