

Spring 1961

## Untitled

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# River Cherwell

*To Sue*

Green is the colour of my true love's  
Ever faithful yet no virgin  
As I float so slowly

On up this stream the land is mine  
Lush turf and trees  
I don't know if I shall ever die

Another love are you  
The willow by the water brushes the boat  
Let me stay here before infinity

Green is the colour of my true love's  
Another love are you  
I don't know if I shall ever die

*DICK JOYCE*

As afternoon its twilight golden breaks,  
The footprints distant growing in the sand  
Recall the certain deepness of the lakes—  
The haunting, sleeping, pounding deepness. And  
Then the ancient fires, being fanned,  
Reflect a human likeness on the wall—  
(The wall that, like the lake, all time has banned  
from human understanding)—thus the call.  
As black the play-worn curtain starts to fall  
And actors, we, retire to the wings  
And thoughts of future-past performances forestall,  
So life replaces gone with other things.  
'Less, though, the age old call remain unheard,  
Nature's afternoon demolished prints the word.

*EMILY BROWN*