

Your Face Upon the Page

Charlene Fredericksen

H. Ec. So.

A poem, a story, many more
Are here within my mind.
I cannot put them into words
For when I try, I find
Your face upon the page, the desk,
The wall and everywhere.
I do not try to phrase my thought;
I know I'll find you there.

A melody, a wordless one,
Eludes my listening ear
Because the memory of your voice
Is all that I can hear.

A poem, a melody, a sketch,
What art the world will miss
Because my life is full of you!
Are other girls like this?

Conclusion

Muriel Park

Sc. Jr.

"There are places you can't go alone—"
You had begun.

I think you meant some mundane thing
Like going to a football game,
Or walking home from clubs at night,
But you—as usual—start my mite
Of brain to work on some illusion,
And now I've come to this conclusion—

There are places you can't go alone,
And Paradise is one.