

1965

## October

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**Cover Page Footnote**

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# Innocence Lost

White lily blushed beneath her withered bough:  
(Sad tidings bore black-cloud-infested-breeze)  
“Everything is somehow diff’rent now!”  
Her color paled, now ranting chant the trees:  
“New hues are born while others pass away,  
And ev’ry rottened apple greets its grave.  
Yet each has known the twilight of its day;  
Untimely frost has bonded bud death’s slave.”  
Rain-swollen slope re-echoed this refrain:  
“My race reflects the ravages of time-yet  
One’s loss means more than oft’another’s gain.  
Behold plain-store of nature’s liquid rhyme!”

—GEORGE E. WEGMAN.

## OCTOBER

suns turn to butter  
dripping spreading yellow-  
gold over the toast  
ed crust of horizon  
Then Evening places  
it next to a warm cup of  
fireside  
Tranquility . . .

GREGORY CONCHELOS