

THE WEB

The whispering silences in the dark crevices of the mind

Await the sweet strains of sounded thought,
Where lingering and shadowed dreams can find

The silken threads of love, bound to and wrought
With the realities of forced subservience, until

The black spider of the mind of man—desire—
Begins its slow and tedious spinning of the awe-instilling

Web, which encompasses the mind of man and sparks the fire
Of one magnetic love and thought.

And as the weary traveler seeks in vain for love among men

He need but search the secret passages of his own mind
To find the growing web of love, which is spun to

Teach man that he is not Man without man.

—MICHAEL LAMM

WALKING, REMEMBERING

A stream, clear and sparkling,
Velvet moss,
Lavender flowers,
Fragrant air, yellow sun,
A man, walking, remembering.

An ocean, blue and rolling,
Sandy beaches,
Colorful shells,
Salty air, golden sun,
A man, walking, remembering.

A river, green and reflecting,
Rocky banks,
Scarlet leaves,
Crisp air, amber sun,
A man, walking, remembering.

A lake, white and frozen,
Snow shore,
Dead trees,
Grey gloom, ivory sun,
A man, walking, remembering.

A stream, an ocean, a river, a lake,
A man, remembered.

—SUELLEN MUNN