



Winter 1957

# Leaving the Rivage

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## Leaving the Rivage . . .

I grew old when young  
and heard the death knell  
sadly sung.

I tried hard not to hear  
and ran nowhere  
out of fear.

I emptied my life of all pursuits  
and hid myself alone to eat  
of bitter fruits.

But the grey thing found and visited me,  
I protested the time, it is much too soon,  
I cried bitterly.

He came closer and smiled  
and put me aboard a ship  
that had already sailed.

. . . James Kahler

## Requirements . . .

I don't want much out of life:  
A job,  
Good pay,  
Nice house,  
Fine wife,  
Stocks,  
Bonds,  
Land,  
And such;  
Cars,  
TV,  
Hi Fi . . .  
Not much;  
And in the realm of hard-found things,  
Where can I buy some angel's wings?

. . . James Bull