

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.