

people themselves to act
 and laugh about their quest for truth.
 Our minds are polar apart.

Was I tender? Wendy said?
 or weary? That soft weep you had.
 Was I foolish, too profound?
 Searching for a deeper ground
 than that we walked on?
 Maybe so. Was I silly?
 I don't know.

Who can realize the past?
 Time does hurry so. Thus fast
 all our joys have hurried by
 When you were you, I was I.

The Small Room.

The din of a small room is mighty.
 Lighter fan than machinery.
 The small boy turns papers of his book.
 He opens & kicks his feet
 & screams with trapeze,
 "What does want Latin for?"
 The man sits wisely in his chair,