



Spring 1954

## Dawn

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Dawn . . .

. . . Pauline Karling

The muted music of a hush;  
And the sun sends lighted fairy feathers  
In silent advance,  
To caress a sleepy black of heaven.  
Distant day and midnight hue merge  
In sure surrender,  
Greyed together in unhurried communion.  
Echo-promise of a yester-morrow,  
And the borning dawn  
Glows.

pot . . .

. . . R. J. Murphy

We didn't worry, or we did,  
about the pot without the lid  
or what it held, or what's the use  
of living living's sad abuse?

we didn't worry, or we did,  
which suit was trump, or what was bid  
which hand will prove the highest one  
to play for keeps or play for fun?

did we worry, did we not,  
there still remains the lidless pot:

the thing it holds, the single thing:  
the "reason" why to thee we sing