

1946

## Valediction

Mary Ruth Funk

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Is not important now. The Brandts, well-bred,  
 Discuss Peron, do not expect  
 Replies to mend a childhood toy.

JAMES HALL

### VALEDICTION

I do not turn to lift my emptying arms—  
 The ruin of a rose torn in despair  
 Will sublimate to an enduring splendor  
 The end of what we made a love affair.

That rose within the vase of stagnant water,  
 Its shriveled petals falling in a shower,  
 Is kept in memory of a vanished pleasure,  
 Or chivalry toward the poor, dying flower.

Rejoice, then, that the red rose of our passion  
 In cruel, razing violence has gone,  
 Sparing us those sad, deciduous petals—  
 The furtive glance at clock, the smothered yawn.

MARY RUTH FUNK

### NEWS REEL

The mind is photo-flashed into the past:  
 Upon the film a decade reappears  
 And reenacts the roles that had been cast  
 In the tenuous and the long-buried years.  
 The time between is cancelled, and we seem  
 To view a play that would be false, again—  
 Now we behold the fallacy of dream,  
 But happily we did not guess it then.

Here through the telescope of time, we see  
 Our lives, like newsreels, running in reverse:  
 We touch a lens, and by some sorcery