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48

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Ambiguous years
 Meaning clouded by drifts
 Yearning for the tread of human boots

T'would be months of desparation
 However time really does pass away
 Over and over again
 Mishaps drift larger drifts
 Passing hands over the light of love
 Soon the bleak misery reaching out
 Over and over again
 Now t'was the time for spring

It dwindled the drifts . . . slowly

—FRANS WETERRINGS

Leaning gently on the wind
 Over and over again
 Velvet breezes caressed the glowing embers
 Early the rains came

Years of drifting
 Over and over again
 Until the full breadth of light — the light of love

—LAWRENCE LECHNER

A flower
 once grazed upon a barren hill
 Alone.
 but knew that the wind must blow.
 And it loved the breeze.
 It never feared the night
 And it loved the dark.
 It looked to life for everything
 It took nothing.
 It was free.
 And it did not condemn the trees.
 And it equalled the grass.
 It respected all.
 It respected itself.
 And a man one day came along.
 He saw everything he had ever
 Wanted from life.
 He picked the flower.
 Not out of love but
 Fear.



*The river bears no empty bottles, sandwich papers,
Silk handkerchiefs, cardboard boxes, cigarette ends
Or other testimony of summer nights.*