

To Spring

*My sighs for spring are still unheard today
And all around me walls of white I see
O'er spanned by seamless grey—a canopy
of lifeless light. Lit by a pallid ray
The world lies dumb—as in a sodden sleep.
Staked down and pinioned fast by hands of cold
and clammy grip, that dull and numb and hold
Until each sense slumps low—too tired to weep!
But oh, the magic of some fresh free breeze;
The dancing thrill of Spring through cold-souled trees
That wins with wak'ning kiss of green delight.
Then on the jewelled arc of burning blue
A flaming spill of gold—to herald anew
The hush and holy of a summer night.*

Trudy Woldrich

It's None of Your Business

TAKE FROM sight all books that rouse the soul; take from the mind all imprint of human thought; take from the hearing all sound of human pain; and leave but a pansy to sway in the mind of public opinion. What is given cannot be taken away. A sock that is knit cannot be unravelled without leaving a twist. Disease and Time, with linked arms, clomp down the Halls of the Present. Will they mar the Foundation of Future Galleries?

Disease is the germ that breaks the body physically strong. Disease is the self-made business man who slashes his needy neighbour for the Almighty Dollar. Disease is the self-important teacher who stifles purer thought. Disease is the criminal who takes the life of a child yet unborn, against all human laws. Disease is the man of sensual pleasures who makes a mockery of marriage. Disease is all this and more. Disease is the infestation of corruption, wherever it occurs.

"It's none of your business?" Then why seek knowledge; why furrow a brow; why hear a human cry? Just for immediate need? If so, when the diploma comes, learning will be pulled like a switch, thought snuffed like a flame, hearing aids tuned in only while the listening is enjoyable. Oh well, "It's none of your business."

Jean Matheson.