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.
The lover steps gingerly over the crushed flowers
And the pieces of the broken vase to be ignored.
He ignores them and refuses to glance back at the silhouette.
He leaves; he is gone; he is lost.

But a day discounts the unexpected look, the harsh word,
The aloof withdrawal; and the lover returns,
Brings fresh flowers, offers the mended vase.
And the finished puzzle of the vase makes it more valuable than before—
She must accept!

Exempli Gratia

George Fullen

A fool’s a fool who cannot see
The message on the pure white page
Whose blankness may one day receive
The credo of the wisest sage.

Even the fool may there inscribe
Words of wisdom not his own:
The meaning of a shaft of light
Or of a papier-mache cone.

But he’s a fool who can decide
What best will fill the empty page
Unless it be a simple line,
For instance, “All the world’s a stage . . .”