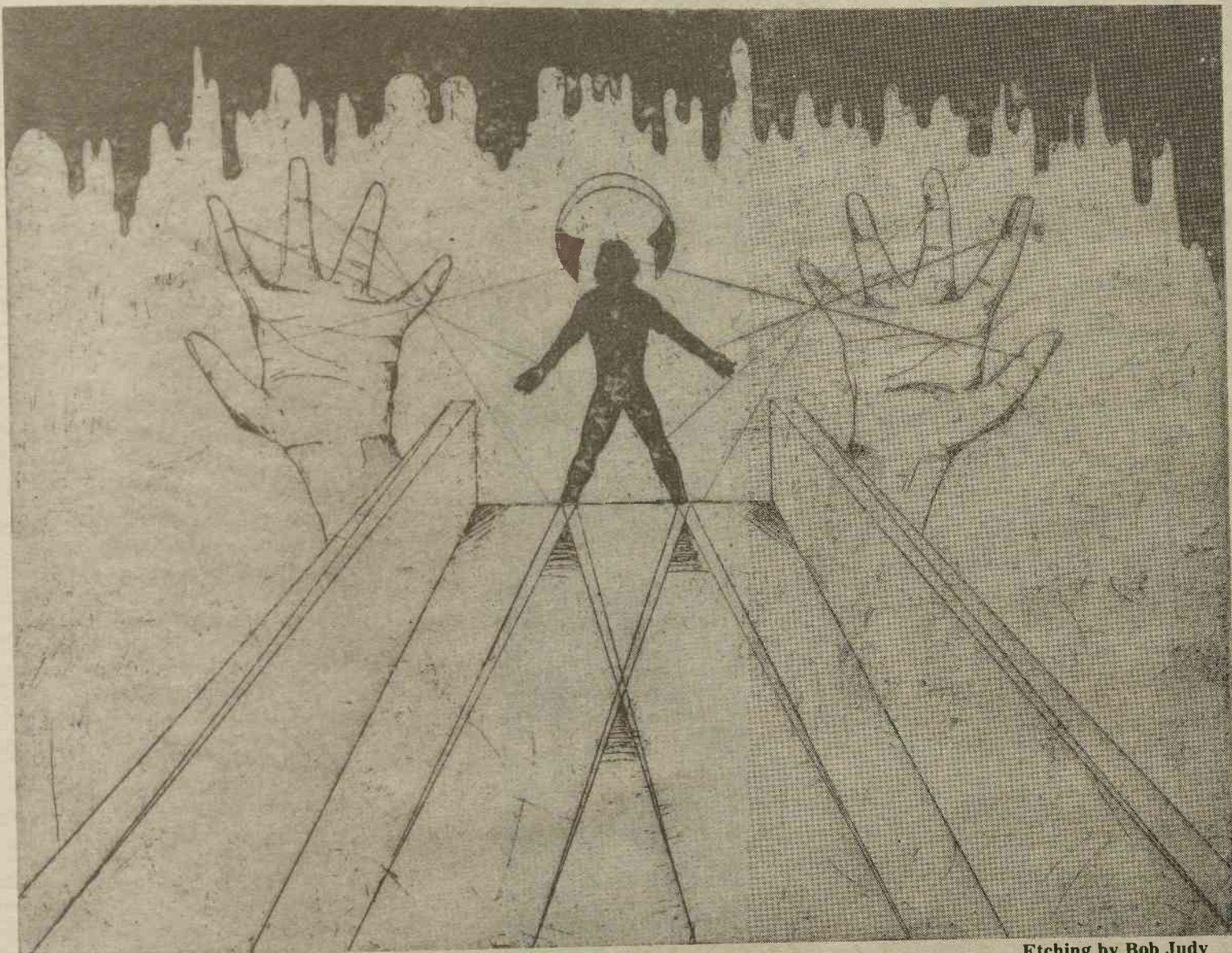


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Etching by Bob Judy

The Last Step

The Heart Will Take No Comfort From The Wise

The heart will take no comfort from the wise,
nor find in words the sustenance it needs;
love only goes for food to friendly eyes.

Should wisdom's spider tangle all the skies,
ensnare each buzzing thought our dreaming breeds,
the heart will take no comfort from the wise.

Let starving children lash the air with cries
that stimulate the laying on of creeds;
love only goes for food to friendly eyes.

And learned men, dividing truth from lies,
must find their perfect words produce no seeds;
the heart will take no comfort from the wise.

The sudden hummingbird a heart applies
to longing knows no color but impedes;
love only goes for food to friendly eyes.

Though night's fine silence house a thousand sighs,
and day's mad brilliance rock with stillborn deeds,
the heart will take no comfort from the wise;
love only goes for food to friendly eyes.

David L. Drury

For Clarence

Love is a gift that is given freely,
and grows quietly,
but changes all that it touches.

It is the motive
and support of the universe.

Love is in those who live it.

Suzanne Peterson

GOODBYE

I'll balance books —
But not by mere subtraction
Of what had been from future sums.

In parting thus,
You multiplied the losses
By adding almost was to might have been.

Clara C. Wood