POEMS

TURNING

R. D. MacKenzie

You never know just where the world will go
When you're turning,
When you're burning.
Turn, turn my head around again and dance,
Dance airy reels the sun reveals and lights,
And I'll dance too.

You never know just where the world may be
Or where I'll be,
When you're turning.
We were together when the sky was young—
Remember when we were together, Love—
Now you're dancing.

Bend, never turn toward yes this, my world
In your burning,
Ever turning.
You never know just where the world will go,
In airy reels that light reveals at nights,
When you're turning.

HACKLEY BAY REVISITED

R. L. Cook

Here, on the margin of the bay,
Where the pale grasses meet the rocks
And, overhead, white-bellied flocks
Of seagulls drift along the sky.

As I cast pebbles casually
Into the flowing tide that creams
Over the sand, yesterday seems
No more than a stone's throw away.

Yet though I search for half a day,—
Or half a lifetime— that stone lies
Elusive, hidden from the eyes
And fingers of mortality.