Poems

GOLDEN ANNIVERSARY

Like two pages of an old letter,
Side by side,
Unaltering—for worse and better
They abide,
Pale and faded as the faded ink.
Each supplements
With thoughts and memories that link
And arguments
The other. So, undisturbed, they live
In an age
Where all that they can give
Is a page
Or two that without the slightest doubt
No one any longer cares about.

TO ALL FELINES

"My friend!" she said, and smiled and took my hand.
"I always feel so close to you, my dear,
As though I know your every thought and wish.
Ah, let us not forget the mutual worth
Attendant when two women are true friends."
"No, let us not," said I.

"She is my dearest friend," she cried, "but you,
A man, can scarcely understand, as I,
A woman, do, the little faults she crowds
Into the shadow of her bright allure.
You do not know her quite so well as I."
"Yes, that is true," said he.

"We are fortunate, I think," said he to me,
"That there is friendship in this world of ours,
For now we see in time the fatal step
We might have seen too late. Now love is done
Let us be friends—as you and she." "Be friends?
No, let us not," said I.

FOUR HANDS

A hand to clasp in mine and gaily swing
Along the careless days of early spring.
A languid hand that beckons, soft and white.
A hand that reaches shyly up to cling.
And one—a hand to hold to in the night.

—BARBARA OAKES.