

1959

YA-A-KA

Ken Wells

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## THE DAWNING ARK

Do not forsake the dawning ark,  
 This tender hour  
 By doom passed over once.  
 Since fate imparts us such a liberty  
 Let here our separate  
 Hearts lie crossed in destiny  
 Beyond the range of hate,  
 Now while this drouth  
 Of light protracts your  
 Oval radiance.  
 It is the cause, if I should murder  
 You in sleep to keep this hour  
 Intact, and tender mouth  
 And streaming hair  
 Were all I could remember;  
 For I do not forget the following dark  
 Of midnight bringing midnight's bird,  
 Come humming home from some  
 More darkly chartered  
 Radius than ours, some  
 Charred and screaming point  
 Of destination, distant,  
 But reflected in the skies,  
 The wounded earth, divided  
 Once, subdivided  
 Into arcs of death and paradise.

—JOSEPH FERGUSON

## YA-A-KA

Corn, majestic mother  
 Sets standard above our Pandora lives,  
 Reigns over the weed fields of men's hearts,  
 Until that time when  
 Her surplice covers us in tents of peace.

—KEN WELLS