

# 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.