

again, and the past will be our past
singing old war songs,
breathing hard once again
in the hearts of old men.

E. S. FARAGHER

SPRING TRAFFIC ISLANDS

Man's hand, in these banks has planted daffodils
To herald spring with golden trumpet frills;
Yet thoughtless feet have trampled them
When hardly the bud had burst the stem;
Their petals pure the traffic's smoke
Has soiled with filth-filled air, and choked
The few survivors, so winter chills
Seem here to stay, despite the sunlight's cheery play.

Yet wait! Below broken blooms, once haughty,
What strange gardener gave weeds such glory?
For still blazing yellow cloaks the banks
From dandelions in endless ranks.
This flower no trampling kills, thank God,
This flower no trampling kills.