

of the crowd his beloved Naparaima, and holding out his hands to her, he whispered dreamily, 'Give me the maiden Naparaima to be my wife.'"

§ § § §

## Sea Wall

Pausing beside the low sea wall,  
Caught by the night,  
I heard huge waves upon the beach  
Spending their might.

The salty breeze that touched my face  
Made the palms sway  
And clouds hurry to mask the stars,  
As in the bay

Red and yellow lights led ships.  
I seemed so small—  
My cheeks were fire—my fists clenched  
I struck the wall.

The night was not for me to praise;  
Its grace to charm  
Created power that weak words  
Had power to harm.

—Ina Marshall

§ § § §

## Two Lives Merge

A long full train and fragile veil,  
A white carnation on blue serge,  
Two golden bands, some whispered vows:  
Two lives merge.

The morning news, burnt toast with tea,  
Two rooms created without art,  
A bowling ball and love on film:  
Two lives part.

—Ina Marshall

## Carnival

With hands on knees, I sat alone  
 On the old pier  
 Beneath a leaning elm and heard  
 A cricket jeer.

Across the lake was carnival:  
 A yellow scrawl  
 Wrote on water, twice as deep  
 As I am tall.

Farm families and young lovers  
 Had their joy  
 And paid to throw for dolls or stares  
 At the girl-boy.

Roused by an owl's shrill call,  
 I turned damp eyes  
 Ashore where empty houses watched  
 The fireflies.

—Ina Marshall

§ § § §

## Sappho's Apple

I yearn for Sappho's apple hung  
 Too high for animal hands to loot;  
 I strain and tell myself to want  
 A lesser fruit

That I can grasp, but it is tart  
 Or, worse, too sweet, and for the cow.  
 She thanks me as I strain to reach  
 The apple bough.

—Ina Marshall