

## VERSE.....

## EXCALIBUR

King Arthur had a sword  
A trusty blade and true  
It's origin and name  
On magic sources drew.

For long it served his need  
But just before he died  
He gave it to a knight  
To have it thrown aside.

A lot of things in life  
Deteriorate with age  
But when to let them go  
Is knowledge of a sage.

Each cherished thing we have  
Must not for long abide  
An asset of a maid  
So futile in a bride.

So when the time arrives  
Let naught at all deter  
But throw your best away  
Just like Excalibur.

—W. E. Ford.

## TWILIGHT

Passing boys  
Thought me queer  
When found on  
Bended knee. The  
Shade of night  
Was not meant  
To pick buttercups 'neath,  
Nor wake the  
Sleepy wild onion—  
Andromedes to the Fairies.

Mid the Cassiopean  
Eye, I heard  
The rustle of midges;  
And passed on  
To the chatter of crickets  
And the clicking  
Wheels and rails  
Of the distant freight.

—NJL

## TO A PAINTBRUSH

In the late of even,  
When thoughts wander  
And day forgotten,  
I look to flowers,

Where ruddy sunset  
Lingers to tinge  
And blend in the wet  
Of morning dew.

Oh, gentle flower,  
That winds do toss  
About on pliant stem,  
I would that I were blessed  
By the fairies thus,  
And could nod 'neath  
The winds of life:  
And when o'er, rise again  
With face to the Blue.

—NJL

## TEARS

A mellow moon was shining down  
From silvery, starlit skies,  
Her perfumed breath from a moist, red mouth  
Was balm to my aching eyes.

"But I love you, dear," was all she said  
And I believed as all men do;  
I learned too late that I played the fool,  
When the cards were dealt and I drew.

They say they love you, do you suppose they do?  
Are they lying, or is it merely fun?  
You never find out 'till it's all too late  
And the race has been lost or won.

Then after you've won are you sure you've won?  
Answer that question too;  
When you know you are her's, and you think  
she's yours  
Are you sure she's white clean through?

You'll always wonder and never know  
Though you think for a million years:  
For woman is woman, she can't be changed  
And the end is always—tears.

—J. B. Fitzpatrick.