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## UNSATISFIED

By JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

I think that man would die of weariness  
Were there no seas too deep for him to wade,  
No wastes of sky to make his thought afraid,  
No unclimbed peaks with pure snow passionless,  
No still receding aim above success,  
No depths of joy and grief, if light and shade,  
But all things equable and smooth and staid,  
Nor mighty overmuch to curse or bless.  
We must have mysteries too great for us,  
And hear strange feet on paths by men untrod,  
Whose sound in music thrilled with joyful pain.  
Ah, let life never, never not be marvelous,  
For love, like him of Judah sent by God,  
Dies if he goes by the old ways again.

## GOLD IN UMBER

By SINCLAIR LEWIS

I dug down in a volume that expressed  
A depth of dusty lore,  
But, coming on a tiger lily pressed,  
That night I read no more,  
  
It seemed to chrySTALLIZE an amber day,  
An August afternoon,  
When, lying on a scented couch of hay,  
I heard the crickets croon.  
  
The hours were all a passion of gold sheen,  
The fields and wood stretched wide,  
The burnished sun made living, fervid green  
The rolling countryside.  
  
You laughed to see a sable butterfly,  
A tiger lily's knight,  
That fluttered round her theft of evening sky,  
A sumptuous Sybarite.  
  
You plucked the lily; till I made it mine,  
Between your lips you let it swing and sway.  
Ah, red lips are a better flower-shrine  
Than musty pages gray!

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