

Three Poems

Frances King

Release

The time, though immeasurably late,
Has come when once again the mind
Finds space for all the old and worshipful
Scenes of other years. The sun and wind
Once more can find their place in more than words;
Again they offer sense of warmth and swift as silver
Movement through the trees. The leaves
Are trembling, laughing surfaces of green
Which feel as cool and living as the years before.
Clouds become more than background,
Filled with promise and sculptured with delight
In all their reckless, mounting lines of freedom.
And at the zenith comes the ever-rising thought,
Comes the singing, greening joy at heart-peak's height
That once more the Old Enemy of all
Is driven, beaten, fallen, slain again.

The Obsession

The time has come when the rain
Becomes a natural thing,
When the water slap on the piazza fails to disturb.
The phonograph records are all different
And all the same.
The asters remain so through the twelve months.
And the clock moves insidiously toward thirteen.
Take up your needlework which
Ravels out each night
And prepare for the long walk,
In the mind's groves,
Through the dripping leaves
To a tall tree and a small owl
Which whispers "Who?"

The Obsessed

Mr. Masters walked down a wide road.
He was very thin, and the wideness
Of the road made him feel
That he was keeping his environment at bay.
Mr. Masters didn't like the road at all
And he wondered why he had decided to
Travel at all. He didn't like the way
The trees changed from palm to evergreen,
Just when he had gotten used
To one familiarity.
And as the path began to narrow
And the cobwebs stroked his cheeks,
He remembered Hansel and Gretel
And somehow it comforted him.
He began to see that he couldn't have
Chosen another road,
And soon Mr. Masters forgot
There was a destination
And fell to hating and loving
The increasing dust.