

Poetry

NIGHT COMETH
Too late! Too late!
The watchman rings the sol-
emn bell;
Too late! Too late!
No more he tells that all is
well;
Too late! Too late!
He's sounding now the judgment
knell!
Too late! Too late!
For Gospel Light the fears dis-
pel;
Too late! Too late!
The doors are shut! The dark
hordes swell!
Too late! Too late!
Too late to go! Too late to tell!
Eleanor Harvey

SEA GULLS
Now it's fall in Klamath Basin.
And the big ditch runs no more
So the sea gulls are returning
To catch fish along the shore.
You see them every morning
They return again at eve
As their appetite is satisfied
For Modoc Field they leave
They pick a warm grassy spot
Where each will have a place.
In line they sit so perfect
As if ready for a race.
To some they are a nuisance
While others will surely see
Gulls must make their living
The same as you and me.
Jennie Charles,
1749 Menlo Way.

LATE BLOOMING ROSE
I know not how you failed to see
My pastel pink and ivory—
One rose where autumn leaves
were massed
Must be remarked by all who
passed.
I hung above your daily way
So close your passing made me
away;
Dipping low, I presumed
To woo you with my sweet per-
fume.
I soothed each day's futility
With "Tomorrow! Tomorrow you
will see.
Look up and see, reach out and
touch,
Admire long, marvel much."
Today I recognize defeat
And drop in petals at your feet.
Ruth Welch

You ask what on earth is the
matter,
I tell of my frustrating day.
You say, "That's my lot all the
time."
I retort, "So I've oft heard you
say."
You assert you don't ever com-
plain,
I quote an example or two.
You say, "But I don't always
grumble."
"Well, neither do I!"
"Why don't you?"

We've had conversations enlight-
ening,
Profound, light-hearted, intense,
But in retrospect most entertain-
ing
Are those when we didn't make
sense.
Ruth Welch

OH - IT'S HALLOWEEN
Tonite belongs to children of
The ages small and teen;
It is the time they celebrate
Their happy Halloween.

The witches ride upon their
brooms,
The pumpkin lights they leer;
The Goblins creep, but kiddies
know
There is no cause for fear.

They wear their masks and queer
clothes
As they go down the street:
They ring your bell - frightful
stare
And holler Trick or Treat.

It is a harmless bit of fun,
As it is done today;
Especially if you and I
Cooperate and pay.

So let us have some candy,
Or cookies in our hands;
And help carry on the game
By meeting their small demands.

When to men and women grow
The mischievous ones and all
They then can remember, how
they did
When they too, were cute and
small.

OUR BEAUTIFUL TREE
It has on its Autumn Dress,
All its colors are ablaze;
With russet, red, and gold
Meet my anxious gaze.
The Master artist had called,
With a perfect crimson flame;
And all through the tree, I
Could see His name.

He gave it a touch of splendor,
The poorest tree I had;
He made it a thing of beauty
Of course—this made me glad.

In its many shades of color
The blackbirds, mingling thrush;
And the Anthonies they were singing
Was Fare-well and Adieu.

But transitory is its beauty,
North winds will stem its tide;
The warm Summer is behind it
And Jack Frost walks behind.

So I thank my Master Artist,
For this fantastic scene;
And its indescribable beauty,
I'll never see in my dreams.
C. J. Hess

