

BESTERCEY Ilona

PETITION

Break me of the dream,  
Lest the dream break me.  
Banish me from beauty,  
Lest it strangle my throat  
With scarves of sunset gold.  
Bequeath me no drop  
Of the elixir of love,  
Lest it turn to hemlock  
In my blood.  
Let me not behold  
A bridge at dawn,  
Manhattan in the frame of dusk,  
Lest Medusa blind my eyes with salt.  
Let me not remember  
April's broken promise,  
Lest I break too soon  
The seal upon my doom.

ILONA BESTERCEY,

N. Y. Times - Dec. 10 - 1951

LILAC IN DECEMBER

I found a lilac in December,  
Blooming on a birchen hearth,  
Singing 'mid the burning embers  
Of her vernal counterpart.  
December's lilac pours no perfume  
On the twilight-tinted room,  
Where window panes hold painted  
meadows,  
Bearing winter's polar bloom.  
But a lilac in December  
Blooming for a moment long,  
Makes the winter heart remember  
May when lilac millions throng.

ILONA BESTERCEY,

Dec. 20 - '51