

Night in the Forest

Frances Flick

For. '39

Beauty has bled too freely on the altar of this day—
Only the moon can know where they have borne her corpse away;
For the moon is the cold, pale ghost of Beauty,
Smiling above our glen,
Smiling upon the pines that murmur, "When, when, when—?"

Over the ridge a waterfall is echoing her light,
Singing a requiem to day, hushing a hymn to night;
For the waterfall is the voice of Beauty,
Lingering in the mist,
Lingering in the leaves that murmur, "List, list, list."

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Exaltation

Jane Sproul

H. Ec. '39

Strange peace of mind—
Like still serenity
Of moon-white plains. . . .
Like velvet-muffled hush
Of shadowed forests.

Strange peace of mind—
Like fragile, faery strands
Of silver cobweb. . . .
Like candle-dusky light
Of vast cathedrals.

Strange peace of mind.