

DIANA

Elouise Bell

I ride on the back of the earth
To catch elusive stars.
A centaur with spurs of desire
And a whip of vision's reach.

Ride the earth, ride the earth,
Let the clay be pounded away;
The dust whirls up at my back,
Sharp pebbles cut in a spray.

COMPANY FOR GERTIE'S PIGEONS

Elouise Bell

Lions in the barn,
Darn!
Caterpillars on the neck,
Heck!
Elephants on the roof,
Oof!