

HOW DO I LOVE THEE

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.
 I love thee to the depth and breadth and height
 My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight
 For the ends of being and ideal grace.
 I love thee to the level of every day's
 Most quiet need, by sun and candlelight.
 I love thee freely, as men strive for right;
 I love thee purely, as they turn from praise;
 I love thee with the passion put to use
 In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith;
 I love thee with a love I seemed to lose
 With my lost saints,—I love thee with the breath,
 Smiles, tears, of all my life!—and, if God choose,
 I shall but love thee better after death.

A.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

JOHN GILLISPIE MAJOR

Put out my hand and touched the face of God,
 The high untraced sanctity of space,
 And while with silent, lifting mind I've trod
 Where never lark, or even eagle flew,
 I've topped the wind-swept heights with easy grace
 Like some thin music of a higher sphere,
 My eager throat through foolish halls of air
 Has clanged the shouting wind along and flung
 High in the sunlit silence, hovering and flung
 Of sun-split clouds—and done a hundred things
 You have not dreamed of—wheeled and soared and swung
 Sunward I've climbed the steeps on laughing silver wings
 And danced the skies on laughing silver wings
 O, I have slipped the surly bonds of earth

D.

HIGH FLIGHT

DEBBIE PHILLIPS KUHNIEX
QURKOW'S F.
 I am the plowhorse
 Straining against the iron harness and leather whip
 Of the morning, nostrils tunnelling the scent of
 Dreaming the meadows, nostrils tunnelling the breeze which
 Freedom and new growth
 Running the distance, nostrils tunnelling the breeze which
 Freedom and new growth
 Pounding the distance, nose in in a feeble
 Pounding the distance, nose in in a feeble

EPILOGUE

DENISE LEVERTOV

I thought I had found a swan
 but it was a migrating snow-goose.

I thought I was linked invisibly to another's life
 but I found myself more alone with him than without him.

I thought I had found a fire
 but it was the play of light on bright stones.

I thought I was wounded to the core
 but I was only bruised.

THE FROST

TZU YEH

F.

Young man,
 Seize every minute
 Of your time.
 The days fly by;
 Ere long you too
 Will grow old.
 If you believe me not,
 See there, in the courtyard,
 How the frost
 Glitters white and cold and cruel
 On the grass
 That once was green.

H.

Whose woods these are I think I know
 His house is in the village though;
 He will not see me stopping here
 To watch his woods fill up with snow.
 My little horse must think it queer
 To stop without a farmhouse near
 Between the woods and frozen lake
 The darkest evening of the year.
 He gives his harness bells a shake
 To ask if there is some mistake.
 The only other sound's the sweep
 Of easy wind and downy flake.
 The woods are lovely, dark and deep,
 But I have promises to keep,
 And miles to go before I sleep,
 And miles to go before I sleep.

ROBERT FROST

G. STOPPING BY WOODS ON A SNOWY EVENING

JOHN WEAVER
 To YOUTH

C.

This I say to you:
 Be arrogant! Be true!
 True to April's lust that sings
 Through your veins. These sharp Springs
 Matter most . . . After years
 Will be time enough to sleep . . .
 Carefulness . . . and tears . . .

Now while life is raw and new,
 Drink it clear, drink it deep!
 Let the moonlight's lunacy
 Tear away your cautions.
 Be proud, and mad, and young, and free!
 Grasp a comet! Kick at stars
 Laughingly! Fight! Dare!

Never fear, Age will catch you,
 Slow you down, ere it dispatch you
 To your long and solemn quiet . . .
 What will matter then the riot
 Of the lilacs in the wind?
 What will mean—then—the crush
 Of lips at hours when birds hush?
 Purple, green and flame will end
 In a calm, gray blend.

JUSTICE

Mother Earth held them until they could be found
 Now, our voice sings the mourning songs with the trees.
 The wind, Light sacred fire
 Ensure they are never forgotten as we sing.

The tears falling like rain.
 Around them. The Creator cried for them
 Bending branches to touch the earth
 Didn't know to sing
 They sang mourning songs their mothers
 Held and cradled in a mother's heart
 By the land
 They were lovingly embraced
 What they didn't know was
 When they buried the children

For the children
 by Abigail Echo-Hawk