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Untitled

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Douglas Dill

Silence

*Our silence has changed these days.
It's no longer the soft, velvet quiet
of lovers content with sight and touch,
Nor the ominous rumblings of dormant volcanic anger
reverberating with white-hot words stored unsaid.
We speak our silence eloquently
in low frequency repetitions of monotony.
Ours is the dull, grey silence of indifference
grown accustomed to its weary, stolid ways.
Our silence is an untraveller span between two islands
united by stagnant waters on a lukewarm sea.
It stretches before us as a desert
with endless, shifting sands.
In the stillness of our tomb,
Love died slowly,
Choked and stifled —
Premature burial of ancient pain.*

Mary Randle

Sonnet #8

*Thy youth is mine, for have I not thy soul
To mold, to shape, to cause thy destiny?
I wet the clay and raised it from the bowl
To knead and fold and form the perfect thee.
Thy wit and charm are all that I have Naught,
Thy youthful laugh that I have long since lost.
Thine eyes are clear and see the sparkling drop
Of dew on rose, while mine see but the rust.
But seeing through they warm and tender eyes
I yet perceive the joys that once were mine,
And can, with trial, make woes of men all lies,
Enjoying all the happiness that's thine.
Yet for a while thy youth belongs to me,
Before, by years, I'm forced to set thee free.*

Arthur W. Johnson

