

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