

# The Author's Corner

## SOUND OF THE WIND

Out of the evergreens of hope,  
High winding heights of thought,  
Memory blooms on husky leaves.  
Clean ideas spring fountainlike,  
And gushing streams rush steadily  
Beneath veiled Cypresses,  
And groves of persevering Oak,  
Moulded from a rich amazing soil.  
Thick spines rise, arching high,  
Reaching for remote augustan skies.

Here no potent windfall turns  
The slender branch or purpose shakes.  
Here no wild stammerings no noise  
Dims the calm complacent memory.  
Blooms fresh the crescent bough  
With blazing energy and life,  
And clean freshfallen rain  
Awakens fire latent in the soil.

Morning breaks; Night congeals;  
Days seemingly so rigid, fixed, and set,  
Crushed reposes in shadow of the stars;  
Light that seemed to burn, full and free,  
Soon melts within respective dark.  
And memories curl themselves in buds,  
Sleeping in the shades of evergreen,  
Where evening hides the Willow's tears,  
Where the Cypress stands erect and still.

Only the rivers of the night  
Persist, unceasing, feeling free;  
Rushing through the crowded scent,  
Through the bare reposing choirs,  
Beaten by the wind's retreat,  
Toward the river's source, and dawn.

Sentiments, like leaves, curl and blow,

Dropping soon beneath the silent branch,  
Dipping to the flowing stream;  
Gliding on, laden with a memory,  
Across the silence of the night,  
Running by the trees and lakes.

The forest fills with gloom,  
And burning stars uncover all,  
Until again the new day breaks;  
When filled with morning promise,  
Skies emerge as clean and bright,  
And the Cypress stands revealed  
In all its greenleaved glory.  
And the Spruce holds high its promise  
As once again day succeeds the night,  
As once more departure brings new joy.

And up among the topmost spire,  
Where sticks and skies converse,  
Runs a reminiscent vein;  
And the song stately Elders sing  
Is a familiar air, fresh as May.  
Which carries far across the hills,  
Across the corridors of Time:

"These roots shall be replaced,  
These branches folded and reposed,  
And Tomorrow springs new seeds.  
Still, one melody runs free,  
The song that shall remain,  
Shall fill the air with sweet  
Sound and echo shall enjoin  
All hopeful hearts to hear,  
Eager ears to strain:  
Farewell, Farewell, pleasant sky,  
No loud echo, just a soft reply."

JOSEPH A. FIORAVANTI

The old grey and brown man  
remembers the smiles and music of dead sand  
the quiet song of youth quickly sung  
and smiles sardonically  
recalling the whisper touch of love  
the sickle of death.

The gay young and glad boy  
beguiled by rich dreams of witchery  
runs through the maze of applause  
swallowing a shallow day asleep  
anticipating brighter suns  
unaware of their scantiness and joining sorrows.

But today is the miracle  
the gloom and the sun.  
The old fool remembers  
the young fool dreams  
but the wise man chews and sucks the moment.

S. JOHN LA PUMA

# *SPONSORS*

KATHRYN A. DOONER

MILDRED DRISCOLL

ALBERT FARRINGTON

MR. AND MRS. S. ALFRED FAZIO

GIROLAMO COSTAGLIOLA

KAMEEL HABIB

ALFRED W. HARRIS, SR.

MR. AND MRS. LESTER HOROHOE

FRANK A. JUREK, SR.

MR. AND MRS. THADDEUS KILANOWSKI

MR. AND MRS. J. M. McGRATH

MR. AND MRS. MICHAEL A. PETITO

MRS. CHARLOTTE SCOTT