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In Memory of Nile Kinnick

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IN MEMORY OF NILE KINNICK

Son of our land,
Come down into the earth again.
The blood is spent upon the vein
As the rain on sand.

Pride of our eyes
The violet puts forth without loss,
The milkweed comes to pod and floss,
The acorn shall rise.

Pledge of our might,
Only the life of man is waste,
As if dawn blushed, and in naked haste
Covered in night.

Turn to the deeds of dust and dew.
The ants grow old, the robin too;
The bleeding heart is but a flower
That has unfolding in its hour.

MARGARET DEMING LUND

TWO POEMS

1

That my pulse be silver—
that the wind,
only the wind inhabit me—
the stream from the heart be wind
and mercury

the pulse break
and only silver petals lie upon the branch;
and the tree—
cool, like the morning, where you lean,
being the petal
against me