

clings to them. The remains furnish little mirrors in which the birds realize their sad condition. They preen because the social life of bird-dom is quickening its tempo. More visitors from the South arrive daily. Song fests have more volume. The olive-drab forsythia, wishing to attract these desirable tourists, turns a brilliant yellow. Realizing the new amicability of old enemies, tree and sap unite in a common purpose. Delicate green sprouts grace rain-washed branches. Curious crimson tulips venture a look around, followed closely by shy hyacinths, who can no longer compose themselves.

NEVER LAND

Walter R. Miller

Before me glows a studded sky,
 A shining star, a journey of a day.
 An isle of joy, of trees, of birds,
 Of golden suns which never set,
 Of silver nights which never die.

Beside me hangs a tiny bell,
 Which tinkles softly in my ear.
 The sound commands my loyalty,
 My everlasting adoration.

Across the sky
 A graceful ship sails by.

Before me steams a musty swamp,
 A pit of mire, a journey of a day.
 An isle of sadness, sin and toil,
 Of suns which never set,
 Of nights which never end.

Around me hangs a brazen bell,
 Which clanks and jangles in my ear.
 The scream of horn,
 The wail of sax,
 My blood pounds within me.

I glance back toward the studded sky,
 The shining star, the journey of a day,
 The isle of joy, of trees, of birds,
 Of golden suns which never set,
 Of silver nights which never die.

And as I gaze,
 Across the sky a graceful ship sails by.