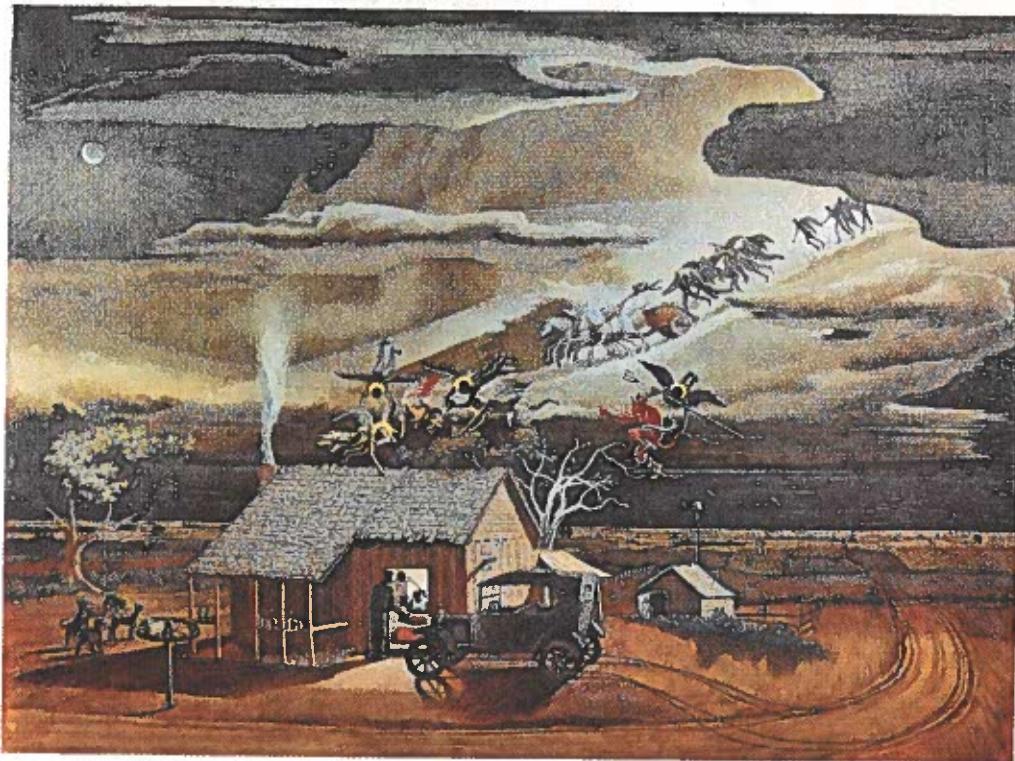


"Swing Low, sweet Chariot"
John W. Cady



The path to the sun is fixed
Blessing the folks by the sleigh
of the chariot swinging sweet,
Francy tracked, consigned - free.

Though we reign isolated ourselves
In the earth, earthed, ruled by the wheel,
Endured,
as the cloud glows up through the smoke,
as the knowledge revolved from the smoke,
and the howl,
which feeds in the still;
From the devil that flight nonexists
as the stick
B lows attainments not thrown but away
at the end.

How grows the tree
When the serpent entwines?
Light the torch open-eyed
Claims the see -
For the path to the sun is a ray.