
Winter 1957

Kleiner Gedanke

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Kleiner Gedanke . . .

Die schonen braunen Augen,
Die sind mir doch so lieb,
Mein Herz sie können stehlen,
Wie ruhig stiehlt ein Dieb.

Was tu' ich in der Welt,
Wo auch ich dort mich find;
Noch seh' ich sie stets vor mir,
Obgleich sie nicht da sind.

. . . Diane Peacock

Contemporary Creation . . .

Spin your wheel, O Potter, spin your wheel.
With clay-creation at your fingertips, spin your wheel.

“Nothing old today;
All is new.”

Spin your wheel.
Create.

“To create is old.
To mold and imitate, new.”

Spin your wheel and
create create create,
O Potter.
Breathe old life into new.

“Create . . . yes.
My hands will shape and create.
The modern will be made of old.
I will create.”

Spin your wheel, O Potter—

. . . Karen Gernant