

## From Africa, 1942

Once from Carthage Dido's funeral pyre  
Signalled Aeneas that his dream was ended  
And all his hour of passion purged by fire,  
By fire of brand and fire of spirit blended.  
The way the gods had marked once more seemed best  
And he was free to found the destined race  
That sprang from Troy but settled in the West  
With trojan greatness in the Roman place.  
Again from Carthage sails the founding host  
Again toward Rome the guided legions sail  
To build a newest Troy upon the coast  
That held Aeneas in the older tale.  
But now the guides are not the sisters three  
But hopes of all earth's peoples that are free.

Verse Forms.

## Roundel

Verse forms from France are foolish toys  
Like little china dolls that dance  
And rare the man who now enjoys  
Verse forms from France

The present poet views askance  
The stilted pattern which annoys  
His modern concept of romance.

For him their Sevres fancy cloys.  
By startling steps he would advance  
So scarcely any now employs

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