

1945

## Convention

Alice Moser

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A banner triumphs on a school below,  
 Half-hidden by a blade the cricket leaps.  
 The wind-sigh of the pines is sad and slow.  
 Indifferent as death the ivy sleeps.

## CONVENTION

In the cities, cars nose in and out of pockets,  
 Head for small ports to satisfy the will.  
 By night men stuff their ears with sound  
 Of female torture, canned or live,  
 Accompanied by accordion  
 Or the intense shrill of jive.  
 They breathe thick smoke to dull the thought of air.  
 Men are escaping (they do not love the ground),  
 From city to city, by hope or actual fare.  
 In bed, in death, in another time  
 Hangs a better climate.  
 Dreamers who do not understand this dream,  
 You are the pattern. Each city is the same.

ALICE MOSER

## ATLANTIC YET

Beware, they say,  
 The nearing shore—  
 Since taut constricting earth now draws  
 Antipodes next door.

But though seas shrink,  
 Still, still apart  
 As some unorbited dead moon  
 Abides the human heart . . .

Atlantic yet  
 To the world's end  
 The unplumbed ancient gulfs upon  
 Whose shores stand friend and friend.

JOHN T. WESTBROOK