The Smiling Elfkin
Smiling little elfkin,
Whose belly hurts the feet.
If you talk with him, he smiles,
And if you laugh, he smiles.

The Smiling Elfkin

The Tech

M.I.T. Dormitories

Green hedges, neatly clipped
Round about the pleasant window.
Before the sky-born buildings.

Each clear yellow light is lifted from
The tower and is dark in all the rooms.
Here lies Science, breathing softly
And wistful for the snug of home.

Here sleep, or when the morning comes,
That place most known to Science Life.
Which will you take?

Gerald Rothberg

The Clouds
White as snow.
These are the clouds.
Freckles of heaven and the sky.
Passed upon up above.
Echoed here and there
In the silence of a dream.
Said not a word.
Never saw them.
Spared almost at random.
Artlessly arranged.
As all so well-mannered celestial hands
Have placed them there.

They move slowly.

Toward the mountain and pine.
The land of the mountains and pine.
From sunset till the dawn.
Out of sight, till next night.
They fly across the sky.

They carry time.

Where they have gone?

Michael Esher

Assignment

The man called Le Cour set a little white sail on a windless day.
A soft breeze blew through a warm spot of sunshine that filled
The air with the fragrance of new grass.
A bumblebee flew in from the east.

The man called Le Cour set a little white sail on a windless day.
A soft breeze blew through a warm spot of sunshine that filled
The air with the fragrance of new grass.
A bumblebee flew in from the east.

The man called Le Cour set a little white sail on a windless day.
A soft breeze blew through a warm spot of sunshine that filled
The air with the fragrance of new grass.
A bumblebee flew in from the east.

The man called Le Cour set a little white sail on a windless day.
A soft breeze blew through a warm spot of sunshine that filled
The air with the fragrance of new grass.
A bumblebee flew in from the east.

The man called Le Cour set a little white sail on a windless day.
A soft breeze blew through a warm spot of sunshine that filled
The air with the fragrance of new grass.
A bumblebee flew in from the east.

The man called Le Cour set a little white sail on a windless day.
A soft breeze blew through a warm spot of sunshine that filled
The air with the fragrance of new grass.
A bumblebee flew in from the east.

The man called Le Cour set a little white sail on a windless day.
A soft breeze blew through a warm spot of sunshine that filled
The air with the fragrance of new grass.
A bumblebee flew in from the east.

The man called Le Cour set a little white sail on a windless day.
A soft breeze blew through a warm spot of sunshine that filled
The air with the fragrance of new grass.
A bumblebee flew in from the east.

The man called Le Cour set a little white sail on a windless day.
A soft breeze blew through a warm spot of sunshine that filled
The air with the fragrance of new grass.
A bumblebee flew in from the east.

The man called Le Cour set a little white sail on a windless day.
A soft breeze blew through a warm spot of sunshine that filled
The air with the fragrance of new grass.
A bumblebee flew in from the east.

The man called Le Cour set a little white sail on a windless day.
A soft breeze blew through a warm spot of sunshine that filled
The air with the fragrance of new grass.
A bumblebee flew in from the east.

The man called Le Cour set a little white sail on a windless day.
A soft breeze blew through a warm spot of sunshine that filled
The air with the fragrance of new grass.
A bumblebee flew in from the east.

The man called Le Cour set a little white sail on a windless day.
A soft breeze blew through a warm spot of sunshine that filled
The air with the fragrance of new grass.
A bumblebee flew in from the east.

The man called Le Cour set a little white sail on a windless day.
A soft breeze blew through a warm spot of sunshine that filled
The air with the fragrance of new grass.
A bumblebee flew in from the east.

The man called Le Cour set a little white sail on a windless day.
A soft breeze blew through a warm spot of sunshine that filled
The air with the fragrance of new grass.
A bumblebee flew in from the east.

The man called Le Cour set a little white sail on a windless day.
A soft breeze blew through a warm spot of sunshine that filled
The air with the fragrance of new grass.
A bumblebee flew in from the east.

The man called Le Cour set a little white sail on a windless day.
A soft breeze blew through a warm spot of sunshine that filled
The air with the fragrance of new grass.
A bumblebee flew in from the east.

The man called Le Cour set a little white sail on a windless day.
A soft breeze blew through a warm spot of sunshine that filled
The air with the fragrance of new grass.
A bumblebee flew in from the east.