

## NOVEMBER

Now is the close season: the sun's ray  
Oblique at noon; the bright day  
Dripping black frost from twig to branch to ground,  
Where bloodless red bleeds slowly into brown.

Green reeds curl and creep down stem;  
Cocoon and chrysalis precaution them  
That death alone is won by thrusting cold,  
That couch and cover must protect the old.

So now, root-burrowed deeply underneath  
The withered stalks of all of summer's earning,  
Unpuckered by belief or disbelief,  
They live upon  
The chance  
Of spring's returning.

—MARTY—

## GIVE US THE DEW

Give us the dew at sunrise  
That we may tread the grass  
And know the urge of morning  
May not pass, may never pass.

Give us a sun at noonday  
That we may spend the hours  
Beholding through the morning  
Sap of trees and heart of flowers.

Give us a gentle evening  
That we may rest again  
From unfulfilled endeavour  
And transitory pain.

Give us the moon at twilight  
That we may say with scorn  
"Breathe not, O night, so gentle  
In tempting us to mourn."

Give us the fire in darkness  
To warm our cooling zest  
For finding things unfinished  
And blessing the unblest.

Give us the peace of sleeping  
When the day has cheated dawn  
That into every morning  
We may wake as newly born.

For hope is like a promise  
In the dangers that have been  
That failure seen endangers not  
A future yet unseen.

—MARTY—

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### NOW, I'M YOUR LOOKING GLASS

You gaze upon my cold stern face,  
You marvel at its sheen;  
But you forget that from this place  
I've seen more than you have seen.

For though each image that I hold  
I hold for just a spell,  
I can within me them enfold  
And bring them back as well.

If you'd but stand before me and  
Just gaze into those eyes,  
You'd find a picture by the hand  
Of memory to arise.

On distant faces first you'd dwell  
And pleasant companies;  
Nocturnal wanderings blissful  
And as boundless as the seas.

And if you stood there longer yet,  
You would most likely find  
That these the images you meet  
Were already in your mind.

So now you've found my secret out,  
But somehow I don't care;  
I only hope that you won't flout  
That secret everywhere.

For many are the folks that still  
Are bound to me by ties  
That make them sit and drink their fill  
Of these my vacant skies.

Were they to know that these their dreams  
Were not in dreaming found;  
That just to sit with glassy beams  
Is sure a mode unsound.