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Medal

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POETRY
TWO POEMS

OLD FARM

How often in the sunny speckled gloom
Of dooryard oak we swung up to the sky;
The limb that held us from earth's rushing doom,
Gnawed at the creaking rope that made us fly.

We followed paths the cattle made to barn;
We tipped a trough where men washed off the field;
We scouted brush; we gaped at country yarn;
And slept more deeply than the bull frog pealed.

How often like a hilly burst of green,
The morning woke us, breeze across the brow;
We shouted greetings to an early scene,
Ran barefoot stumbling after dog and plow.

We found a creek that sparkled over sand,
A blue jay's raffle, and a hornet's bank,
There, dauntless, at the buzzing edge of land,
We splashed a glory that the sunshine drank.

MEDAL

Will courage save the spring; enrich the sun?
Or flesh be firm till dust with dust is done?
We strive The net is tangled where we fall,
And years march over us we can't recall.

What is the time snow-white on brow and mind,
A noble wreath, or prickly wrath we bind?

Is age a knotty staff, or crutch leaned on?
Perhaps the shadowed face is nearest dawn.

We do not know We climb a secret hill,
And call the planet green, who trust it still.
Behind us sleep the friends we walked beside;
Too soon they rest; it was not grief that died.

We suffer beauty's thorn, red leaves of day
That whip an autumn path and ancient way,
But lift at last a trembling hand and breath
Against the howling god, old wintry Death.

LINCOLN FITZELL

FIVE POEMS

1

Who comforts flesh unreconciled,
The spirit begging to be bound?
Leave space, destroy the flesh reviled,
The interval recalls no sound.

The hand that holds no instrument
Cannot create, impatient god.
How can the unarmed have intent?
Even the wrathful bears a rod.

Bodiless soul cannot perceive.
Then can the eyeless find their way?
The huddled spirit fears to leave,
Corruption near, it dares not stay.

2

The melody, from treble tones
Of clarity and quick design,
Scaling the intervals descends,
Losing in overtones its line.
But still the listener will hear
The tune unchanging to his ear.

So in the personal unity
The intricate harmonies of mind,