

She spoke sigh-softly, thinking none could hear.
Her pomp and pretense now betrayed by fear
That some dark force had tarnished her birthright,
She pled her case with Psyche in the night....

CHELSEANNA, MOTHER-BLIND

I raised a rose for Eden in my yard;
Each day enhanced the promise of a bloom.
Each pointed
Ballooning buds that made my soul a bard
Enslaved me, made me proud perfection's groom.
No spot or blight could mar that precious plant,
No careless foot or lower life invade
That destined ground where I prepared to grant
New Eden's need for white of purest shade.

Then came the day my prize unfurled its news...
Not like the vision I would still impose—
Of white, the equal presence of all hues!
What bee or hybridizer's blunder grows
And flowers, streaked with pink, chartreuse and wine?
How could this thing have happened, Child of Mine?

(cont.)