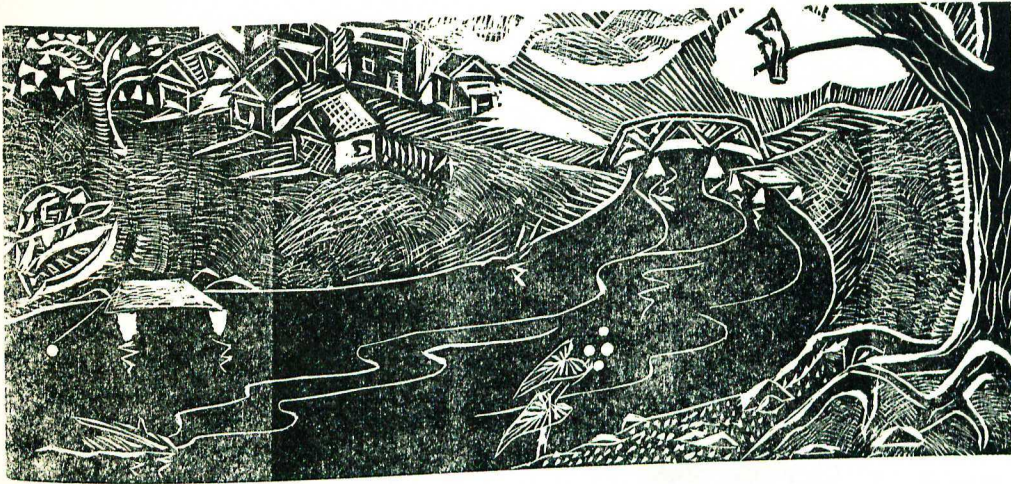


Poetry Corner



Twilight
Descending fast
In canopy of peace,
That touches earth like dove's soft wing,
Passes.

—Carol Wilson

A tiny
Green leaf, set
Within the binding walls
Of pottery cannot become
A tree

—Edna Hinton

Of things
Which slip away
When just within the hand,
The swiftest fluttering bird is one
Glad hour.

—Verse Forms Class