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J. S. Moodey

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TWO POEMS

SCENE

Along the beach, fires burn against the night
 A sombre pattern out of dark and light,
 In and out the seagulls turn and turn,
 Part supposition in unquestioned flight.

A sentimental moon with largess free
 Buckets its silver on a turning sea,
 In and out the seagulls turn and turn.
 The moon will wester, all the beachfires die;

But we go running down the edge of dark,
 The moon escapes us as a high-flown barque,
 Gulls, now shrill, above us turn and turn
 While in wet sand our feet shall leave no mark.

NOT NOW, NOT THEN

Our dubious endeavour
 Somewhere the will suspends
 Twixt night that comes forever
 And day that never ends
 But as the years diminish
 In our proclusive art
 It is too late to finish
 And far too soon to start.

J. S. MOODEY