
THE GRADUATE

To the shadow of the steadfast Cross,
To the Fount by a red reredos,
To the tower of ivory in the shade,
 A fledgling fled
 From grassy bed
 The accolade
To seek that nest-captivity unties,
That frees the virgin wing to the skies.

The Dove at morn the novice fed,
The owl at noon his winglets spread,
The swallow in tales confided
 Of sunny lands
 And stormy strands;
 And down was shed
Where plumes bloomed: now to soar high—
I am feathered, O let me fly!

—G. K. '51

