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Chance

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Chance

Cover Page Footnote

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Salome

A ROUNDEL

Salome was she highte . . . only a name, an auricular mite . . .
But a name, bisyllable breath, a sound that soon dies . . .
But a name, a moment's vibration, a witchening wight,
Salome was she highte . . .

Salome's but a name . . . but once it was music, and eyes
That were bright with the rain in the night and the light
Of a tow'r . . . and her liquid black hair gave the stars of the skies
A mirror to mime the memorable sight
That made them all jewels, celestial prize,
Gave a ponderous pedant a perilous plight . . .
Salome was she highte.

CLARENCE AMANN

Chance

Few hearts have met — kind of cue-balled together
by that Third Party.

But when met, Love rebounds.

Waiting, my soul's closed roundness relaxes for the impact . . .

And as time wobbles by, the felt greenness of my hope fades slightly
in the afternoon sunlight.

ANONYMOUS