

ODE TO A BEER

Nice cool sparkling clear, (new)
 Refreshing bright and capital beer. (brew)
 I see you bubble in your glass
 The beads of cold glistening pass
 Down your side; down they slide
 Shimmering bright, golden mellow in the
 light.

 A cloud of fluffy porous froth
 Invites the beholder with its soft
 Savor upon the lips,
 Ambrasian fluid thus he sips.
 Trickling tastily, quenching thirst
 Gleaming brew, in splendor immersed,
 Your praises cannot be fully raised,
 O' Drops of nectar to dry throats glazed.

J. COWIE

EXODUS—THE PLIGHT OF MAN

"Escape, my children, into another land—Child-
 ren—
 Fed upon hope.
 Manna is hope; Earth is hope and heaven is
 hope.
 Heaven-earthly; Earth-heavenly We move
 on
 Move on children.

 "This is the land of darkness and confusion
 (Oh, where is it different?)
 But Hope makes you live.
 Fond illusion!
 Greater than reality!
 So, move on children.
 Heaven-earthly; Earth-heavenly We move
 on.

 "This is a barren land a hard land
 (Oh, where is it any different?)
 But a taste of sweetness in the mind,
 Even better than the body!
 For the body dies.
 But with a hope move on, dear children.
 Heaven-earthly; Earth-heavenly, We move
 on.

 "Misery is our most constant mate here
 (Is he never gone?)
 But a simple joy in a simple heart
 Is greater than a trumpet!
 Indeed more piercing to the heart!
 Marc hon, move on children.
 Heaven-earthly; Earth-heavenly, We move
 on.

 "Here we are fed to the full with suffering
 (When will we be left to go hungry?)
 But we have visions of fonder meals.
 Old visions!
 Ever young dreams!
 Ever real, ever a dream—Move on children.
 Heaven-earthly; Earth-heavenly, We move
 on.
 The new land is near—The new land is far.
 (Oh, where is the new land?)
 But a new land there must ever be.
 Ever old vision!
 Ever new land!
 Ever a goal for feet that must move—move on,
 oh children.
 Heaven-earthly; Earth-heavenly, Ever
 bold, Ever reverently, We move—move
 on."

L. DON ELYSYN

OF LAST THINGS

You'll see me in the wintertime, my lad,
 When ice falls thick and misery does blow,
 Looking around as still as thick packed snow
 With eyes so blind and thoughts becoming mad;
 Behold me too in spring when I am sad
 To see the rains break up the sacred low
 Bright sleep of nature to cruel life (to go
 Within the year), and too I'll not be glad
 To see hot wet winds come and stay a while,
 For heat depresses me, works in my bones
 The dread of consciousness, which is the style
 Of death. Now Autumn leaves give forth the
 groans
 Of ending life and I do smile while o'er
 Me they do shut the silent coffin door.

L. DON ELYSYN

BELLS, BELLS, BELLS!

Damn the luck —
 There goes the bell!
 Will there be,
 I ask you.
 Bells in Hell?

 If you should say:
 "There'll be bells there."
 My life
 Won't be
 So Devil may care.

F. L.

THE TREES AND ITS LEAVES

The tree. The tree and its children.
 Its leaves, its creations and its sustainers.
 The children of the tree covering it
 Sustaining it in a sunny forest
 Of trees and leaves.
 The leaves die and blow away
 Grow brown and dry and blow away
 Falling and leaving the tree naked
 Stark among cold winds.
 The tree creates again its leaves
 Becomes a bigger tree, sustained
 By its new leaves, its children, loving
 Then, its leaves.

J. COWIE