Take thought:
I have weathered the storm
I have beaten out my exile.
-Ezra Pound

Contents:

Fiction

The Backyard Burial
Heather Johnson 9
French Persuasion
John Benes 18
In His Time
Keith McWalter 27
Time Ticking Off, Not Stopping
Holly Battles 39

Artwork

Roxy Sisson 13
Bill Lutz 16
Carol Belfatto 17
Ned Bittinger 23
Gail Lutsch 41
Diane Ulmer 43
Design and Layout: Keith McWalter

Photography

Tim Heth 3, 4, 5, 7, 9, 12, 15, 22, 38, 40, 44
Rip Odell 15
Maggie Hernandez 26, 42

Poetry

For G. S. & A. B. T. 2
Apogee Analogy 15
Paul Holbrook
Picture Writer 3
Julie Lockwood
Youth 6
Rufus Hurst
Today I Watched Flies Without Wings 6
Count Jack Playing Peasant 24
Room 102 6
Alice Merrill
The Flick 8
Debby Snyder
For P. E. H. 12
Timothy Cope
In Memory of Gertrude Stein 14
Michael Daugherty
First Impressions 16
Austin Hartman, Jr.
Cherokee Arrowsmith 24
R. Crozier
road runs down valley 25
Fred Hoppe
Singularity 25
M. J. Wallace
Love's Labour Lost 25
Tina Ostergard
Gnome 25
Gary Spear

EXILE is the literary magazine of Denison University. It is entirely student-run and student edited, and receives operating funds from the Denison Campus Government Association. Submissions are edited anonymously and final decisions are made independently by each staff. Printed by Ace News, Heath, Ohio.
FOR G.S. & A.B.T.:

WHAT IS THE ANSWER ONE CANNOT SAY, BUT ASKS IT ASKS IT ANYWAY – ANYWAY 'TIL DO OR DIE OR DID AND DONE FOR EVERYONE.
THE MIND REPEATS REPOTS REPLEATS AS IF FOR ALL ALL FOR FOR ALL – THE QUERIES FORMULATE IN TALL TALL LINES WHICH FALL MELLIFUOUSLY ALL UPON THE BROW WHO READS
WITHOUT MUCH LUNCH EACH DAY BY DAY, WITHOUT MUCH LIGHT SHED ON THE FRAY-SCRIPT OF TRUTH OR TROTH OR TRIP THAT ONLY ENDS IN
DIPPING DIP THE QUESTION FROM THE ORANGE PIP,
OR TEA LEAVES AS WE GENTLY SIP THE WARMING BROWN FROM CUPS RENOWN AT SMALL SALONS OF CROWDED FROWS THAT PENETRATE THE SHARPENED MIND AND REALIZE ITS QUITE A FIND TO QUERY WHAT THE QUESTION IS?

- Paul Holbrook '71

PICTURE-WRITER

I wrote it to be the sun: a globe,
surrounding, spreading rays, its glory,
syllables of fire, its shape.
I polished it till it was metered bright
and, using a pen of orange ink,
printed it neatly on yellow board
and passed it among my friends.
But poems multi-media'd in form
are never quite sincere.

- Julie Lockwood '73
YOUTH

Time steps quietly; gently
Years end as days, quickly,
They say,
Soon a man, soon the end.

They, audience of this circus
On solid ground cheer
So high a step,
Gasping.

Surrounded.
Illumination below not seen,
Seeing how far the fall, judging,
How soon the end.

The net?
Don’t touch the poles, clowns,
Leave. On wide streets, thick,
Firm walks, you are balanced.

Big Shoes,
A rope is small.

- Rufus Hurst ’71

TODAY I WATCHED FLIES WITHOUT WINGS

Today I saw my friend tear wings off flies
THEN SMASH their gut blood dirt on the table.
The ones that got away, the ant-like flies,
The ants did not know what to do,
They were naked and embarrassed and confused.
I looked at them as they looked at me
Then slowly we turned and began to watch
My friend very closely
Today.

