

# As a Driven Deer

F. King

Sitting among the gilt-legged chairs  
With the remembered shatter of conversational spears  
Against conditioned shields, I wait  
And remark on the fact that the trees  
Are being uprooted in Blight Street.

**("Words and wind, wind and words.")**

That face I met on the stair,  
And that one I saw at the fir-line  
(Unable to follow beyond.)

**("Lord, we know not whither Thou goest; and  
how can we know the way?")**

The ones I met on the plateau  
Take tea and smooth their discreet red coats.  
Take tea and settle their long-used rifles  
Against the gilt-legged tables.

**("Behold, I send you forth as sheep  
in the midst of wolves.")**

Ah, but there is one who knows the snow drifts,  
The one, near the window, in the soft tweed coat.  
I approach, through the gathering needles of pine,  
I approach and sense the world outside the shattered glass.

**("Not as the world giveth, give I unto you")**

I pause for rest

Under the snow flake shower of his words,  
As a driven deer under a shaken bough,  
Conscious only of his not being with the hunters.

**("For we are saved by hope: but hope that is seen is not hope.")**

Five o'clock enters the room by the window,  
And he nods and agrees with me

That the time is now,

To scatter the cups and saucers with my hoofs,  
To let the tea run brown

Over the smooth white, snow white

Contours of the floor.

# The Peace Wait

By F. King

Fire in the streets,  
Gardens aflame,  
**Fear walks the side streets**  
Rounding the corner  
And coming up the walk.

Sabers in the kitchens,  
Hearthstones deserted,  
**Hate turns the light out**  
Crossing the darkening room  
And climbing into bed.

It almost rains, yet  
Still it falters  
Short of crackling bushes,  
Still, above the moving  
Undulating, flaming flowers.  
It cannot recognize its need  
Or purpose.

Blood on the gates,  
Flagstones awash,  
**Terror walks the roof-tops,**  
Climbing down the chimneys  
And crouching on the floor.

# The Flight of Daphne

F. King

Windborne, windswept, headlong the maiden  
Came from the forest with gathering haste,  
Rain-wreathed and tear-drenched, stumbling the maiden  
Fled from the tall one, the following shape.

Crossroads and hedgerows, friends of Apollo,  
Gave not the shelter that offered relief,  
Hillside and seaside were laughing at Daphne,  
Calling and staying the hastening feet.

"Give up the freedom," murmured the gray doves,  
Circling before her with menacing wind.  
"Stop and look backward at golden Apollo,  
Wait for the capture, the brightening spring."

Windborne and windswept, rooted, the maiden  
Paused as the laurel began to entwine,  
Leaf-blessed and root-saved, joyful the maiden  
Waved in defiance at sunlit confines.

# The Vase

George Fullen

The woman silhouetted by the light behind the door  
Calls voicelessly, reaches with her sense of self  
To grasp the lover's retreating back.  
Hands at elbows, she cradles her breasts,  
Swallows the bitter tears.