

NIGHT WATCH

Sleep, small head on downy pillow, sleep
And know this night ten thousand generations watch
And hope what passed from them to you through me
By mystery of chromosome and gene
Might one day lift this race of man a little,
Enough to know they did not strive in vain.
They, as I, ask not for works of impact
On the race by word or deed, but only
That you stand before Creation as their kin
To give love to others in your time.

—GEORGE B. KUTCHE.

SYMPHONY OF THE SEA

Ocean waves come rolling on the shore,
Their rhythmic motion only moons delay ;
They make God's music in their thunderous roar
While lovely shells begin a light ballet.
The light flashes bright, the thunder claps,
The sea weeds sway and dance the measured beat,
And octopus grasps things with little tact
And eels start on their hunt for waters sweet.
Waves o'er and o'er with rhythmic pulses pound ;
The sea will after long begin to loll,
The pink-lipped shells will head for silver sound,
While over briny depths more waves will roll.
God's ocean plays a lovely symphony,
That somehow chords with something deep in me.

—LOIS ANN DAVIDSON