

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 gone, I went.

### The Small Room.

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