BEALES

by Hastings

See the boats
In the water
Joggling
Up and down
In the moonlight
    Always
    Up and down
    In the warm glow
of the moonlight.

In the rainy glow
of the smoke-blue
    moonlight....

She flew away
    The other day
On wings of gold
(just small ones,
but they carried her far)

Already I miss her.

I can feel
    her hands
Yet
    Caressing mine,
And the softness of
    her neck
as I kissed her
These I can still feel
    As if
Indelibly stamped
    On my brain.

I prayed
    She would love me
To the ends of the earth
    She would love me----
To the end of life,
To the end of death
And it happened that way,
    For I loved her
    The very same way.

She says
    She has ships
with sails
Made of gold.
But mine
Are made of love
Surely I
am luckier.

LETTRES

A New Page

My life has many pages
Upon which I must write;
And every page must last
    a year
Shall it be dull or bright?

Before I start the new
    page,
I must review the old:
My life is there before
    me
In letters stark and cold.

Have I made others happy
And helped to share their
    load?
Or have I left them
    lying
Beside a lonely road?

Have I performed a kind
    deed
And smiled a friendly
    smile?
    Or have I been too
        busy
    To stop for just a
        while?

So, on this New Year's
    morning,
I'll turn the old page
    o'er,
And try to write more
    carefully
Than I have done before.

A life is too soon ended;
So, what that life will
    be,
And what I write upon
    the page
    Is solely up to me!

Contributed by
    Mrs. Leah Kostenbauder

Written by
    Frances Lois Vaughn

PAGE

At The New Year
        by Prisca Stiles

The year is new!
    What magic in the line,
As tho' the world could
        change
        for uttering it
But 'tis neither yours nor
    mine, Beloved
    Neither yours nor mine.

The world will eat it soon
    enough
    And we shall let it pass
for soon 'twere old and grey,
    Beloved
Alas, Beloved, Alas!
. . . .

OBLONGFELLOW

LIVES OF ARCHITECTS REMIND US
WE COULD MAKE OUR LIVES SUBLIME
IF WE PLANNED TO LEAVE BEHIND US
BLUEPRINTS ON THE SANDS OF TIME

. . . .

Daffynition:

    A Kiss--a mouthful of
nothing that sounds like a
cow pulling her foot out
of the mud!