



Triangles and white diamonds  
constitute a pine,

An angel brought the message  
of the Child.

It is a time of gladness in  
the wintertime.

The hue of heaven shines among  
the cold.

Paul and Bets Ramsey

SARDOLINI



FOR AN HERB CABINET  
FLORAL PASTURE,  
HUNGER'S SEEDS,  
LEAFY AND ROOTED  
TOSSINGS OF THE SUN.



PAUL RAMSEY

TREASON





## Chain Stitch

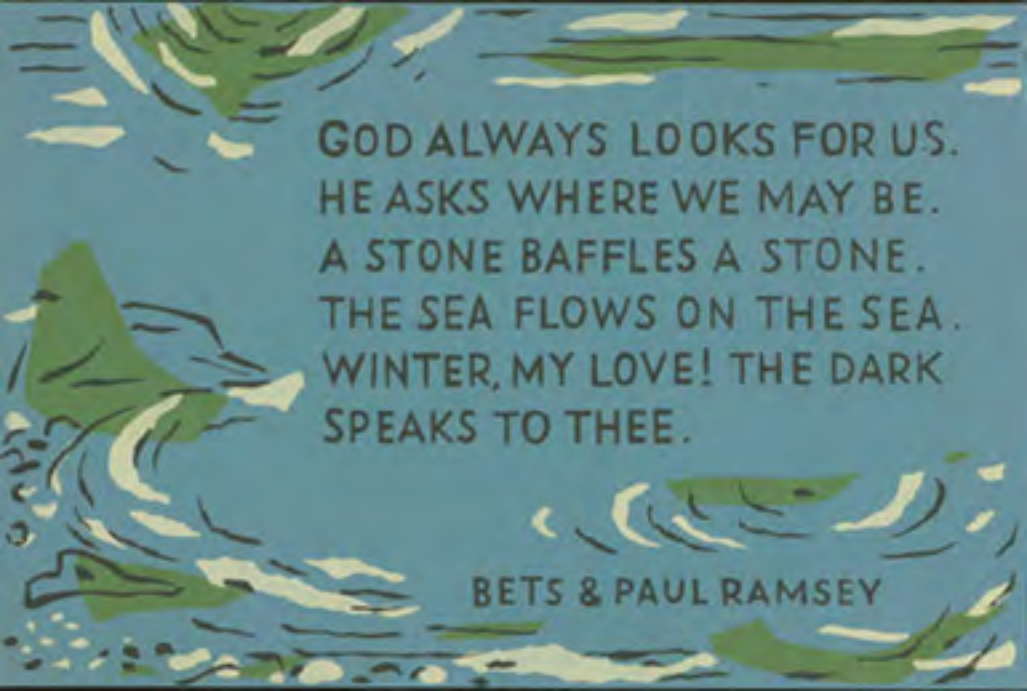
A thimble  
dances silver  
in the sun.

The silver  
shares a blessing  
of the known.

The blessing  
has a silence  
to be won.

The silence  
has a presence  
of its own.

PAUL & BETS RAMSEY

The background of the page is a light blue color. It is decorated with stylized, hand-drawn waves in shades of green and white. The waves are depicted with simple, expressive lines, creating a sense of movement and depth. The overall style is reminiscent of mid-century modern graphic design.

GOD ALWAYS LOOKS FOR US.  
HE ASKS WHERE WE MAY BE.  
A STONE BAFFLES A STONE.  
THE SEA FLOWS ON THE SEA.  
WINTER, MY LOVE! THE DARK  
SPEAKS TO THEE.

BETS & PAUL RAMSEY

# THE LEDGER

PURCHASES BARTER.

CLOCKS ARE IN SPACE.

ROCKS GO

AT THE EARTH'S PACE.

MOTION TAKES

ITS EXACT PLACE.

