

## POETRY CLUB

Ten people in a room  
 The hostess's room, pale ecru grace  
 A back-ground to green comfort,  
 And at the windows ecru lace,  
 Two long divans, upright but soft;  
 Two lamps of ecru marble,  
 Their light is soft and cold,  
 More bright  
 Is light  
 From flaming words she speaks.

Two people much in love  
 No words do speak, but only looks.

Beyond the windows  
 Black crows flying through the blue  
 dusk, south.  
 A chipmunk playing in the yard.

"Do you like these poems of Miss C?"

"No——Do you like simplicity?  
 I'm simply wild about it,  
 In everything, both art and life."

"These poems of Miss C.  
 Are very simple"—(This not heard)

"We've rented a studio downtown.  
 You must come in and see it."

The hostess reads,  
 A young man says,  
 "I like the spirit of that piece."  
 "'You mean, 'Let morals go?'"  
 "Oh no  
 The summer wind that's sighing  
 through it."

—Jane Beuret

## MEMORY

Memory is a ghostly  
 child of man—  
 here when denied;  
 there when desired.  
 The faint perfume  
 of other hours  
 lingers like a halo  
 glorifying time—  
 a wraithlike mist  
 gleaming palely in  
 the shadows of  
 yesterday  
 enhancing sunshine of  
 today.

—Marion Ballinger

## CITY STREETS

Walking the city street  
 deep in twilight  
 wet and shiny pavements  
 reflected the yellow glow  
 of street lamps.

Smoke drifted between  
 the roofs.

Choking smoggy twilight  
 hanging as a weighted  
 pall.

In the rifted clouds I saw  
 the new and slender  
 crescent moon.

Tranquil

She sailed below a  
 peaked shingled roof—  
 and left the smoky  
 haze of street lamps  
 reflected on wet pavements  
 and me—  
 alone and walking  
 the city street in  
 twilight.

—Marion Ballinger.

## NOSTALGIA

Sigh, oh wind, sigh for me,  
 In the boughs of the old elm-tree.  
 Here am I, on the earth,  
 Lacking freedom, lacking mirth,  
 While you blow through the merry  
 leaves,  
 And carry the swallows from under the  
 eaves  
 Into the blue and cloud-flung sky;  
 While you blow on the rollicking waves,  
 Sending the sun-jewelled water high  
 Into the periwinkled caves;  
 Making the sea, and the land-air mingle,  
 Blow back from the coast, my nostrils  
 tingle——

Sigh, oh wind, sigh for me,  
 In the boughs of the old elm-tree.

—Jane Beuret