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 knighthly train
Seeking the Grail, with Bedevere,—
Fair islands I shall come again.
The Northmen and the Spaniard passed,
Then Roundhead fought with Cavalier
Till grey Star Castle fell, the last
That did the royal cause revere
And Blake imposed a rule severe;
But Charles forgot the gallant slain,
Who held his cause than life more dear—
Fair islands I shall come again.

Then after glory followed shame
When ships upon the rocks would steer,
Lured by the wreckers' baleful flame,
And Scilly lived in want and fear.
At last those famous squires appear
Who made the waste a flowery plain
They built the school and drained the mere,
Fair islands I shall come again.

Envoy

The isles of Avalon are here,
Where Arthur sleeps at ease from pain,
Dreaming he wields Excalibur—
Fair islands I shall come again.