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A Letter Home

Marion Montgomery

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Strange Piping

The ponderous feet of Jupiter
have left no footprints here. Proserpina
has plucked no blossoms from a fatal bush
nor rusty lichens turned to flame
the pillars of old gods. Only, at sunset,
I heard strange piping—first, accustomed frogs,
and then a solo flute
making such music as no one may hear
and be again the same.

Far are the wine-dark seas, the sacred temples bare:
only the ancient frogs, only the sighing reeds,
only a distant flute, sang in the dying light
of things more old than Time.
If I should look tomorrow and not see
small cloven prints along the water's edge,
I still have heard what no one lives to hear
without some assent from far-distant lips,
some whisper from dark shores.

—Virginia Scott Miner

Our Garden in Haiku

Branches are still bare,
No bulb shows stem or flower—
Earth and I feel Spring.

Mountain shadow falls,
Sweetly cools the wilting grass,
Insects sing all night.

Reds and golds fade fast,
Cold the sky and chill the breeze,
Dancing leaves seek rest.

Hard wind herds snowflakes
Into rows against the fence,
Huddled there they freeze.

*Seasons flee with Time,
Disillusioned they return.
Patiently I wait. . . .*

—Rosalee G. Porter

A Letter Home

I am wondering, friend a thousand miles off,
About the morning glory we discussed last August,
Whether the tendril reversed its curl after we bent
it wrong way round the cord it climbed.

It has been fall and winter since and we have not met
And neither of us looked at it again to see.

—Marion Montgomery