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The Public Spade

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Fastening flowers of doubt
 firm behind my ear,
 dancing still, I wait.
 Death! Death! I fear.

THE PUBLIC SPADE

I would not write a verse for you
 that lacks of permanence or power:

the public spade in private ground
 must not bury any word of you

after my exhausted hour.

CAROL ELY HARPER

TWO POEMS

MAY 3RD 1944

Is death an element for good?
 We view the waste in life,
 Or is this waste the door of hate—
 The fire-pronged fork and knife?

Is man a beast where food is all?
 A word-filled mouth to shout?
 Relieving time of beauty's space
 On loathed shades new in-route?

If feet are chained to soil's tune,
 Where can the heart hear home,
 If sun is snickering shape's line—
 How can a hand hold loom?