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Volcano

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Volcano

The white-hot lava of your rage
Consuming all my arrogance, destroyed
Many small structures built on sand,

But from their cold ash fused
A diamond-hard and central core
Not there before.

And in this blasted place remained
Some seed left underground that send
Up hopeful fronds to wreath this ruin.

In this terrain that death had seemed to win
Visibly life takes up the fight again.

—*Elizabeth Chesley Baity*

The Bird

I think of you, my physician, my friend,
my lord of the marshes.

Do you remember the rice-birds flying
at dawn, over the marshes?
My heart was the one that fell:
you brought it up, streaming;
cupping your hands, you warmed it.

Though its wings may never fly so high,
they will grow stronger,
and the pain will diminish.
It was enough to have known
the sky for a season.

The bird is alive in your hand,
the bird that was searching.

—*Willis Eberman*—

Televised Portrait of a Very Articulate Physicist (whose name begins with — and ends with —)

White face and blank eyes,
An architectural statement:
Form follows function.
It will dance?
Let us see it dance:
Will it dance like Santa Maria della Salute?
It will sing?
Let us hear it sing:
Will it sing like St Martin's-in-the-Fields?
It prefers to emit smoke,
Like a railway station,
A useful terminus to motion;
a Modern Convenience.

—*Franklin Dickey*