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Knitting

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PART II
SPECIAL POETRY SECTION

Knitting

By MARGARET PAGE HOOD

They knit—
Those women of the French revolution—
The dark coarse wool of necessity slipping thru their
rough fingers,
And as they clicked their steel needles
They counted heads that fell—
Privilege, nobility and the ancient right of kings—
All bloody in a basket.

We knit—
We women of the New Deal—
On finer yarns of rosy gayety,
The ivory needles slip thru our fingers,
Soft and bright tipped with crimson lacquer,
And as we count our stitches
We laugh.
But even as they, altho unwitting of our fateful abacus,
We click the death of long familiar things.
Of thrift, of individuality, of sanctity of gold, of laws
Our fathers left to guide and bind us—
Fallen under the guillotine of theory
And borne away in a wordy basket of promises.

Colorado Evening

By EDNA DAVIS ROMIG

This is the light that pulls the mountains up
To towering heights, the atmosphere that lifts
Foothills to stature of the range, the range
To ramparts that are crowned by rifts
Of some high-sailing cloud; a strange
And transient light, a moment poised and brief,
As swift as beauty, permanent as grief.