



POETRY

CHRIST THE HUNTSMAN

BY JEREMY INGALLS

WHERE mountains break
All roads to foot-cut track
Such as eyes hardly nor memories trust
Even fleeing doom, avoiding the glacier's crest,
We have met the hunter
In the fell of the chamois,
We have met the hunter
In a green coat.

Where thunders break
The sky after the death-track
Of light such as eyes nor memories trust
Even seeing the living spared in the fire's crest,
We have met the hunter
In the fell of the chamois,
We have met the hunter
In a green coat.

Where worlds break
To comet-blaze razing the track
Of space, of space we dare not trust
Beyond our path, doubtful, cut to this earth's crest,
We have met the hunter
In the fell of the chamois,
We have met the hunter
In a green coat.

SONNET

BY WINFIELD TOWNLEY SCOTT

I QUESTIONED the sky: if it were still hollow
 And got from the shell of night the old answer
 And heard the wave of the day far on the endless
 Curve of hidden shore swelling and breaking;
 And of the earth: if it were rich or fallow
 Spending such flowers from so many bones, or
 Ejaculating and eating itself were mindless,
 And saw only an endless sleeping and waking.
 I thought, if there is power and glory forever,
 At most to each of us once, and then only
 That moment in the sun's searchlight — in that while
 I turn to you, you turn to me, and never
 Weep for the night, but as if we were not lonely
 Take hands; as if we were one, lie down and smile.



THE PARK

BY JEAN GARRIGUE

THE *ceremony of innocence is drowned,*
 Yeats says, and I who cannot understand
 Go to the public park to weigh
 That elusive and prehensile datum.
 Squirrels I meet, eating with their hands,
 And pigeons with intoxicated heads,
 The violent old like Leonardo's imagery,
 The matron, nursemaid, middle-aged delinquent,
 The captain babied by his discipline,
 All these detained in duty's ruin I meet.
 And in each face that passes me
 I look for that ascendant radiance,
 The eyes which never turn aside