- Alice Merrill ’71

ROOM 102

Yellow filthy wall
Just standing there alone with
Only the ceiling.

- Alice Merrill ’71
The Backyard Burial

The day of the funeral it did not even rain. In the movies it always rained and everyone wore black suits and dresses and carried black umbrellas. But on that day the sun came out. I was waiting for Tony to come back from school. He was a patrol guard and had to wait on the corner of Lincoln Street and Semin Bay Road until four o'clock, when most of the other kids had already gone home. I went out to the yard and sat down in the grass by The Swamp (that was our overgrown fern garden). I saw that the old clefted stone was still there and the big yellow potato chip can was still by the tree. I took off the lid and looked at Frisky, still lying there in the cedar shavings, all quiet and stiff. I put the lid back on and felt with relief that the two bumps were still there. I looked up and heard the back door slam. Tony was running out the door. He was carrying something.

"Hey, Cammie! I found a shoebox!" he shouted. He dropped it by the yellow can. "Good," I answered and opened the can again. I looked in, but Tony pushed my head away and looked Frisky himself. "Frisky'll like the box, I think," I said.

Yeah." Tony was reaching into the potato chip can and taking out fistfuls of cedar shavings and patting them into the shoebox. "He's really gonna be comfortable, huh?"

"Sure will."

I picked up the hard brown hamster. He wouldn't have scared Rosemary now. We used to let him out of his cage and he would dart around the kitchen and scare our housekeeper. Rosemary wouldn't scream and jump on a chair or do anything normal. She would just order us to put Frisky back into his cage, it was safer for him there. Then she'd march into the downstairs bathroom and shut the door. We knew she was scared anyways. But now Frisky didn't move or wiggle at all. He felt heavier than before. I held him in my hand and stroked his back for awhile. Then I laid him in the box and began spreading shavings around him.

"Let's make something up ourselves," I suggested. "All right." We knelt down, bent our heads, and folded our hands. Tony began, "Repeat after me... we sadly lay Frisky, the beloved hamster..."
"You know, he doesn’t feel the same, Tony," I said.

"Of course not."

"I mean, you know how you can still feel him even after you put him down—kinda vibrating? I even feel that. He just doesn't.

"He's dead, dummy—he's drowned,” Tony put the lid on the shoebox, untied his shoelace and began pulling out the brown lace from his shoe.

"I don't see why he drowned in his water when he never did before." Yesterday I had come back from school and was pushing bits of bread between the little bars on top of his cage when I saw one little paw touch him. He didn't move. I bent down to see if he was asleep. He usually slept in a small pile of shavings in one corner. His head was resting in the small water dish by the squeaky wheel he played with at night. His mouth was still open and there were little bubbles in the water near his mouth. His eyes were shut. Then I had dropped the bread in my hand and run to Tony.

"Well, he was old, that's all," he was tying up the box and putting a knot in the string.

"But he was only about four years old," I remembered.

"That’s old for a hamster. That’s like...I don’t know. Maybe like fifty or sixty years old.

"Mom was only thirty," I remembered.

"Um—yeah," Tony sat back on his heels and stared at the shoebox, not saying anything. After a while he yelled, "Good grief! a rock, will ya! A nice flat one, the kind that skips good on water.

="I’ve already found one," I took it from my blazer pocket. "It’s a chunk broken off from Mrs. Hayes’ driveway. See, it’s big enough to write a lot on."

="That looks good. Did you bring the fingernail polish?"

="Yes, Trisha snuck some from her mom." I unscrewed the top. "What should I write on it?"