BETS & PAUL RAMSEY

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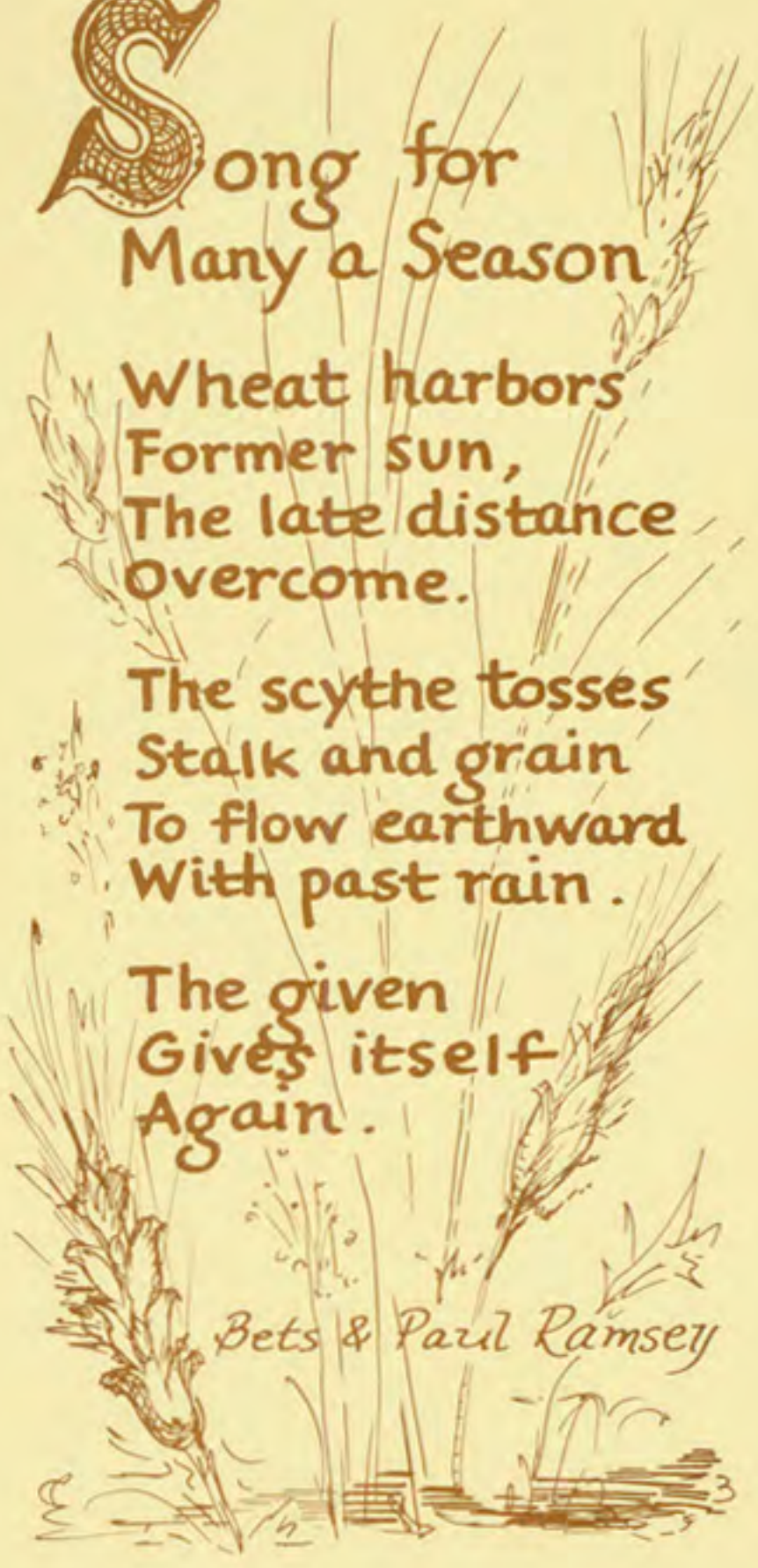
Song for  
Many a Season

Wheat harbors  
Former sun,  
The late distance  
Overcome.

The scythe tosses  
Stalk and grain  
To flow earthward  
With past rain.

The given  
Gives itself  
Again.

Bets & Paul Ramsey



# CHRISTMAS EVE

SNOW, HAVING FALLEN  
ON MOUNTAIN ROCK & MOSSES  
AND ON VALLEY PINES,  
FALLS ON CITY STREETS  
AND ON TELEPHONE LINES AND  
STOPS AT MID-MORNING.

A SLEIGH WILL TRAVEL  
AMAZING DISTANCES AND  
ARRIVE  
IN  
GOOD  
TIME.

BETS & PAUL  
RAMSEY

1991



# CHRISTMAS EVE

BELLS  
ARE CHIMING.  
MISTLETOE  
INVITES.  
A TREE  
ECHOES  
THE LIGHT  
IN LIGHTS.

BETS AND PAUL RAMSEY





FLOCKS OF SNOW.  
SIR, WHO TENDS  
FOR WHOSE SAKE?  
LAW IS THE LIGHT  
OF EVERY FLAKE.  
LISTEN, AND WAKE.

PAUL AND BETS RAMSEY

# DECEMBER LANDSCAPE

A sleigh in the snow  
Glides across a wide landscape  
Past trees and a hill.

The smoke drifts upward  
Through a tawny rose landscape  
Silent as new snow.

The clouds echo smoke  
And the curves of the landscape  
And the falling snow.

And stars are falling  
From the sky toward the houses!  
Or is it more snow?



Bets & Paul Ramsey

EARTH REQUIRES AIR AND SPACING.

WATER FLOWS WHERE EARTH PERMITS IT.  
AIR IS MOVING ON EARTH'S WATERS  
HERE AND SOON AND FAR.

ASK UPON A STAR.

BETS & PAUL RAMSEY

## STARS AND HOUSES

The first star is like the last of the houses.  
The last house awaits the first of the snows.  
The snows will happen and happen throughout the winter,  
The hunters and the animals disappearing in the snows.

The bright planet seems almost as near as the farthest houses.  
In many centuries men have variously called her by name,  
Her worshippers offering brazen perfumes of adoration  
With hopes of possessing and with fears which they cannot name.

The last of the houses has turrets and no gables.  
At the end of the road it refuses to turn toward the stars.  
A brave traveller travelled beyond the last of the houses  
In meadows briefly, then in a silence cast out of stars.

In the last house the key to the first house is given  
Under a steadfast star the askers knock at the door.  
The child's cry, the driven nails, the shepherds' arriving,  
The stars and the houses stand in the light of a dove.



PAUL RAMSEY