Life's Struggle

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Cover Page Footnote
The Star

The ballerina is a star,
You must throw your eyes
slightly out of focus to see her.
Backstage the faces are desperate blue,
melting into curtains
while she shines.

She turns; a cyclone of diamonds.
Her white skirt swirling faster,
faster than the eyes in her head,
faster than the cracks in the stage,
faster than her arms fluttering upward
over children who gaze.

Arduous yet painless
from toe, to ankle, to knees
writhing in her tender body.
Broken be her heart,
but her convoluted eyes whirl on.

Don Blair

Life’s Struggle

A Spring and more has past since ground was broke
And out of dirt of earth a seedling rose
Disease inflicts the soil, but still it grows
The latent harms the nearby germs provoke
Are strong enough to kill the common bloke
With sickness like a chain of dominos
A subtle touch may end the plants repose
Can anything insure its growth to oak
Our anxious eyes await the coming Fall
When cold and frost and snow inflict their wrath
The sapling’s life is now in nature’s hands
And only She can make it strong and tall
In looking past the Winter’s aftermath
The tree has branches bowed, but still it stands

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