="Let me," he grabbed the little bottle and brush and wrote in sticky pink letters on the stone: FRISKY 1966-1970 OUR PET

="It’s kind of like Blackbeard’s stone," I said as we blew on the stone to make it dry. Then we pulled up some clumps of grass near Blackbeard's place. We began digging at the ground with our hands. It was too hard. Tony ran and got a big shovel. When the hole was finally large enough, we fitted the shovel into the hole and stuffed dirt around and on top of it. We laid the stone at the head of the hump. I put the back of the shoebox back over Blackbeard, the grey form all splotched with black dirt. I jerked my hand from the box and Tony stepped on it. "That's what you learn later in Sunday school. It's when a person who is dead disintegrated, no, died—"

="It’s resurrected, it’s resurrected!"

="No," he threw down the shovel. "That means he's still there?"

="Does that mean Mom is, is still there?"

="It’s not resurrected."

="Blackbeard died before Mom, too," I said.

="He’s still there, Tony."

="Tony looked into the hole."

="Blackbeard died before Mom, too," I said.

="Yes. She is. But Frisky might not go."

="Is she in Heaven?"

="Yes. She is. But Frisky might not go."

="That looks good. Did you bring the fingernail polish?"

="Yes, Trisha snuck some from her mom." I unscrewed the top. "What should I write on it?"

="Let me," he grabbed the little bottle and brush and wrote in sticky pink letters on the stone: FRISKY 1966-1970 OUR PET

="It’s kind of like Blackbeard’s stone," I said as we blew on the stone to make it dry. Then we pulled up some clumps of grass near Blackbeard’s place. We began digging at the ground with our hands. It was too hard. Tony ran and got a big shovel. When the hole was finally large enough, we fitted the shovel into the hole and stuffed dirt around and on top of it. We laid the stone at the head of the hump in the ground. I rubbed my dirty hands on the grass to wipe them clean and then pulled up my navy blue keds, socks, trying to stretch them over my black knees. We sat back and looked.

="I wonder what will happen to him," I asked.

="He will get resurrected," answered Tony.

="What?"

="I believe in the resurrection of the body and the life everlasting," he chanted.

="Well, what is it?"

="It’s what you learn later in Sunday school. It’s when a person who is dead disintegrated, no, disintegrated and goes to heaven.

="Like Mom?"

="Yeah, like Mom." We both stood up.

="Let’s say something," I said. "A prayer."

="Our Father?" Tony asked.

="Okay," and we said the prayer, each of us saying it once alone. Then we sang “For the Beauty of the Earth” since both of us knew the first verse. After that we walked around the grave a few times humming the other verses. Then we stopped, stood very straight, and sang the first verse again. We heard the clang of the pot and spoon that Rosemary called us in with but both of us didn’t stop singing or even turn our heads. She couldn’t see us behind the tall ferns anymore.

="Here we sadly lay Frisky, the beloved hamster."

="Down to rest to be resurrected and sent to Heaven."

="Down to rest to be resurrected and go to Heaven."

="Amen."

="Amen."

Then we crossed our hearts and I kissed the stone. Tony picked up some small rocks from beneath the bushes by the alley. I helped him press them in the dirt around the grave. Suddenly he grabbed the shovel and kicked the stones away from Blackbeard’s grave. Blackbeard was a black bird that had bumped into the kitchen window and died. We saw him one morning at breakfast and later went out and took him to The Swamp, where no one could see us, and buried him. He had a stone, but we didn’t think of a shoebox then.

="What are you doing?" I was scared.

="It’s been a year. He must be gone."

="Tony said as he dug at the small mound. I realized what he was doing and helped him uncover the bird. I felt the black dirt get packed harder and harder into my fingernails as I scraped out the dirt that Tony had loosened with the shovel. All of a sudden I touched something. It was Blackbeard. He was a grey shape, all stuck with clumps of dirt. I jerked my hand from the dirt, screamed, and ran to Tony.

="He’s still there, Tony."

="Tony looked into the hole."

="Blackbeard died before Mom, too," I said.

="Be quiet."

="It's not resurrected."

="No." He threw down the shovel. "That means he's still there?"

="Does that mean Mom is, is still there?"

="It’s not resurrected."

="Blackbeard died before Mom, too." I stared at the sky. Then he looked at me. "Maybe it just doesn't work for animals."

