

## FOR CONTENTMENT

*Elizabeth Charleton*

Mellifluous strains of Chopin on the radio late at night;  
 The sweet stroke of a master in the unhurried County game;  
 Evenings in the company of Mansfield Park and Emma—  
 The never-ending pleasure of the incomparable Jane.  
 Each year's first sight of tiny flowers, of eyebright, tormentil and yellow  
 pimpernel;  
 The evening light on maytime trees and meadows softly gold;  
 Coming to terms with problems that never can be solved;  
 The warm caress of bathwater after walks too far, too long.  
 Friends new-made to talk with, old friends whose presence needs  
 No words. The luxurious peace of silence in the thick of velvet night.  
 Memories of a thousand incidents which weave the fabric of my life  
 With kaleidoscopic clarity bring contentment to my soul.

## RECORD

*W. D. Ulrich*

The millstone of the moon  
 Turns upon the hill.

From a face of shale  
 Pieces arch out  
 And down.

Water twists  
 A new scar.

The wheel spins.

A wind crashes  
 Across fields  
 And around trees.  
 The body of silence  
 Is seen.