

I sit in the sun. The cold
Wind blows through burnt-edged leaves
And shadows cast on concrete steps
Are ominous bars.

I sit behind the lines
In a corner place
From where I watch.

Where are
The shadowy summer pines,
The silk-white sands,
The luminous seas?

When winter comes
To the sun-warmed stones
I will sit where concrete
Walls meet
Cornered.

Caroline Keller

Your letters lately contain
Often some sentence like this:
Until you come from Spain,
We'll leave all as it is.
After that, you will hear
News too great for a letter,
Too important. So I'll better
Tell you when you are here."
Okay. Do as you please.
May I modestly, though,
Ask you: while you read these
Rhymes, don't you think I know
Right away what's on your mind?
You go on, and you'll find.

Gallatin "D" dash forty-three:
Long time no see!
Over the sea, over the ocean,
Rapt with emotion,
into your window, into your room
An old lady comes a-riding on her broom.

Time is something that runs away
Under your fingers, or so they say.
Right they are: he who has a good time,
Usually sighs: how it flies. It's a crime!
Let me, though, make an observation:
Lovers, when suffering separation-
Or even mothers- find time infernally
Long, and slow, and thus eternally
Sigh, an moan, and complain, the impatient!