

EAGLE FEATHER

The following poetry selections are by Margaret Keyes Clark, '37, Editor of the HYPHEN.

September

Swimming is over,
Golf and tennis, too.
Summer has left us.
We've new things to do.

Pencils and books.
Erasers and such.
Eight months to learn in,
And we must know much.

But life here in school
Is not all found in a book.
You'll find swimming and tennis
If you'll only look.

There are scores of things
To keep one busy.
And if you don't agree
You're just an old sissy.

Youth

Little shovels and buckets of sand,
She pours it through from hand to hand,
The hour is passing, the sand pours through.
Dear youth, all of life lies before you!

My Diary

Little book, to me
You are far grander
Than others could be.

You know my secrets, everyone.
You know all my life,
Since my "Teens" have begun.

I'm quite sure you're useless
To all but me,
But I love every ink splotch
And dash that I see!

Change

The theatre was still, no rustle of sound
And she on her toes
On her strong, fleeting toes
In her bright, shining costume
Made gay pirouettes.

Now two and three, and on and on.
Her skirt flying madly
Whirling wildly and faster
As her small satin slippers
Made gay pirouettes.

The theatre, now a movie house
Is quiet, no rustle of sound.
Gay, little pirouettes
Strong, fleeting pirouettes
Bright, shining pirouettes
Have long since gone.

Come Morning

I think I saw a dream last night
It was rose and green and blue.
On one side was a fragrant garden,
And in the corner I found you.

You stood beneath a cherry tree.
Your eyes were bright and shy.
You wore a dainty, rosebud frock,
A tiny kitten played close by.

The breeze toyed in your curly hair.
Your smile was gay and sweet.
Cherry blossoms kissed your neck,
And I kneeled humble at your feet.

Now morning and the garbage man
Awake me with no tact.
Would I could find you once again,
But alas, no hope of that.

Aspirations of a Small Girl

Perhaps some day when I've grown up
I'll perform a noble feat.
People will want my autograph
And kings will come for me to meet.

I'll wear sables and diamond hair pins.
My shoe soles of solid gold.
And have caviar with the president
Before I'm grey and old.

I think my house shall be of glass,
My bedroom in black and white.
I'll have a swimming pool on my roof
With captured stars to light it at night.

Of course, if you're good and sweet to me
While my hair is stringy and straight,
I may invite you to tea some time,
But you better had not be late!