Mezmor L'David

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Meemor L'David

Sue Connolly

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THE 2/4 WALTZ

The savage soil
Screams to be exploited
Unwillingly, my hands plunge downward
Laden with their burden they rise moist.

The pleasure, I marvelled at its mystery!
I returned often to my soil
To taste its musty odor,
To watch the seasons change it,
To watch the sweat of the night vanish in the morning sun.
One day, knowing roots stave erosion,
And fearing loss above all,
I planted a seed within.
I built my home around that seed
And leisurely I tended it,
For with the sage sky dispensing its gifts,
I knew the soil would keep it.

Fran Murphy

Image

Into the eyes of my words you gazed,
I left my face on your veil.

Jim Hall

Sient Cervus Desiderat

Now gentle does the dawn shyly come
The silver tresses of the moonlit band
Blushing away her paleness with the press
Of silent kisses. Warm, radiant, his hand
Awakes the air, filling with winged song
The stretching corners rising in his sight.

Life, breaking in shadows the fullest light
She fears to know. Burning beneath this shroud
Resplendent glows a goddess filled with day
And trembling arms reach to a sun, now proud,
In blazing brilliance night alone will stay.

Who's known love in the open plain, once, well,
Waits not his call in a softer citadel.