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## Colorado Evening

Edna Davis Romig

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PART II  
SPECIAL POETRY SECTION

Knitting

*By* MARGARET PAGE HOOD

They knit—  
Those women of the French revolution—  
The dark coarse wool of necessity slipping thru their  
rough fingers,  
And as they clicked their steel needles  
They counted heads that fell—  
Privilege, nobility and the ancient right of kings—  
All bloody in a basket.

We knit—  
We women of the New Deal—  
On finer yarns of rosy gayety,  
The ivory needles slip thru our fingers,  
Soft and bright tipped with crimson lacquer,  
And as we count our stitches  
We laugh.  
But even as they, altho unwitting of our fateful abacus,  
We click the death of long familiar things.  
Of thrift, of individuality, of sanctity of gold, of laws  
Our fathers left to guide and bind us—  
Fallen under the guillotine of theory  
And borne away in a wordy basket of promises.

Colorado Evening  
*By* EDNA DAVIS ROMIG

This is the light that pulls the mountains up  
To towering heights, the atmosphere that lifts  
Foothills to stature of the range, the range  
To ramparts that are crowned by rifts  
Of some high-sailing cloud; a strange  
And transient light, a moment poised and brief,  
As swift as beauty, permanent as grief.