

OF JUGGLERS' CIRCLES AND THE SQUARE OF SIX

Ralph Pomeroy

I reach the age of Byron when he died;
Of Landor when he won his Julia;
Of Holofernes when his head was side-
Swiped by sweet Judith of Bethulia.

Once, lady, once your grace made my wrath ruth;
Your quiet laughter drew a world apart
And warm compliance gave a taste of truth
Sustaining my embittered, battered heart.

How can I clasp your charity in caustic day?
How claim your honor in domestic night?
How prove upstanding in the noon-wild way
And blaze against society's despite?

Call me juggler in jeopardy, for I
Toss balls, bells, bowls to soothe another's eye.

TO DEATH

Edith Dobell

Dog-Death do not stalk my friends
Taking them in their youth
Ripped from our intimacies and our blood-thick friendship.
Your easy excuses that they sought you out
Do not deceive me.
Gold-headed girls and blue-eyed women
Laughter and wit lacing their brown fingers
Do not seek you for a lover.
I know their whispered plans and dreams
You have played hard and false
With all of us.
I warn you
Keep your hands off.