

1932

At Breakfast

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At Breakfast

By CAROL EGLAND

Good-morning, Barry.
Good-morning is a casual word
Against the singing voices of our eyes:
Another tryst within your arms tonight—
Beg pardon? Yes, a lovely day, Miss Brown.
And the swift magic of the moon,
A shining dart across the lake,
Holding Time a captive
In the glowing mesh about our hearts.
Oh, yes, I think so, too, Miss Brown.
And your warm fingers tilt my face
For the clear ecstasy of waiting lips;
I hold your head against my breast,
And life burns to a timeless peace.
The cream? Oh, pardon me, Miss Brown!