

by an accumulation of inheritances leaves us nowhere. It leaves us nothing on which to build that self-created future. To locate the meaning of all existence within our finite being is to carry more weight than we can

bear. If reflection on tradition leads us to humility with regard to our past, then a great deal is accomplished. America is no exception to the challenge of tradition. †

The Loss of One

Donald Mace Williams

It struggled, grounded, brown and ugly,
overtipped from its nest limb
Where two who fed it worm and bug
Were perched and grackle-cursing him.

He, walking out from where small shoe
Prints still, to him, were clear to see
In the dark front-room carpet, knew
He couldn't climb the nestling's tree

With bird in hand, parents and child
Helpless before what had to come
That night, green-eyed and alley-wild
While darkness held them, he hoped, numb.

Tomorrow, would they know their nest
Was short one brown and unnamed head,
Or, lucky birds, care for the rest,
Remembrance of the lost one dead?