

## LA PIETA

Alone, washed calm by tears, 'neath gath'ring gloom,  
 She held Him, still and cold, the child of God.  
 Again she saw the child within her womb,  
 Betrayed, the trial, the cross, the path he trod.  
 He lay upon her lap so pale and still;  
 She smoothed his brow, removed the crown.  
 As darkness massed, 'twas night on Cal'vry Hill,  
 And hark! As Mary gazed in sorrow down  
 The pity, grief etched deep upon her form  
 Erased, and sat a maiden young and fair,  
 Embraced her man-child, tranquil through the storm,  
 He, in deep repose; she, unmarked by years of care.  
 And thus, at Cal'vry Hill, fore'er it be,  
 That death lives not in all eternity.

VERONICA WALOWY

## Somewhere—Like Here

Rosemary Roberts

THE NIGHT is deeply beautiful . . . peaceful. It almost makes standing out here in the vacant cold not so awful. I guess I am just about the only living thing out here just now, except for Tom, but he is clear out at the other end. I do not even mind too much being here—by myself—I can think. I guess men do a lot of thinking out here. War can be awfully lonely, awfully cold—like winter, dark—like night, painful—like . . . thinking. And how is it all going to end? Who cares. Sometimes you start wondering if even He cares. But it is not His fault—we started it. Just men . . . and we seem to think that we, each of us, holds the truth, the realness, the absolute in this false, damn world. That is where we are wrong—nothing is real. We are part of a game. No, not a game—a balance . . . because it is always going to be the same—tomorrow, today, yesterday. . . . Some are going to win, some are going to lose. Some laugh, some cry. And it never stops. Always ends the same—the middle, that no one ever quite touches, stays while the ends battle each other for as long as the sky is. Sometimes I wish it would stop—be over—that one side of the balance would be heavier. That this whole damn mess would burst into flames and fall into oblivion—like that star last night. Then we would be free . . . from the games, balance, ourselves. And what is left—nothing. An empty spot, like that hole in the sky, and something to wish on. I miss the star—but who would miss us. That is a laugh—who would be left. . . . Only stars, and we would be just another one like last night, another Earth.