="What about Mom?" I was puzzled. "Is she in Heaven?"

="She is. But Frisky might not go."

="But God loves animals, too!" I insisted. And I thought of the picture on the Sunday school wall. There was a little girl about my age sitting in the grass holding a white bunny in her lap. Underneath, it said, "God Loves Everyone." I had held and played with Frisky in my lap, too. And he had never really done anything bad. Scaring Rosemary was our fault—we let him out of his cage. Then I looked down at Blackbeard, the grey form all splotched with black dirt.

="You’re lying," I screamed at him.

="He pushed me onto the ground, sat on top of me, and pinned my arms back with his knees. He hit me in the mouth. I yelled and kicked at him and he pulled my hair. Then he slammed his fist into my nose. I felt the blood rush past my mouth and down my chin. I could taste it as I yelled. I kicked harder and brought my knees hard against his arms and back. He spit on my face. I tried to spit back but the spit dribbled down my chin and onto my collar. I screamed louder.

="He let me go. I lay on the ground and watched him pick up the yellow potato chip can and walk toward the house. I sat up, put the nail polish in my pocket and wiped my nose on the sleeve of my school blazer. Then I knelt over the sticky pink lettered stone until I heard him slam the back door. I didn’t want him to see me cry.

- Heather Johnson '73
FOR P.E.H.:  

one glorious swan song,  
which valid in its nobility  
sighs a living homage  
to the sensibility of death,  
yet intrudes upon the  
complete making of certain streams  
not so much diverting their courses  
as glinting the suns of time off their banks  
distracting all who would pebble  
the smooth clear pebbled bottom.

the ghost of all in his young years  
sits among the souvenirs.

- Timothy Cope '72
"I write this poem, line by line,  
In memory of Gertrude Stein."

It's the old ones that die mostly,  
Mostly dying from the things that kill them.  
Dying, not surviving, ending what is known  
The old ones cease their being  
Being unable to contend with the contentions  
Of thought and hunger that make one's being.  
But they are not all old ones,  
Old ones dying, dying and not living.  
Ceasing and not caring are the ones  
That cease the living, living being  
Not the being but the seeing and devouring  
Of all thoughts to be devoured.  
These are dying, dying aging, aging, failing,  
Failing miserably are those  
That cease the caring and devouring  
And are not always old ones.

One wonders  
Why the old ones got that way,  
Ceasing only late in life living  
Long while others ceased in being  
Being living while the old ones  
Lived life long with deeds of former days.  
Deeds and days and former days and  
Deeds worth doing on the former days and in them.  
In them on them deeds worth doing  
Deeds worth living worth surviving  
Deeds they did in former days the old ones  
Did and did the deeds, the deeds  
Worth being worth being without ceasing.  
Deeds worth the being and being accomplished  
Made accomplishments worth doing without  
Ceasing. How they made them old ones  
Made them made to hunger while surviving  
Made to hunger with a hunger that  
Was living and not dying and not starving  
But devouring and being living.  
Made the deeds that made them old ones  
Young ones not so young but old ones  
So the old ones were the old ones  
Not the young ones dying mostly  
But the old ones dying mostly  
Being mostly old ones dying and not  
Young ones when they died.

Mourn today the passing of the old ones  
For they knew what was known and took it with them  
Ceasing its being and it being known  
And the hunger of its being ceasing with them  
With the old ones mourned for old ones  
Mourned in morning of their ceasing  
Early ceasing ending stopping  
Stopping things that could once have been known.

- Michael Daugherty '71

APOGEE ANALOGY - FRW 9:

Near one o'clock the winter sun hits them straight on,  
glancing no particular angle of decision.  
Brightness points out who's there – Ebenezer Bland, Talbot,  
Or going; men analogous in dust, glimpsing on some  
wintry afternoon a brief encounter of minds.  
The worth of such encounters? – illumination of distinction  
between vacuity and actuality (existence in peril of  
being judged not to have lived.)  
As the angle widens at one fifteen, rays of resounding  
laughter are reflected by the stones; Laughter understood  
by coupled minds – blurred in thought.  
Laughter in mockery? Ridicule? – only ecstatic esteem  
at the gently blowing poppies extant in the fields  
of the mind, amidst such snow chilled stones.  

