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My Neighbors' Roofs

By ETHEL B. CHENEY

My neighbor's roofs are simple lined,
Red-dusty tiles beneath the heat
Of desert sun and desert street.

My neighbor's roofs are strong designed,
Bearing with narrowed eaves the flail
Of sands and dashing summer hail.

My neighbor's rooftrees walk with grace
When by entangled poplar shade
Long evening tracteries are made.

My neighbor's rooftrees take my hand
And lead me through day's paling light
To the calm beauty of the night.

Roadway

By ROBERT L. DARK, JR.

You friends were my way
To this mystical dwelling,
Dear house where the fray
Waged by truths that would slay
All beauty we stay—
Waves of quiet are swelling—
With dismay
I know peace when I pray.