

1

S I G N A L S

(on making a mountain-home
in war-time)

After much voyaging in winds and rains,
Sunlight and twilight, at long last she sat,
The Ark of Life, above the sweltering plains,
Serenely on an Indian Ararat.

"So far, so good," as Noah might remark.

"But there is need of something loftier still."

And suddenly, against the blue-gum's bark
And shimmering scimitars around the hill,
A rainbow laid a broad prismatic ring
Because the sun had bid a shower go by;
And a white dove on swiftly jerking wing
Three times encircled the adjacent sky.
They passed— but memory holds what cannot cease:
Their signals of eternal hope and peace.

Kotagiri, Nilgiris, India.

James H. Cousins

O U T C A S T

By day lone nightingales trill in the trees;
 Yet at the sight of me —their singing kin—
 They shrink to silence furtively within
 The shades of their leaf-curtained mysteries!
 And I could cry: "What offering may appease
 Your awful accusation of man's sin,
 Or what vicarious penitence may win
 Resumption of your stifled ecstasies?"
 But vain the hope my kinship to conceal
 With that most ruthless biped who has won
 By hellish sorceries the skill to deal
 Death at a distance! I my race must run
 Sharing, unshared, the guilt that round him clings,
 Suspect and outcast by free-hearted things.

James H. Cousins

Vandoeuvres, Geneva.