

Flies. If on the other hand, we believe that we are naturally good, and that other people will respect and protect our goodness, then, like Othello, we are certain to be betrayed by Iagos either within or without. An essay of this kind cannot teach us to walk upon the delicate tightrope of discrimination between these two, but it can at least make us aware that this is precisely the feat of balancing that we have to achieve.

HUNGER

Geoffrey Johnson

Like snow, new-fallen, hushed and deep, the gulls
That clothed the hill-slope meadows miles from sea,
The quintessential white of purity,
They flashed on vision in the blizzard's lulls.

But when they rose with restless cries and wheeled,
Nature's ironic mock went home: I saw
What a friend in torment howled in every maw
Whose godsend was the dungheaps of the field.