October

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as child I stood

as child I stood,
chin-high to polished sill.
Parlordark stood round me,
her hands mothersoft on my shoulders.

bed-ready I stood,
secure in footed sleepers.
my silver breath piled slow
from the window corner:
I told me strange and many things
in lovely lettering
that only childhood could read.

and Streetlight stood,
star-high to the windy Elm.
white-jewel snow swirled round him
and was as lovely in his light
as his light was lovely
because of her.

as child I stood,
and told me with my breath
"they must be loving"

Ray Pavelsky

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 otf'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