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pot

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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
Glow.

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

TO THEE, O PLOT UPON THE EARTH
THE PLOT THAT CLAIMS US BY OUR BIRTH
but who labors, country, you or we?
and should YOU not then sing to me?

sing a song of freedom of life liberty
and the various pursuits.
or better yet tell a story: the times of the
tom tom paine, jefferson, in
modern dress . . .

without a lid what can it hold?
this pot that harbors fool's gold?
it holds the thoughts of time gone by
holds them, for the men who die

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

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

Frank . . .

. . . D. L. Newsome

Frank's a man
Who
Plods
Along
Body, mind opposed.
One near sleeping seems
While other
Laughs!
Not loud;
With crinkle-thinking eyes.