

## DESTINY

Estelita M. Juco

Strange... but knowing you,  
I have known living;  
And living, loved,  
And loving, known despair...

One-time the dreamer,  
Now I dread the dreaming;  
Fearful lest I deceive  
Myself... you care.

We meet. I grow delirious  
With laughter  
In joy short-lived. Then drink  
The dregs of tears.

How can you guess that hid  
By careless banter;  
Are pent-up yearnings  
Of the lonely years.

Strange destiny:  
Two kindred souls like ours,  
Meet and may part,  
One loved, and one alone;  
For one, beloved by hosts,  
Are rose-strewn bowers;  
And one, through empty years,  
Shall love—unknown.



### DEPENDS ON THE JUDGE

"Do you think, Doctor Johnson," asked Boswell, "that a good cook is more essential to a community than a good poet?"

"Sir," was the reply, "I don't suppose there is a dog in town that doesn't think so."