

Chalice of the Strong

By Raymond Bouvet

Drink, drink, drink of it;
Let it seep through
Like the souging winds in the laden oak.

Hell take the fool who laps of life
As a kitten laps of milk!
Hell take the timid faun

Who springs from the pool at the rustle of a leaf!
Drink, drink, drink of it,
Poppies blood or glowing honey.

Pour it down with a laugh,
And with a laugh greet the rising of the sun!
And with a laugh greet the mirthful chide of death!

Speed Thou Death!

By Harley Talley

Though our bodies press and our hands grip hot
And we have closed our eyes to keep the sight
Of one another from our love; and in
A kiss, soul meant, our lips lose sense of time
And separateness—the sting of life is there
That tells us we are living far apart.
Who unites us, He is our God. The height
Of our love's desire is to be one soul;
A summit while we live we cannot reach,
And ever blindly strain for. Speed thou Death!
Wrap us in Thy mist; set free our souls; let
Love be its own Heaven—life is its Hell.