

## CLOVER LEAF

The old man probed the tiny plant  
Plucked from the emerald dawn.  
A lifetime he had searched for this—  
A four-leafed clover—a crown.  
For such it became as he caressed  
The leaflets which, like keys,  
Opened the door to days gone by  
Bringing back memories.  
The one revealed his first sweet prayer,  
His kindergarten too,  
His baseball bat, his faithful dog,  
His bickerings—not a few.  
The souvenirs of the second leaf  
More serious, yet dear—  
A growing man, a lovely lass,  
For those no worry, no fear.  
Then he fondled the third leaf—  
A family of loyal love,  
But worry, fear, and labour advanced  
To blight their joy from above.  
Slowly he gazed at the last pale thing  
Which, during his reminiscing,  
Had withered become and—just as he—  
Was approaching death unresisting.

—STELLA HOWARD '62

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Now I see, and seeing sorrow  
That the day, consumed, returns not.  
Who dares trust upon tomorrow,  
When nor time nor life sojourns not?

—Thomas Lodge

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A scrap of knowledge about sublime things is worth more than any  
amount about trivialities.

—St. Thomas Aquinas