

day's cereal lump on the end of his nose, and sighed happily. Julia where she could see the reflection of the yellow bird, could hear the stuck a fist under her chin and stared into the clown's button eyes rush of its voice from the window.

THE PASSING YEAR

The table of men from River Charles
no longer will meet: the King is dead.
We still have the lovely Guinevere,
the prince and the princess romp and play.
The crown is no longer worn by them—
one year has passed: Camelot is gone.
A charge had been made to Bedivere
so people won't let it be forgot
that magic was what he gave to them,
and through the year Bedivere was true.

We know the new order must begin
and we now accept its leadership.
Yet still we can long for that new day
when ours will be Camelot once more.

—STAN PATTON

ACOUSTICS

Noisemakers drown out the sounds of now,
prolonging the asking of how and why
yellow, not red, black, not white,
denim of blue and not purple.

Questions mark discovery:
brothers are hueless.
The din of sin blatantly sounds.

—NANCY NELL WILSON