November With The World At War

MARY MARGRETTE SCHORTEMEIER

November with the world at war
Is a strange sight
And a frightening thing.

When the leaves die and the headlines scream
Of more important deaths it is so evident
What death is.

And when the darkness hours are almost twice
The light, it is far too easy to guess how it would be
With the dead.

And when a lame bird is all that is left
Of the summer singers it is plain what the world would be
After all the deaths.

And the cold wind and the first snow
Chill the soul like the final kiss on the lips
Of the dead.

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Is a strange sight
And a frightening thing.
VANDALE

BY BOLTON BROWN

John Herron Art Museum
LATE AFTERNOON

by Paul Dougherty

John Herron Art Museum