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Dinner at the Brandts'

James Hall

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POETRY

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Is not important now. The Brandts, well-bred,
Discuss Peron, do not expect
Replies to mend a childhood toy.

JAMES HALL

VALEDICTION

I do not turn to lift my emptying arms—
The ruin of a rose torn in despair
Will sublimate to an enduring splendor
The end of what we made a love affair.

That rose within the vase of stagnant water,
Its shriveled petals falling in a shower,
Is kept in memory of a vanished pleasure,
Or chivalry toward the poor, dying flower.

Rejoice, then, that the red rose of our passion
In cruel, razing violence has gone,
Sparing us those sad, deciduous petals—
The furtive glance at clock, the smothered yawn.

MARY RUTH FUNK

NEWS REEL

The mind is photo-flashed into the past:
Upon the film a decade reappears
And reenacts the roles that had been cast
In the tenuous and the long-buried years.
The time between is cancelled, and we seem
To view a play that would be false, again—
Now we behold the fallacy of dream,
But happily we did not guess it then.

Here through the telescope of time, we see
Our lives, like newsreels, running in reverse:
We touch a lens, and by some sorcery