Analogous in the Sun.  
Analogous as the men in dust.  
Analogous in the loud sun,  
full of realization and life.

- Paul Holbrook '71
FIRST IMPRESSIONS

Running through the park all bumpety foot,
Singing, jumping, playing,
I spied a man with a hook for a hand,
I cried, I smiled, I laughed,
For when I saw the man at first,
The hook looked very sharp,
Coming closer though, I realized the hook
was rather blunt,
Closer still, it came to me, the hook
was really false,
I found he had two normal hands - at this
I began to laugh,
Running through the park all bumpety foot,
Singing, jumping, playing,
I spied a man with a hook for a hand,
I laughed, I smiled, I cried,
For as the man came closer still,
I saw two wooden legs.

- Austin Hartman, Jr.
French Persuasion

I think that Paris brings out the perverse in everyone, though certainly a place like Zurich is no\nperverse. I mean, let us face it, anywhere you go you'll find what you look for. But somehow Zurich seems\nso much cleaner. You can sit for hours there watching that ice-blue Zurich Sea till you are so thirsty\nyou could drink it with never an obscene thought in your head. But Paris! Where can you go? What can you\nthat is not a constant reminder of the evil that the city smiles through?

Did you ever spend much time in Paris at night? Let us face facts. Anything of significance always\nhappens at night, and Paris seems to be a magnet for all that is evil. I had been told differently. However,\nI had some sort of a weird thought that the worst Paris could be at night would be romantic. So I took\nsome of those leisurely walks along the Seine.

I started up around Notre Dame. So beautiful- so chaste. But nothing happened while I was sneaking\naround the cathedral.

At this point, I rather wish that something had. Perhaps if it had, it would at least have been sanctifi-
ed by God- and even if he does not exist, then most certainly by the lives of the thousands upon thousands\nof knee-worn Catholics who helped build it. But it wasn't, and they didn't. Instead, like a fool, I walked\nalong the Seine, actually half-thinking, half-hoping for the worst, or at least for what I had previously\nthought to be the worst. Romanticism was in my very blood. How can it not be when you are young as\nin Paris?

And so, like a fool, I walked on. I should have known that something bad would happen when I got\noff the Pont Neuf. I had always thought of myself rather desperate looking. But no. There I was standing\non the bridge, looking执导fully (or at least as distractfully as I could) into the very waters that Irma la Dox\nhad thrown herself into, when a boy, a student no older than myself, approached me and asked for ten\nfrancs. I cannot quite remember which direction my shock first took me. Certainly I found it strange\nat the fact that he had approached me of all people. I looked as much like a starving student as he. In i
stance, I was so busy looking

My hand were visibly shaking as I tried to get the last cigarette out of the pack. I always reg-

rather ashamed of myself, I continued my trek down the Seine, considerably less pleased with my

In fact, I kept calling myself rather obscene names- names I do not even use in reference to my mother.

So there I was, perspiring like a little pig, terribly uncomfortable. You know that terrible prick,\nfeeling an incident like that can create, and I was a total victim of my emotions. I finally found a nice\nleafy spot along the river and sat down on the stone embankment to have a cigarette. I smoked like a\nfiend, and often find it the only solace when my emotions get so terribly excited.

My hand were visibly shaking as I tried to get the last cigarette out of the pack. I always regret\ngetting to the bottom of another pack. Getting that last cigarette out always gives me great embarrass-
especially when I am in a crowd. There is really nothing worse than looking like a fiend going for the\nlast cigarette- especially when you have a sneaking suspicion that you really are one.

