

journey to the western shore. The winds spring out from their hiding places and whip up the waves. The shadows start to lengthen; and soon the sky and water become very blue, the trees and grass very green. Taking on a golden hue, the sun strews its precious path on the water. The very atmosphere suffuses a golden glow, making every detail of the surroundings stand out in sharp relief. The sunlight filters through the canopy of leaves in jagged spotlights on the grass. As the sun sinks lower and becomes orange, then red, the clouds in layers reflect gold, purple, and pink. The sun disappears, but a rosy glow lingers until the curtain of ever-darkening blue steals over to meet it. The lake has calmed to the flatness of a mirror. Free from the competition of city lights, the stars reveal that their numbers are legion. An occasional ripple laps the shore in a slow rhythm, breathing as if in a deep slumber.

Tomorrow the pattern may change; perhaps rain will drive in herds of clouds. There are many variations to the theme, for the view is ever-changing. But the rise and fall of the waves and the rise and fall of the sun in its course continue day after day. Here the passage of time is marked by days and seasons, by the rhythms of nature.

LINES FOR A YOUNG GIRL—SOMEWHERE

Of you, oh delicate flower unfolding,
Who lies, all unsuspecting, unknown
For the troth of my first born,
The child of my fads and foibles,
The school of my motherhood.
Of you, I have things to beg.

Be not yourself a first born
A steady third child perhaps (could you manage that).
Be true, perceptive and stoic,
Just a little.
O flower for whom he'll leave all others
Be better than I.

But may I ask you, woman to woman,
Let it not show too much.

ELSYE MAHERN