

Sonnet On Despair

By Irwin R. Taylor

FROM SELF-MADE FEAR I know of no escape.
Forthwith it breaks my soul's defensive power
And leaves me unprotected through the hour
When ghastly grows its magnitude and shape.
Then every struggle merely serves to tire,
And hope is ever farther from my call,
Till into morbid, spectral dreams I fall
And build in dreams my own fantastic pyre.
But time and labor—mighty balms are they!—
Soon mitigate for me each dismal whim,
Till back in pure reality I'm gay,
And gratitude can cause my eyes to dim.
Then looking back upon such fears I find
They were but idle fancies of my mind.



Tchaikowsky— Symphony in F Minor

By Richard Trump

I HEARD a famous orchestra
Playing what men called master music.
He who wrote the symphony
Was of sad nature, believing that Fate
Was ever plaguing him
And all his fellows.
I listened,
And when the music stopped
A wild applause broke from the audience.
I wanted to go away in silence;
I wanted to be alone in a quiet place
Where I could wait, and listen,
And try to understand.