



COVER

Hannes Bok

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the phantoms by—

All day they played among the purple flowers
 That lay like frozen flames upon the lawn;
 Or dreamed within the shadows of the towers
 Whose turret tops were painted as the dawn.
 Bright was the garden; peace went everywhere
 There was no breath of movement nor any sound
 Save butterflies that clove the heavy air,
 Or when the bright fruit dropped slowly to the ground.
 Then the flowers drooped, from silver thorns that tore;
 Too soon the sun had died in amber smoke,
 And frightened now but silent as before
 The phantoms watched the garden change its cloak.
 Great sable moths flew out, and one by one
 The towers melted with the fallen sun.

Joseph E.
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