

Two Poems

Frances Mohr

The Muse

“My sect the rock aspires and gains.”

The hand she held him by was steady
As he lay shifting in the sand.
Awake, he rose, but touched mere air ;
He searched, but found no lady fair.
But on the sand he found a word.

Suddenly the world blurred.

Globe-Trotter

Airplanes navigate my brain
And ships cruise my reverie.
I travel dawns of light-to-be
And, homeless, wish me home again.