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All the Old Men

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All the Old Men

By MAUD E. USCHOLD

A violet buds on a hill;
In the vale a daffodil.

All the old men, one by one,
Venture out into the sun.

For all they've seen, for all they see,
Spring remains a mystery.

Sudden brooks brawl riverward;
Uncertain thundering is heard.

All the old men leave the sun,
Seek their roof-trees one by one.

New Mexican Clouds

By OTTO REUTINGER

They splotch the sage and mesquite-covered sand
With smoothly sliding shadows on the length
Of infinitely stretching sun-scorched land.
Swayed by the winds that snap and tear the sky
And shred the billowness in changing forms,
They roam the endlessness of sharpened blue,
Sweetening the earth with odors fresh and clear,
Brightening the pine and cedar's green anew,
Ripping arroyos with the cloudburst's sear,
Manifesting beauty's greatness, still
Sublimity to the eye, yet weak in will.