

ceptance of the rest of life through intuitive and sensuous means. He is not only a man who thinks intellectually, but one who "thinks" emotionally, physically and psychically. Thus he does not fear life but loves it—as Thoreau did when he wrote:

I love to see that nature is so rife with life that myriads can be afforded to be sacrificed and suffered to prey on one another; that tender organisations can be so serenely squashed out of existence like pulp,—tadpoles which herons gobble up, and tortoises and toads run over in the road; and that sometimes it has rained flesh and blood! With the liability to accident, we must see how little account is made of it. The impression made on a wise man is that of universal innocence. Poison is not poisonous after all, nor are any wounds fatal.

HIS NAME WAS MERIT

[to a father-in-law]

Donna Dickey Guyer

No torrent ever, his life's gentle stream
 poured from the mountain of its youthful source,
 pure in the first spring sunlight of a dream
 and never after altered from its course.
 Beneath the weight of wind and pound of rain
 the current of his days and nights flowed strong,
 endlessly kind to dry and dusty plain
 and filling many a forest with its song.
 What unknown travellers stopped beside this river?
 Even the wisest in the ways of men
 paused on the shore and thankful to the giver,
 drank at his fount again—and yet again.
 Now that the flow has passed its final quay,
 many are hands that long to touch the sea.