



POETRY

NOR DUST NOR MOTH

BY DOROTHY M. RICHARDSON

NOT the massed grandeurs of this day's decline,
Not the last sun-ray, hemmed twixt cloud and cloud,
Constrained to gleam, to fire its gathered shroud
And cast, across the hill beyond the line
Dividing east from west, as o'er a shrine
A light too pure and too serenely proud
To mock the misted sea whose rim, aloud,
Proclaims, in movement, bondage as its sign;
But love, acclaiming all the enchanted scene,
Sea, sun, and waves, lit hill-side, and the high
Rose-tinted snow above cool meadow-green
Of clamorous gulls, soaring within their sky
Upon strong soundless wing-beats scarcely seen,
Prepares this hour for immortality.

VERNAL EQUINOX

BY ROBERT PHILIP HILLIER

Now
Spring leaps up
Through white-furred Winter
To taste the fragrant warmth of sun,
Like hungry rainbow trout
That snap at flies
Above an ice-clear pond:
On widowed hills
Tiny snouts of green
Root through the brown, to sniff;

THE AMERICAN MERCURY

Hair-stemmed flowers
 Blush a gentle pink,
 Ashamed of their immodest haste
 In arriving first;
 Self-conscious trees
 Divert the eye from naked limbs
 To small, excited, fine-veined hands;
 And all things are new with promise . . .
 Except the hates — old hates, of men!

ANSWER

*On Being Asked What Will Happen
 to Poetry in the Next Ten Years*

BY GLENN WARD DRESBACH

WHILE Man may crouch before the fires
 His senses must record desires.

Though he has bitter herbs to gnaw
 He'll tell of beauty that he saw.

While thirst within him grips and clings
 He'll search the crags for clearer springs.

While hunger twists its slow, dull blade
 He'll grub and hunt — though still afraid.

And when through darkness he must stare
 He'll tell what he has visioned there.

His eyes, adjusted to the light,
 Shall turn to some discovered height.

While Love and Death shall bend his knees
 His heart must sing or break for these.

And, though on rock, he shall inscribe
 The picture-story of the Tribe.