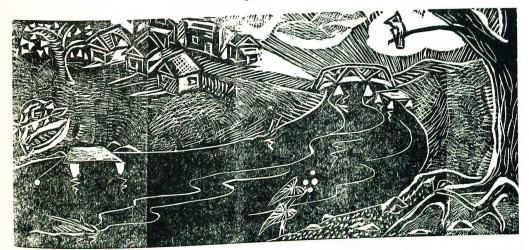
Poetry Corner



Twilight Descending fast In canopy of peace, That touches earth like dove's soft wing, Passes. —Carol Wilson

A tiny Green leaf, set Within the binding walls Of pottery cannot become A tree ____Edna Hinton

Of things

Which slip away When just within the hand, The swiftest fluttering bird is one Glad hour.

-Verse Forms Class

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