

TRAIN NOCTURNE

ALLYN WOOD

Upon the wing of Cygnus in migration
Eternal through the systems of the night—
As dark to nebulous, each constellation
Expanding into cryptic human light
Is passed and pales to sleepless steadfast white—
We cling to whistling pinions, that the air
Sings through its song of loneliness and height.
The heavens are skimming earth: the wakers there
Are turned to long-spaced stars upon a vanished sphere.

THERE IS BEAUTY THERE

HOWARD MICHAELSEN

I turn my head to broad and level plains
And watch the wind force worship of the grain;
Here is a thrill that I cannot explain,
 Beyond compare,
 For there is beauty there!

I bow my head to restless, churning, seas
And see the shore bring white-caps to their knees
Upon the vagrant sand, and I at these
 With wonder stare,
 For there is beauty there!

I turn my head to virgin forest boughs,
Where sun-light spears break through when leaves allow;
This plaid of green and gold that I view now
 Is something rare,
 And there is beauty there!

I turn my head to crowded urban streets,
Where each knows only few of those he meets,
To say that air is clean and odor sweet
 I do not dare,
 Yet there is beauty there!