

Manhattan

Times Square at night
Lights blazing and winking
Stanchions of George Washington
Bridge
Pointing skyward.
Central Park, budding in spring
Blooming in summer, withering in
in fall,
Resting in winter—even as
A powdering of snow creates
A paradise on the wooded slopes.
The Empire State, straight as
A soldier at attention.
Cabs shunting up and down
The wide strips of asphalt
Fog horns tooting hoarsely.
Manhattan at night,
Viewed from a plane,
Flashing beauty, winking in the
dark.
A diamond tiara glistening on
Length of black velvet.

KAY SHADOAN

PENN STATION

(Cont. from p. 11)

I felt sure that I could make it
back to the station. All of a
sudden it rained so hard that I
was sure someone had emptied a
bucket of water from an over-
head window. I ducked into a
doorway but not quite soon enough,
for the catsup had already run
down the front of my suit in an
unbelievably strange pattern.

The rain let up, and I made a
dash for the station, arriving just
in time to hear the last call for
my train. I hurried down the
steps, retrieved my baggage, which
was now highly scented, and
searched for the gate which the
announcer had just mentioned. I
found it, ran down the stairs,
and caught the conductor who was
just fastening the steps. I jumped
aboard and somehow got coal dust
all over my right side. I had to
walk through several cars before
I found a vacant seat. I fell back
in complete exhaustion, knowing
that everyone was again staring at
me, but now I just did not care.

HILLTOP—PAGE SIXTEEN

I'll Go Anywhere

I said, "Lord, a missionary I will be
If only You do not ask of me
That Africa or China be my field.
Otherwise to You I yield."

God did not say a single word
But in the evening stillness I heard
The wind breathe a sigh. It seemed to say
"If I'm to have your life, it must be My way."

I wanted to go to Brazil and when
Anyone would chance to ask me then,
I would reply, "I am going to Brazil."
I had decided, consulting my own will.

And then inside I would feel
A sense of guilt at ignoring His will.
For I knew plain as anything could be
That Brazil might not be the place for me.

I searched and searched but could not find
A deep peace within my soul, my mind,
Until one day I finally said, "Take me!
Use my life as You will." Thus it had to be.

Now when I pray, I'm careful to say,
"Lord, a missionary I will be
And I ask that You use me
In Africa, China, India, or Brazil;
But most, dear Lord, I ask
That whatever may be my task,
I may follow Thy will."

LAUR

Oh, World, Whose Splendor

Oh, World, whose splendor magnifies each day,
I know you not and understand you less.
But I have sought for long to fix your stay
With hands that hold you fast, and I confess
That I have not advanced enough to fit
Into that realm that you so long have led.
Take me down to that deep and lowly pit
Where I may see thy wisdom's hidden bed.
Books tell much and learning is not new;
But you, old Earth, know that this or that is true?
I long to touch your never-ending bow.
Move on, oh, World, and do not let my hand
Destroy thy beauty loved in every land.

LARRY