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## At Lake Peak in the Sangre De Cristo Mountains

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## At Lake Peak in the Sangre De Cristo Mountains

*By* ELIZABETH WILLIS DEHUFF

I asked of life the rainbow gleam  
 Flung out of the West on yester eves;  
 For the warble of birds on April wings  
 And the glisten and rapture of aspen leaves  
 I asked for the spray with its freedom and joy  
 As the on-rushing torrent dashed it afar;  
 For the singing of leaves; the glory of dawn;  
 The gladness, the brightness of cool, clear star.

Life tossed me all with mocking smile:  
 The glitter, the spray, the song and the dawn!  
 I grasped their elusive, their phantom form.  
 But, alas, what is sunset without the sky?  
 Songs without nesting, spray without storm?  
 Aspens are yellowed by fingers of frost.  
 Without the setting all meaning is lost.  
 To the crystal white peaks I lift my eye,  
 "Give me toil, give me substance, Oh Life!" I cry.

## I Shall Come Back

*By* LARESSA COX MCBURNEY

I shall come back to my garden  
 Long after I am dead.  
 The glamour of earthly moonlight  
 Will lure me from my bed.  
 The asphodel of Elysium  
 Will hold no charm for one,  
 Who has known a garden's solace  
 When a drear day is done.  
 I shall recapture earth's beauty  
 And to my silent bier  
 New visions take of its springtime  
 The dreams of the dead to cheer.