

To You

By Dorothy Dunkelberg, '39

IF IT is better to be calm and wise,
If it is better to restrain a mood;
If neat decorum only should comprise
The essence with which mankind is imbued;
If impulse were a sin to be subdued,
And locked in closets, dank with rotting sighs,
Thrown there to hush their pleas, lest they intrude;
If all reflex emotion wore a guise
Of sombre, staid reflection—lined with truth—
Then why the moonlit splendor of the night,
Suffused with subtle shadows, sheltering youth
In its ecstatic fold? Why plumage bright,
Or pulses quickened to a rhapsody—
Or this great white-capped love now flooding me?

