

Poem—

MY LAND

A pious feeling of the Land
have I,
It scatters beyond the mountains
and the Sea--
To the Aurora.
Unreachable greatness--
Yet a unity of the Land and me.

As I view a wintry sunrise,
The shimmering frost--
A feeling of Harmony
Of the Land and me.

I am proud to have this arrogant
alliance
With this Land
Forever present.

—DOROTHY M. LARSON