

# Fidelity

Phyllis Wendt

On his back, earth lies,  
Races impatient fingers through bare-branched trees,  
Waits, restless for the touch of snow  
From shifting skies.

Later, a careless sodden clutter—  
Winter's cool indifference  
Is bared in sloshy puddles in the gutter.

How odd to know  
That in the heady fragrance of summer's straining loyalty  
Sweating earth, heat-choked, will turn away  
And long for snow.

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# Reverie in Blue

Muriel Park

Because the sunshine slants in from the west  
And forms a bar in which the blue smoke swirls;  
Because Virginia's hair is at its best  
In sun that goldens it within its curls;

Because a fly with shiny silver wings  
Walks gingerly across the table top  
And with him everywhere he walks he brings  
His agile shadow, which he cannot drop;

Because my coke is sparkling in its glass  
And straws with lipstick tops lie here below,  
I think of things like this that never pass  
And wonder who it is next year will know

The quiet of the lipstick straws and coke,  
The glory of the slanting sun and smoke.