

Blackfriars

home to the minds of men is the philosophical teaching of the great Greek Masters purified for us by the wisdom of the Scholastics whom God raised up for that very purpose.

HUGH POPE, O.P.

EVENING

WE are just barbarians.
Our camp is vast.
The present camp and the past
show little variance.

For to-day we do
whatever we did
in times bysped
and the years ago.

All over the ground
is bewildering;
scarcely a thing
where it should be found.

Children and hens,
wherever they group,
all mixed up;
not without offence.

Evening

A true to the life
picture of us
ourselves, incongruous;
neither at peace nor strife.

Opposite each door
blue feathers stand,
or sway in the wind
just as ever before.

Once call it night,
all disarray
has melted away
with the melting light.

Hens aroost,
children abed,
we break our bread
as we ever used.

Hardly stooping he goes
silently for hours
picking flowers
Of stars reflected in the snow.

JOHN GRAY.