

Poems

ESCAPE

GEORGE FULLEN

We hear
The cadenced sighs
And shrill protesting howls
Of penetrating winter winds—
And sleep.

TWELFTH-NIGHT BALLAD

GEORGE COFFIN

On rocky craigs above the bay
I take my twelfth-night stand,
Once more to see the fire-lit way
Along the seaswept sand.

For fisher folk have brought the tree
Of Christmas-tide to light
In votive flame beside the sea—
Epiphany tonight!

Behold the sign! The gold reward
From living sacrifice
Makes plain the justice of the Lord—
Points up to Paradise.