Of A Daughter... stillborn

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planting of those principles by which his mind will work, a rather complex and surprising blend of principles. Moreover, the Oxford Movement itself is raised to a mental movement and is presented only as an influence on the mind.

The stage is his mind; the action is personal, not controversial or argumentative; and thus we watch the inner-outer play of person and event.

Something Other

I dream of Spring
And Summer in the Winter;
And the red-brown leaves of
Autumn and the White that comes later:
This I dream in the Summer.

I dream of Lotus Land
In hard Winter—
Of easy living when working hard;
And of working when there is easy.
I dream of when things will be better,
And when Better comes,
When Spring and Summer come—
When there is freedom—
Then I realize that
There is no Better
But only more Dream.

Yellowbrowned, then
White and dirtblack to uglify
And all dissipates into earth again
Whereof comes green again
And something called hope again—
And sometimes... Him again—
Something beyond Dream.

PHIL PARISH

Of A Daughter... stillborn*

O God
Why she?
Who never even saw the light of dawning gray
Nor heard the robin greet the new-born day
Who never felt the warmth of June
Nor broke the dying night with startled tune
That trumps the infant’s safe arrival there...
Nor smelled but one brief breath of air...
Why she
O God?

Do you give the sot and harlot hope
And offer paradise to those who grope
In vice and shame their life’s long day
And only in their dying gasp do say
Their sorrow, steeped in sin and mire...
Do you wash them clean who but desire
You in the end, sin’s joy run dry
And death’s icy stillness frosting up the eye?

Will she
Unwashed of Adam’s sin
Never be
Allowed to enter in?

Or are there
More things in heaven, O God,
Than are dreamt of in our theology?

CLARENCE A. AMANN

*and only conditionally baptized by the attending doctor.