

Covered Wagons

Like fleece shorn in the wind
They tumble and come,
White in the grass and the sage.

—Clinton F. Larson

A Child's Eye

Mirrors of Greece and the Sinaic
Rise of man ride in the verticle sea:
The purple fathoms with ancient candor
The variable mask of the world, the wonder
It whelmed in a rift of darkness, free
As a falcon untethered and climbing, called back,
Back, the call, the rapier call of the child.

—Clinton F. Larson