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To J. W.

Maude Davis Crosno

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TO J. W.

By MAUDE DAVIS CROSNÓ

Remember not the tears I shed, the joy
That from my face like frightened birds has fled;
Remember not my sobbing cry, the head
You bowed with parting words; forget the toy
You broke and think of me as one who knew
The happiness of love and love's delight;
As one who never feared the longest night;
As one who could to untrue love be true.

Like pilgrims traveling on weary roads
To shrines to leave their shame, I seek my books
To find release from haunting memory.
I walk along forgotten ways; as goads
Your words are; suddenly I am in nooks
That paint again some treasured ecstasy.

A PRAYER

By MARY E. DEGRAFTENREID

Oh Father:

Make me humble; make me kind.
Let me forget all petty wrongs.

Oh God:

Untwist my mouth from bitterness;
Wash doubt and fear from my heart,
And leave me clean.

Oh Universal Mind:

Make me see your presence in a glint of sunlight or a pulsing
field of corn.
Let me love your blue skies or your gray—
Teach me to live.

JOY

By JOSEPH T. MOZLEY

Son of the golden dawn,
Awakening on the breath of wind,
That trickles gently through the boughs
Of quaken-aspen and tinsel fir,
Clasp your hands about my throat
And constrict my being with the power
Unknown, which flows as spring's floods
Into the desert sands of my soul.