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A Reality

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A Reality

Cover Page Footnote

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could not thinking you should and Faulkner no. But Leopold Bloom's father . . . The gun is there on the table the gun is there on the table the gun is on the table gun is on table gun is table gun table gun gun gun gun gungungun — *Peccavi*.

Yes, he certainly was a queer old man. I mean, to live in a lighthouse so far, far away and deprive himself of the fruits of civilization. Cars and bowling balls and skis and radios and country clubs . . .

A Reality

Outside I see the snow,
Inside I find dissention.
There the green things grow,
Here is intervention.
Always cold winds blow,
Life is circumvention.
Ice pulls the branches low,
Man but a new invention.

BERNARD J. KILONSKY

Outside people walk,
Inside he sits alone.
There they laugh and talk,
Here no love is known.
Always will wing the lark,
Life is a way to roam.
Ice even leaves its mark
Upon a man's gravestone.

Outside sky is high,
Inside ceiling low.
There the mountains cry,
Here one does not know.
Always a lullaby,
Life we can overthrow.
Ice can beautify
Even pure white snow.