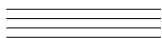


C R E D O



P E T E R F I L K I N S

Never complain
the jonquils say
blowzy with breeze
they cannot hold,

and the breeze itself
– saturated, cold –
dispensing torrents,
a black cloud drained

to quick exhaustion
and the marauded plain
of jonquils blazoned
– never complain.