

CORRUPTED FLORA

Charles H. Howe

How atmosphered is man with gift of mind?
 Let flora, water, fauna, even rock
 Be pulped to money-minutes neon-lined
 And mint your julep from another's clock.

How does a human love this planet earth?
 Let corrupted poppies ego garden-dream,
 Let ropes, well-hemped, hallucinate self-worth
 In moment that you noose breath-beat to beam.

How Edened have we made this planet's air?
 Let individual manufacture "my-way"
 And comet self in smogging violence-flare
 To illustrate permissive human clay.

Ask self on earth, air-shawled with breath to see,
 How ego-mind learns heart-ecology.

A MURMUR OF REMEMBERING

Alice M. Swaim

Go through the cobwebbed rooms by candlelight
 And feel the shadows palpitate and whir,
 As beings just beyond the edge of sight
 In flickering awareness, move and stir.
 Walk down the passages where no one sings
 And doors are closed against a stranger coming,
 Where silence broods around us like great wings,
 And faintly in the distance hear a humming,
 A murmur of remembering that wakes
 Primeval memories, and leaves your heart,
 As vulnerable as a leaf that shakes
 From autumn bough, no longer a true part
 Of the parental tree. Walk gently on,
 Your final ties with yesterday are gone.