

amulets, even in buckles to be placed upon the dead Egyptian court ladies brightened their more tedious moments by jingling the tiny carnelian replicas of hippopotamus and falcon which dangled from their golden bracelets. In Cyprus, in archaic Greece, this gemstone was esteemed, and it is still cherished in Northern Sweden and in Poland.

Yet, with the constancy which, as a gemstone it signifies, the carnelian clings to Babylon. There it shines through that memory world where Nebuchadnezzar builds, and wise men scan the heavens from the lofty towers of Babylon.

AUGUST, TWELVE NOON

By M. E. DREW

Transfixed by sun
 I, pierced through, riveted by solar eye
 to noon, eternal zenith.
 All still, all stupified,
 paralyzed by a turn of cosmic mood,
 spike-stemmed flowers pin the earth to
 stretched
 proportions like a knitted garment washed,
 pulled to a pattern.
 The radii of rivers never move.
 Birds are inert.
 And from the palsied bough
 even the aspen leaf hangs motionless.
 Potential breeze is pressed by solid hills
 to death. I wait,
 and yet how wait when life is futureless
 as pastless now.
 I am aware of murder on the earth;
 Time cancelled forever by summer noon.