

POEM

R. D. MacKenzie

On walking through the stacks of books in ordered rows,
 For seven days, no more, no less, to move some mind,
 Of thoughts in rows and racks awaiting those
 Exciting days of freedom from the aisle's shut blind,
 I stand and wonder waxlike whence my wicklife glows.
 Is there a shelf somewhere reserved for me I'll find
 All lined with rows and racks of lives come to a close
 And dewey signed to fit a row, to fit a kind?
 This is shelf, is stacks—this loan of seven shadows
 Ends in sunlight past the bright and glowing pillage,
 Open books reflecting thought in golden billows;
 Glowing fire, this wick the wax will turn to Life's page.
 Loan oh a love like a bird on the wing which goes
 Soaring this library bearing the burning age.

POEM

Adrian Davies

Far as I can fling my stones
 Off cliffs, and make the ripples reach
 Horizons where white Helen's bones
 Under the beacon start to bleach.
 (the shouts of triumph turn to groans).

"Lee-way!" I cry and leap ashore,
 A quick-sand sucking at my feet,
 Farm, fort and folly, every whore-
 house I destroy, then beat retreat.

Near full the price I make them pay
 Me as their last guard drops and dies,
 Grain never stands in their cinder-grey
 Fields where I fought. (the mourners' cries
 Grow silent while I sail away).