

## NIGHT REVERIE

When moonbeams bathe  
In soft and amber light  
The wounds  
Found in life's toil and  
Endless fray,  
My soul,  
In flight would rise  
Above the bounds  
Of mediocrity,  
Existence drab,  
This tuneless lay.  
To far Olympus  
Would it strive,  
(With Hermes' speed)  
The days of old  
And Phoebus great to seek;  
Ambrosian nourishment  
There to find,  
And, in this draught,  
Immortality  
For the weak.

Is that thy song, O Muse,  
That floateth  
From that awful  
Distant height?  
The darkness fades  
Beneath  
This brightness strange:  
Apollo's light.  
Yet, in some barren place,  
A part of me  
Still stands.  
The mount, the music  
Fade,  
Instead I hear  
The roar of River Styx  
That from grim Hades flows  
(The dead's cold land).  
On lonely sands  
In silence there I muse  
And ask  
In wondering fear  
"What is my life,  
And whence is happiness?"  
'Tis where? not here,  
For, with the death of night,  
The light returns, to show  
In harsh cold shape and clear

The tale of day to day,  
 In lines that paint  
 With harsh bold strokes  
 The weakness of the flesh,  
 The waiting clay.

### THE FATES STILL REIGN

As in the times long past,  
 Their hands  
 Events of present, future,  
 guide.  
 To 'scape their wrath and doom  
 List to their words,  
 Deceive them not,  
 By their decrees  
 Abide.  
 Tempt not the gods, o Man,  
 This life is short,  
 The after endless long.  
 Best live as canst this span;  
 In life end's port  
 Is heard again  
 Olympus' song.

—M. J. M., '61

### EPAVE

Cheveux blonds . . . Cheveux blonds . . .  
 Qui voguent dans le vent . . .  
 Cheveux blonds . . . cheveux blonds . . .  
 Qui flotte dans le noir  
 Au gré du vent  
 Cheveux blonds . . . cheveux blonds . . .  
 Qui passent pour toujours  
 Dans la nuit . . .  
 Dans la nuit du néant . . .

Souvenirs brises . . .  
 Plaisirs perdus . . .  
 Larmes pour consoler,  
 Restes du passe . . .

O Espoir, pourquoi m'astu habité?  
 Comment ai-je pu croire en toi?  
 Fus-tu cress, source d'illusions,  
 Pour qu'un jour on desespere?