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Camouflage

Irma Wassall

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10.

If I can't know myself it's something gained
 To help my enemy to know his sin —
 Especially since in him it's only feigned,
 For the ideal exemplar lies within.

11.

Action is memoir: you may read my story
 Even in pure thought — scandal in allegory.

J. V. CUNNINGHAM

THE ECHO

When aping parrots cease their ceaseless chatter
 And folded in their sleep are gravely borne
 Upon the Piper's horn, ah then shall weep
 The pale unsad and nothing else will matter.
 The lamentations over truth will measure
 And hands like shadows fail to hold or save
 One morsel from the grave, one sweet travail;

And fall, attenuated by the strings
 Of soft denouement, lowly, woe as breath
 In quiet after-death, defeated wholly.
 Come Audience, the belfry murmurings
 Portend a jubilee: the man is dead —
 In death is comforted, divorced and free
 Of yes my dear and no my love's displeasure.

CLARENCE ALVA POWELL

CAMOUFLAGE

A myriad sparrows twitter under the grey
 Sky of the snowless, bright December day.
 The last brown leaves from the white sycamore,
 Falling among them, seem to add a score
 Of brown birds hopping on the winter grass—
 Ash-colored, withered as the days that pass—
 And a dead leaf blown by the wind might be
 A living sparrow flying near the tree.

IRMA WASSALL