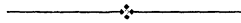


torrid love to some beautiful blonde? Is it the city, with armless magazine vendors beside their stands on the corner? With all-night-service drugstores, giving off mingled odors of hot pork sandwiches and rubber hot-water bottles? Of Jewish merchants treading stealthily the thick carpet of their chromium and pastel-decorated dress shops? Of the street at night, lighted yet gray, crowded yet lonely, shrieking horns and motors and voices trying in vain to conceal the pall-like silence of the city vacuum—hollowness, noise, and people walking in it, living in it, sleeping through it?

Is it for you always to be here on the roof? To long both for the purity of stars, and for the men in the streets of cities? To long for each, to weep for both, to stay here, alone, knowing neither, having nothing?



Pear Tree in December

Helen M. Pundt

H. Ec. So.

White in a white world, silver-tipped,
You stand in frosted glory,
Stars upon your branches
Where once the fragrant blossoms swayed.
Still and serene you stand.

Tell me, are you content in this calm moment
Of perfection,
This hour when all colors blend
And none alone startles the brain?
Do you not remember with a wistful sigh
The young touch of tender flowers,
The lushness of green days,
The agony of arrow-splintered skies
And wild rain?
Do you not recall the precious heaviness of fruit
And due fulfillment?
Is this white wisdom all you need?

Are you content?