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The Days Pass By

Van Deusen Clark

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The Days Pass By

By VAN DEUSEN CLARK

The days pass by
Like arrows flung into the sun;
As each returns
The same—another is begun.
The days, the sun
And all, what do they mean to me?
I shot my arrows
And they fell into the sea.

Denouement

By MAUD USCHOLD

Now love has become a burden
Too onerous to bear;
Urged by a vast unreason
It still must fare.

Like a cold wind, bleakly crying
Out of a toneless sky,
Probing the dreary crannies
Where dead dreams lie.

To A

By MAUDE DAVIS CROSNO

The loveliness of sun on distant volcanic table land
When it's raining;
The loveliness of sun touching a distant field to gold
When it's raining;
The loveliness of sun on sandhills
Is like the thought of you in loneliness—
When it's raining.