

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.