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## Untitled

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## Powell: Untitled

Once there was a man  
who was tall and strong  
and held his ideals  
in a tightly clenched fist.

Once there was a woman  
who saw this man  
and when their eyes met  
they quickly turned away.

But it was too late —  
their souls had spoken.  
They started to circle one another  
— big ones at first  
then they got smaller  
and smaller  
till one day  
late at night  
they reached out  
and gently held hands.

At just that moment  
a tiny little star  
came floating down from the sky  
and landed in their hands.  
— They looked in each other's eyes  
and this time they didn't turn away.

This man and this woman  
shared their dreams  
and secrets  
and they played  
and laughed  
and loved  
until she got busy  
and he grew tired  
and he got busier  
and she grew weary  
and they stopped playing  
and didn't dream so much anymore  
— and their precious little star grew dim.

The man shouted, "Look what happened!"  
but he was tired and heavy  
and wanted to lay down their star.

The woman woke up and cried, "No!"  
she wanted to protect it  
— cup it gently in their hands  
till it grew strong again.

But the man said, "No, we must  
watch it from a distance  
to see if it comes back to us."

The woman was scared  
and she cried.

The star never returned to  
the man and the woman  
— it fluttered a few times  
but it eventually burned out —  
and the whole universe grew dimmer  
without the light  
of that one tiny little star

Annette Selsavage



James Meredith Watkins

## LIGHT

My house is built of  
Alabaster, wine and gold  
The halls of ebony,  
Of half formed clouds  
With vast rooms of old sun-light  
Hoary oaks and furred velvets

I walk upon a path of  
Brilliants  
Of winter waters  
And reflections of blinding white  
In a heaven not very far, in my sight

And grasping out and taking in  
A handful of this living light  
I fling it into neverness and  
There is born new life

Love is great.  
Devotion is greater.  
Surrender is greatest.

The object of love need only be seen.  
The object of devotion must be touched.  
The object of surrender must be embodied as one.

Love is a passive reaction.  
Devotion is an active relation.  
Surrender is solitary.