Amelia, 1904-
Carol Hall
III

Once more we watched the proud swan circumscribe
Its solitary ambit round the lake;
And heard the prowling winds descant on man
And his sad genesis. "Begat in sin

And doomed . . . and doomed . . . and doomed . . ." The words recurred,
Reverberated through brain and blood. Then
My tree muttered—"Not only man . . ." Lakeward
We looked again. And the lonely swan swam.

IV

Lush and mammiform that island rose brash
As the germinal word tongue-warm on that
Glad lake.

Our thoughts coupling in green transit
Found perilous conjunction on rathe waves;
While under-arching all the sky, inverse
And subterranean, girdled with sly
Aulic lechery our laughing isle.

But

We—more sure of our meridian—passed
By that bright illusion . . . passed straight to our
Green island—our brashly-burgeoning Now.

D E A N E  M O W R E R

A M E L I A , 1 9 0 4 —

Daughter of a comfortable insurance executive
In a medium midwestern city, she always felt
At her back the cold breath of poverty.

Conway claimed her at the membership dance
(Checking coats, slowly achieving college).
He had her only three times, because her mother
Preferred a plastic clerk whom she did not,
Eventually, marry. She was fond of Proust,
And wrote in a small still hand like copper plate.

He married. Fifteen years later she suffered
A superfluous change of life which wandered
Now to her thigh, now her contracting bosom.

CAROL HALL

TWO POEMS

VOICE OF ODYSSEUS

The empty hides walk ghostly here,
The flesh bellows within the flesh;
The mind tauter than a leash
Strains from the gods, pulls back in fear.

Stirring the sacred sin of dust
Like cattle in corrals of sun
We brand upon the self a tone
That burns upon the hip of lust.

The churches mad within the head
Swear vengeance for the sacred cow;
We fear the sun will leave us now
And go to shine among the dead.

PAN

I met him in the month of May
When I was sweet sixteen;
I looked into his heart and saw
A hunger curled and lean.

They said he drove about the town
Hunting corners of the moon
Before he took his fiddle down
And began to tune
The strings upon a look of grief.