



Winter 1955

# Transition

Mary Lou Lemon  
*Western Michigan University*

Follow this and additional works at: <http://scholarworks.wmich.edu/calliope>

 Part of the [Creative Writing Commons](#)

## Recommended Citation

Lemon, Mary Lou (1955) "Transition," *Calliope*: Vol. 2 : Iss. 1 , Article 14.  
Available at: <http://scholarworks.wmich.edu/calliope/vol2/iss1/14>

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by ScholarWorks at WMU. It has been accepted for inclusion in Calliope by an authorized editor of ScholarWorks at WMU. For more information, please contact [maira.bundza@wmich.edu](mailto:maira.bundza@wmich.edu).



We listened for a moment to its dull leaps and to the answer of the echo. Suddenly, the lake . . .

"There was magic in it" — It blurred our eyes — it crept in our hearts — it took our hearts — it swallowed our bodies. The moon was no more the only one which bathed its pallid face in the ruffling waves.

A storm was beginning to come up. Heavy clouds were extinguishing the dim light. We shivered . . .

When I reached for my blanket on my bed the first lightning illuminated our bedroom. I saw that my neighbor's bed was empty.

We rushed the whole way back. The storm dashed sand in our eyes, in our half-opened mouth, in our ears. It agitated our hair. Groaning trees bent almost to the ground. We held hands not to lose each other and fought exhausted against the weather. We stumbled down the narrow path. The waves struck, clapping the rocks, — the lake roared. We prayed loud. We called his name — no answer. Again . . . nothing.

Another glaring lightning flashed down the yellow rocks. Two yards in front of us our roommate was sitting on a boulder with a smile on his face. "There was magic in it."

## Transition . . .

I,  
no longer a sapphire hue and white,  
As of a summer sky with staunch sails bright against;

I,  
once turning the yellow, bronze and rust  
Of each chrysanthemum, when autumn had commenced;

I,  
now feeling the dread, gray winter cold,  
Look back on blue-white Summer, golden Fall.  
Now stark limbs make me feel so old, so old,  
While, high above, the migrants call and call.

. . . Mary Lou Lemon