

Consolation

*He tends to his garden,
It is beautiful.*

*He tends to his wife,
She is ugly.*

*He tends to his garden,
It is beautiful.*

-- Aline Musyl Marks

Lincoln Park, New Jersey

Horses On Other Beaches

*You are forgotten in Samos.
You do not ride my heart's horses;
They roam the beaches freely,
Hungering for the bit.*

*Night breaks into the water,
Wasting its store of darkness,
And waves have touched the rocks,
Leaving a mark of their own.*

*Hear the muffled gallop
Of horses on other beaches;
You are forgotten in Samos,
Who found our sea too small.*

-- Norma McLain Stoop

Greenwich, Connecticut