

THE COLLECTOR

R. L. Zwicker

With my little tin box I trek the tracks,
 Bit-picking of tickets torn or punched, old
 Tables of times, papers of news, pleasant tricks
 For my chest of treasure. Best are my wild
 Scraps of steel—the twisted wire, the stray spike
 Rusted but never driven, the small wheel
 Spun off and cast in grass, the broken spoke
 Stuck for the taking silent in muck, while
 The Special roars by, thundering my ground
 And with hot soot blasting my hiding ditch:
 But soon gone, and up I scramble to scrounge
 For new, old cast-off stuff; in joy I scratch
 Eager and soon, among the rails and rocks
 Ready ever with my little tin box.

COMMONS

R. L. Zwicker

Within and without, the echoes of doubt
 Sound round the room from wall to wall asking
 No questions, telling no truths, to whom or to boot
 To wit or to who, askew and askant
 Answers aslant, all indirect glancing
 And bouncing all ways, while catch as catch can't
 Pages are turning, and long knights sitting
 Astride their bright hansards, breaking their lances,
 Aiming their barbs, taking no chances, making
 Their marks, speaking as maidens, with tongues
 And translations: So in caucus and house
 The raucous talk retreats and advances
 Til the sands of time flow down the evening dark
 And the hour of the glass comes in Rockcliffe Park.