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