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All Must Crumble

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ALL MUST CRUMBLE

Weeds grow high in Eden;
birds dip their wings and call.
Restless thunders argue;
the bitter apples fall.

Shudders of lonely manchild
shake the universe;
Fear is a curious weapon;
integrity, a curse.

Rocks that are never broken
harbor nor root nor leaf;
Seeds that are never prisoned
sprout neither truth nor belief.

MARY GRAHAM LUND

BOOKPLATE

Time sets a term
To what is wrought,
Except to thought
If it be firm.

Much we preserve
For interest's sake,
But thoughts we take
As they deserve.

This is my book.
I hope to find
Thought here confined
When I shall look.

ANN STANFORD