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SUNRISE AT SANTA BARBARA

The sea hides its curious heart
Under a bridal robe of mother-o'-pearl,
Mother-o'-pearl flushed with rose,
Waiting.

Against a turquoise sky
The mountains kneel, mauve-gray
In the gray-pink sand
Of the curving shore,
Waiting.

The moon, pale and wan,
Hangs a flat design in silver
On the expectant sky,
Waiting.

The palm trees, in parallel rows
Along the Plaza, clasp
Nervous, wavering fingers,
Waiting.

Riding on a many-fluted shell
Held on the backs of jade tritons,
Comes Venus Anadyomene, straight and slim,
Combing the night curls
From her ruddy hair,
Blown by the four winds
To the meeting with her lover.

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

Then, he comes—the young Sun,
Glorious in amazing strength and splendor,
Striding across the mountains
To pave a path of brazen metal
For the whiteness of her feet,
The two little feet of his bride.
He surrounds, covers, hides her
In golden madness.

The sea roughens,
Sending her waves with the morning breeze
Against the shore.
It is day!

THE POMEGRANATE BUSH

When she was alive
She moved like a frail ghost,
The spirit of a wraith.
Her chiffons trailed about her
Like spirals of smoke.
The wail in her voice was gray and pining
Like the sea after twilight.

She died and was buried.
Now, she has returned—a woman
Among us.