POETRY CLUB

Ten people in a room
The hostess's room, pale ecru grace
A background to green comfort,
And at the windows ecru lace,
Two long divans, upright but soft;
Two lamps of ecru marble,
Their light is soft and cold,
More bright
Is light
From flaming words she speaks.

Two people much in love
No words do speak, but only looks.

Beyond the windows
Black crows flying through the blue dusk, south.
A chipmunk playing in the yard.

"Do you like these poems of Miss C?"
"No——Do you like simplicity?
I'm simply wild about it,
In everything, both art and life."
"These poems of Miss C.
Are very simple"—(This not heard)
"We've rented a studio downtown.
You must come in and see it."

The hostess reads,
A young man says,
"I like the spirit of that piece."
"You mean, 'Let morals go'?"
"Oh no
The summer wind that's sighing
through it."

MEMORY

Memory is a ghostly child of man—
here when denied;
there when desired.
The faint perfume
of other hours
lingers like a halo
glorifying time—
a wraithlike mist
gleaming palely in
the shadows of
yesterday
enhancing sunshine of
today.

—Jane Beuret

CITY STREETS

Walking the city street
deep in twilight
wet and shiny pavements
reflected the yellow glow
of street lamps.
Smoke drifted between
the roofs.
Choking smoggy twilight
hanging as a weighted pall.
In the lifted clouds I saw
the new and slender crescent moon.

Tranquil
She sailed below a
peaked shingled roof—
and left the smoky haze of street lamps
reflected on wet pavements
and me—
alone and walking
the city street in
twilight.

—Marion Ballinger.

NOSTALGIA

Sigh, oh wind, sigh for me,
In the boughs of the old elm-tree.
Here am I, on the earth,
Lacking freedom, lacking mirth,
While you blow through the merry leaves,

And carry the swallows from under the
eaves
Into the blue and cloud-flung sky;
While you blow on the rollicking waves,
Sending the sun-jewelled water high
Into the periwinkled caves;
Making the sea, and the land-air mingle.
Blow back from the coast, my nostrils

Sigh, oh wind, sigh for me,
In the boughs of the old elm-tree.

—Jane Beuret