FACULTY RESEARCH EDITION

of

The Savannah State College Bulletin

Published by

The Savannah State College

Volume 28, No. 2 Savannah, Georgia December, 1974

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BLESSING

Oh the words unwritten, letters left
unsaid, heartbeats broken as they rise,
eyes unseen as they ask:
brother where is your blessing?
True, the people of this earth,
Abraham, are many and various;
but the salt is lost except where some
(whom we could name) have turned to it.
Come down the showers of gold, God.
Broaden our shoulders to receive your gifts.
Keep answering and we might hear.
Then we'll lay our time on your table,
our palms in your hands, and
sing the good news together: long live God.

Elisabeth Lunz

MEMPHIS

Gaunt, fragile, spindrift trees
grace winter bareness,
sketching the shape and pattern
of themselves, dark, undisguised.

Rain dampens down the night;
no ice flatters the trees with
elegance. Only silence
breaks the hush of starless cold.

Faces blank, immobile, peer
from out of sleepless nights,
bored by the crush of dreams,
waiting for their erosion.

The power is off. Water freezes,
milk sours, while gas heat
roars outward through raw hole
and plastic patch. Cold kills.

Elisabeth Lunz