

MISSILE

Edward McNamee

We foul the cosmos
 With this metallic malignancy:
 This livid arc of death
 That sates our anthropoidal lust.
 All mankind's cruel cunning,
 Here mounts ether's snaking rifts,
 With scarlet tooth and claw
 Emblazoning the fissions
 Where the atoms ride.
 Must we know the fearful shudder
 Of the day it goes
 Winging through the startled skies,
 Ravishing still spaces,
 Crossing voiceless seas,
 Over mantled mauve and gold
 Of joyous Springtime?
 This wingèd, death-fanged jackal that
 Prowls transparent eternity.

THE ISLES OF SCILLY

C. M. MacInnes

Strange Tyrian ships came here to trade,
 Here Caesar's foes found life austere;
 And gentle Benedictines made
 Tresco renowned for Christian cheer.
 Sir Launcelot, sad for Guinevere,
 Was here they say with knightly train
 Seeking the Grail, with Bedevere,—
 Fair islands I shall come again.

The Northmen and the Spaniard passed,
 Then Roundhead fought with Cavalier
 Till grey Star Castle fell, the last
 That did the royal cause revere
 And Blake imposed a rule severe;
 But Charles forgot the gallant slain,
 Who held his cause than life more dear—
 Fair islands I shall come again.

Then after glory followed shame
 When ships upon the rocks would steer,
 Lured by the wreckers' baleful flame,
 And Scilly lived in want and fear.
 At last those famous squires appear
 Who made the waste a flowery plain
 They built the school and drained the mere,
 Fair islands I shall come again.

Envoi

The isles of Avalon are here,
 Where Arthur sleeps at ease from pain,
 Dreaming he wields Excalibur—
 Fair islands I shall come again.