Poems

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Poems

By Maurice J. Kirby, ’37

Think of something light and airy,  
Like a feather, or a fairy—  
Take a word  
That you heard  
Long ago.

Syllables that dance and tinkle  
On your tongue like stars that twinkle—  
All the lines  
Valentines,  
Soft and low.

Through Gingham Curtains

By Dorothy Dunkelberg, ’39

Gingham curtains, red and white,  
Sunny bright—  
Dancing light  
Through you plays.

Sway on with the laughing breeze;  
Ecstasies  
Gay as these  
Fill my days.