

In Memoriam—1962-63

Martha Moldt

Hell . . .
 I know that place.
 No Christ,
 No hope,
 No God there.
 Just airless, sunless void
 That you grope through
 To find the exit you know
 Does not exist.
 If you could only sink down
 Into non-awareness forever;
 Feel no pain, no fear anymore . . .
 But
 You are suspended
 In the void
 By puppet strings
 That
 Force you
 Through
 The jerked
 Senseless
 Motions
 Of living
 And all the while you are one of the dead.

CADENCE AT DUSK

edward i. williams, III

You sit like a pensive queen
 before the window
 while the sunlight fingers
 the auburn tresses that fall across your back,

 the unforgotten dresses of better days,
 those lusty spring days