In Memoriam—1962-63

Martha Moldt

Hell . . .
I know that place.
No Christ,
No hope,
No God there.
Just airless, sunless void
That you grope through
To find the exit you know
Does not exist.
If you could only sink down
Into non-awareness forever;
Feel no pain, no fear anymore . . .
But
You are suspended
In the void
By puppet strings
That
Force you
Through
The jerked
Senseless
Motions
Of living . . . .
And all the while you are one of the dead.

CADENCE AT DUSK

edward l. williams, III

You sit like a pensive queen
before the window
while the sunlight fingers
the auburn tresses that fall across your back,
the unforgotten dresses of better days,
those lusty spring days