

visitor and resident alike is the innocent victim of this spell. But what a wonderful spell to be under and what a fascinating, romantic city in which to lose your heart!

## THE WHITE BIRCH

Oh, if I could only be,  
As beautiful—as graceful—  
As the White Birch tree,  
Reaching—ever reaching,  
Toward Eternity.

Silvery in the moonlight,  
Oh, so silent and still,  
I watch the White Birch standing—  
Majestic on the hill.

And when I'm feeling lonely,  
And I begin to sigh,  
I gaze again at the White Birch—  
Reaching for the sky.

Majestic, so majestic—  
Oh, if only I  
Could be the White Birch standing—  
Reaching upward—ever reaching,  
Toward the starry sky.

—LOIS ANN DAVIDSON

## DEATH

Gray as the mist of dawning day  
Soft as glow of Hesperian ray  
Filmy as starlight fading away—  
A fleeting breath.

Silent as nighthawk soaring high  
Gentle as wind whispering nigh  
Peaceful as rivulets rippling by—  
This is death.

—NANCY E. CLARK