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The Cocoon of Dreams

By J. B. MONTGOMERY-McGOVERN

As the caterpillar, tired of crawling over the rough earth,
 Wraps itself in a silken cocoon and lies down to rest,
 To wait until the day of soaring,
 So do I, tired of the earth,
 Wrap myself in my cocoon of dreams.
 Whether it be for a night, or for eternity,
 Or whether for me there be a day of soaring,
 I do not know. I only know
 That as the cocoon is nearer to the tired caterpillar
 Than is the earth it left,
 So are my dreams nearer to me
 Than those things men call reality.
 And if because of my dreams I die,
 As does the chrysalis because of its cocoon
 At the hands of the silk-spinner—
 What matters one life—
 I shall have had my dreams;
 And the silken thread of those dreams
 May be woven into a garment
 For those fitter to live.

Eternal Mind

By EUGENIA POPE POOL

All thought that ever has been
 Is—and is ours too.
 We are the leaves
 Through which the wind of
 Thought blows.
 It is not my mind
 Or your mind
 But eternal mind
 That flows and flows.