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## To A

Maude David Crosno

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The Days Pass By

By VAN DEUSEN CLARK

The days pass by  
Like arrows flung into the sun;  
As each returns  
The same—another is begun.  
The days, the sun  
And all, what do they mean to me?  
I shot my arrows  
And they fell into the sea.

Denouement

By MAUD USCHOLD

Now love has become a burden  
Too onerous to bear;  
Urged by a vast unreason  
It still must fare.

Like a cold wind, bleakly crying  
Out of a toneless sky,  
Probing the dreary crannies  
Where dead dreams lie.

To A

By MAUDE DAVIS CROSNO

The loveliness of sun on distant volcanic table land  
When it's raining;  
The loveliness of sun touching a distant field to gold  
When it's raining;  
The loveliness of sun on sandhills  
Is like the thought of you in loneliness—  
When it's raining.