Self in Retrospect

By ROBERT L. DARK, JR.

What of these instants men are living?
Instants live on and death defy.
Time is the constant not frail humans
Who recede and die.

Turn back the leaves of your life's volume;
Study each page in retrospect.
Who is that person found depicted?
Him whom you expect?

No. It is not your youthful image
But is a ghost intangible,
Someone with whom communication
Is impossible!

Fog in New Mexico

By KATHERINE POWERS GALLEGOS

Pale ghost, long lost from a chatoyant sea,
Sighing of gulls and green waves breaking high;
Why do you still haunt my blue door,
White ghost that weeps for a far distant sea?

Deep in my soul salt tides rise and fall,
Crumbling mud wall, uprooting gray pine tree.
Must I, too, haunt blue doors at dawn,
If I go back to some forgotten sea?