

1967

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.*