

# from the mountain walls \*

Charles Scott Payne

## I

From the mountain walls,  
 rebounding from the cliffs,  
 caught in the wind,  
 through the valley,  
 flows the song.

It is a melodic tune,  
 and the people passing  
 are caught by it.  
 They begin to hum it,  
 and they carry it home.

## II

That song no longer  
 can be heard in the valley.  
 It is no longer  
 carried in the wind  
 from the mountain walls.

But if you would like to hear it,  
 then just travel North.  
 No one there  
 has ever heard of the valley,  
 but they sing its song.

# the waterfall \*

Glory-June Greiff

It scattered drops like sparkling jewels in the sun,  
 and the transparent rainbows danced  
   in the splattering cascade.  
 Above the fall the ripply water shimmered,  
 and golden sunstreaks played on the rocks.  
 Swiftly poured the beaded curtain,  
 splashing on grey crystal remnants of winter,  
 stirring white laughing bubbles that melted in the current.  
 All this in joyful solitude saw I;  
 then came the noisy throng.

\* Freshman Writing.