

But I know that the wind-tied knots in my hair.

* The Moth *

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I caught a moth,

A silver moth

That fluttered in my hair;

And when I peeped within my hand

I found ~~just~~ ^{but} star-dust there.

Regardless of Beauty.

A man and a woman and a mountain;

A night of stillness and songs;

The wind in the pines and a fountain;

Yet life seems to struggle along.

On the Loss of a Foot.

Ah! eyes my mind is empty,

Do I pretend caught else?

And true, my eyes are sightless,

And my square soul rebels.

My lips are often wordless,

My ears hear little, too

Yet, somehow my whole being

Pulsates with love for you.