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S I L V E R   D U S K

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For the FAPA

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RETURN BY EVENING

I return by evening along the city street,  
(Uneven tho the bricks be, they have no power to  
stay)

And there is play of shadows around my careless feet,  
And I am strangely happy, on my lonely way.

Sunken from the sky's shield, the sun has been  
erased

(Splendid was the sunsot but the night is near)  
In a wash of whitened blue light, nor yet replaced  
By any star upon this evening clear.

Buildings sink away and are disregarded, lost,  
(No sun, no stars, no moon to mar the sky)  
And I could take the instant for an omen, tossed  
Through seething tides of time to reach my eye.

Brief the minute I hold it, but briefness is no  
matter

(I have seen, I have known, and the memory is mine)  
When time not long is lengthening until the star  
points shatter,  
Break and shatter the shield I took for a sign.

WARNING

Remember not the dream in moments waking —  
There are secrets that it is not well to know  
Which seem but to await the merest taking  
Yet which may not be ever taken so!

— L. Russell Chauvenet

## REPETITION

Skies that dream of snow tonight,  
 Winds that sigh of rain,  
 Streets bereft of fog tonight,  
 We are four again.

Went of springprom poetry,  
 Gamin-gay and wise,  
 Out of junefled night came she  
 With a woman's eyes.

Winds that danced our words away,  
 Mingled them with rain,  
 Can you bring them back today  
 On the windowpane?

Streets whose mists enmantled her,  
 With her perfume blent,  
 Do you still lie waiting her,  
 Dreaming of her scent?

She may walk your ways anon,  
 Winds and streets and skies;  
 She may look at me anon  
 With a stranger's eyes.

Dreamy snow that drifts tonight,  
 Winds that sigh for rain,  
 Lonely streets sans fog tonight,  
 We are fog again.

Four

## FOR ELSIE — SPELL

Night of the blue: the walls, the clinging  
 blue of your own,  
 Night of the slowsoft sighs, the whisper of  
 dancing feet,  
 Ripple of minor notes, splash of pianothemes,  
 And the blue of the night encoiffed you, filled  
 you with moonflecked, yearning, fleet,  
 There in the room; the walls, the dreamy scent  
 of your gown.

## SUMMATION

We shall not know the crystalline  
dark clarity this night has showered  
when rain has sighed away;  
We shall not dance the spiderweb  
and iridescent dreams,  
or see the cosmic deeps  
within each other's eyes.

And we have cried the threadbare, tiresome plaints  
to doddering and wailbesotten Time . . .

Firestirred,  
We may remember  
long enough to be grateful  
for forgetfulness.

— Robert W. Lowmides

## TO HELEN

No one shall speak  
No sound shall fall  
Against the stillness of our love  
We are above the tow, the neck  
And love is ours and love is all.

The lynx shall cry  
The drums shall beat  
Against the brightness of our hate  
Ours is the fate; the hope to fly  
We have no silver on our feet.

— Lee B. Eastman

I envy the patter of the rain  
Because it beats faster  
Than my poor heart  
When I see you. — cc

## FANTASY

In the valleys of volcanoes  
 By the emerald inland sea  
 Star-flies dance among the rushes,  
 And the sight is all for me.  
 Silent sunlight simmers gently  
 O'er the waving, scarlet foam —  
 Far away across the water  
 Is my home.

From the warm brown earth beneath me  
 And the winds that whisper by  
 To the snow-white clouds that linger  
 In the empty shining sky  
 All is peace, and cool, deep beauty  
 And the charm of Nature's lore  
 In the wide expanse of skyland;  
 In the ocean, on the shore...

Misty island in the ocean!  
 Gorgeous blooms and sparkling streams!  
 Do you really live, fair island,  
 Anywhere but in my dream?  
 Sweet illusion made of stardust!  
 Brighten all my weary years  
 Till my restless life is ended,  
 Waning light to shadow blended —  
 And I bid farewell to tears.

— Ray Washington, Jr.

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