

*Polite leaves by the window open to the unloving bed  
And snoring despair of one who cried at the raising  
the shades,  
And the old music sighed, then whistled in her bones,  
as she left.*

**-- David Standish**

*Providence, Rhode Island*

**Variation on Whittier's 'Telling the Bees'**

*Swift from the hill  
The path runs.  
One year ago  
I touched her here,  
Warm in the sun  
Under the June  
Fragrance of clover.*

*Above the red  
Barred gate and fence  
The white, clashed horns  
Of the cattle rippled  
Against blue brilliance,  
And the black poplars  
Lay on the sky.*

*Now the bees crawl  
Back to the hive,  
Creped in the evening  
Chill. Doves call.  
The sun drops down,  
Magenta, grave  
In the orange sky.*

**-- Louise Morse**

*Storrs, Connecticut*