

Dolorosa

LENA MOULTON

Cold moonlight on a black lake
And the high, mad laugh of the loon;
Only a cold moon can make
Cold moonlight on a black lake.
Old sorrows in my heart awake
Whose echoes are in weary tune
With cold moonlight on a black lake
And the high, mad laugh of the loon.

Rain

MARY ALICE KESSLER

The rain has bound my cheeks with tightened strings,
And soggy skies have hung upon the breeze,
My tin roof and the roofs of frowning kings
Have known the dampened fingers of dead leaves.
The earth, wrapped in a misty girdle, sings
A solemn hymn to Hymir, sunken reefs.
And I am cold and naked in the rain
And I am lost, surrounded by the rain.