

Winter 1959

## Untitled

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# SILHOUETTE

At last the light  
lifts the dark  
and tips it over.  
Long lanes of corn  
crane their ears  
to hear the doe that  
dares step out  
onto the sills of silence.

Phillip D. Adams

and whose footman holds my cloak  
and what fair maiden holds my key  
of thigh baita rapture  
to carry me beyond the thrushold

youve no cloke to hold my son  
doctrine you dispute  
and all the keys are out just now

but as you enter  
you may lift the threshold slightly

and be hanged by the life

Max Steele