For an Autumn Moment

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At all events, in this city there need be no apology for footnotes; they are ignored, apology and all. One may read about Ammonius Saccas in peace; nobody cares. One may think anything, say anything, quite without effect. The advertisements are so loud on every hand that no private voice is heard. One might as well be alone in the midst of a desert. Indeed, living here is like living as a hermit in some desert cave, around which incessant mirages rise and fade. Only ignore those illusive appearances, only hold fast to the vision within, only use the utter loneliness for the strength and leisure which it affords—do these things without tiring, always, and you have mastered the art of living in Los Angeles.

For an Autumn Moment

Pause, like the earth, and shoulder the light of evening;
The light, and the light reflected in yellow water
Where the river turns and flows south against the mesa,
Thrusting the black rocks asunder with its singing
That never is hushed an instant, even at sundown
When the world pauses, and you and I, and the leaves that hang windless
In the moment of changing to gold from the green of summer.

MARGARET POND,