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## The Burning

By DOROTHY MARIE DAVIS

A little hungry tongue of flame darts out  
 And curls along the rotted sagging sill;  
 The old foot-guttered timbers writhe about  
 As if some life pervaded Bodie still,  
 The glutton blaze devours saloon and hall;  
 It creeps along forgotten ridge and rafter  
 And licks the cobwebs from the mouldy wall  
 And roars and crackles high demented laughter.

Old Bodie burns! They say they do not know  
 What spark set it afire, but old men tell  
 Of greeds and hates it kindled years ago,  
 Of mine depths heated as from coals of hell.  
 Some smouldering revenge but six feet deep  
 Leaped free to burn old Bodie town, asleep.

## Sonnet

By IRENE FISHER

"I loved thee once, O Atthis, long ago."  
 So Sappho sang. The slender chords of spring,  
 For one who knew thee, nevermore will bring  
 The music of thy voice with all its low  
 Deep cadence to the listening ear. Although  
 Slow dripping tears cease not their salty sting,  
 I am aware of this the year's upswing,  
 How once I loved thee, Atthis, long ago.

I am not sad. The white plum petals drift  
 Across my hair with touch as light as thine,  
 And down the wild spring wind the willows lace  
 Their green against the sky. It is the sign.  
 This spring, the clouds of my dark spirit lift.  
 I see, O Atthis, wonders in thy face!