I somehow managed to get the cigarette out of the pack. I had to tear the pack open to get to it. The\ncigarette, of course, I was confronted with the problem of lighting the damn thing. I am certain that I looked like\na fool, what with the way I could not get it lit. I would have felt a lot better if there had been some wind-

at least then I might have had an excuse.

As I sat there recovering, I first began to really notice what Paris was all about. The city is terribly\nalive. In a city like Cleveland or Philadelphia, you can sit, secure in the knowledge that you are not

And so, I sat there feeling more and more bitter. They say Paris is a city for lovers. Whether that is\ntrue or not, I do not know. In any case, however, lovers certainly take advantage of the situation. Paris has\nmore lovers, more faggots, and more prostitutes than any other city I know. It is disgusting. I did my best to sit there without attracting enough attention to lure any of them in my direction. That\ndid not prevent me, however, from getting a good look at the activity going on around me. As a matter of\nfact, I was so busy looking at the obscene walkers in front of me, I failed to realize that I had sat\ndown next to someone.

"How do you like Paris?" she asked. "Maybe I ought to ask why you don't."

"Uh, yeah. Why did you . . .?" I fear I blustered.

"I asked what you thought of Paris."

She had a kind of nice face; not really pretty, but pleasant. To tell you the truth, I do not really\npretty girls.

"Is anything wrong?" she asked.

"No, no, ah . . . you just caught me . . . what was it you asked me?"

"I asked you how you liked Paris," she repeated.

"Oh, I think it's fine. A lot of fun." I do not know why I lied, but I think she saw through me for some\nreason. Looking back, she did seem like a nice enough girl. She was sitting on the wall cross-legged. Her\nblue jeans made her look like a little kid- or maybe it was her white tennis shoes. In any case, she\nlooked very nice with her legs tucked under her like that.

"You don't sound very convincing," she said.

"Oh no, I like Paris all right, believe you me, I like Paris. It's just that I . . . uh, I haven't met a\nwhole lot of people since I got here."

"You spend a lot of time at American Express?" she asked.

"Well, I usually go over there a couple of times a day," I answered. "Why?"

"You look like the type," she said simply.

"I do?" I really did not know what she was talking about, and frankly think she must have been\nconfused about something. In any case, she laughed a Teenaged girl's sort of laugh.

"How old are you?" I asked her. I had guessed her to be about sixteen years old, and was wondering\nwhat she was doing there alone.

"Twenty-one."

"Could have fooled me," I said.

"People tell me I look young. How old did you think I was?"

"About nineteen, I guess." I then threw my cigarette into the Seine and lit another from a fresh pack.

It reminded me of a joke my seventh grade geography teacher once told. "Did you hear about the man\nwho fell off the bridge in Paris? They said he was 'in-Seine.'"

The girl cocked her head as she looked at me and said, "Are you shittin' me? I haven't heard that\n
I did not know whether to be embarrassed or not. I did think, though, that I ought not say anything\nmore.
"How long have you been here?" she asked.

"Here in Paris?"

"Of course, stupid."

"Oh, I don't know, a couple of days. I guess."

"I assume you’re staying on the Left Bank?"

"No, why, is that where most people stay?" I asked.

"Oh Christ," she said, "you're really something."

I did not know quite what she meant, but figured that there must have been something wrong with

At least she was an American.

"Where are you from?" I asked.

"Philadelphia. Would you believe it, I’m from the Main Line!"

"Which Main Line?"

"Oh Christ!" she said laughing.

Something was terribly wrong, but I could not quite put my finger on it.

"Hey, you want to go somewhere for a drink?" she asked me.

I do not normally like to drink, nor do I usually accept offers from strange girls, but I did not in quite what to say. "Well, uh... I don't know... do you know any good, safe places?"

She laughed again and said, "Sure, let's go."

It was only after we both jumped down from the wall that I noticed what was wrong.

"My name's Tina," she said looking up to me.

"Uh... my... mine's Tim." She only came up to my waist. She was a midget, or a dwarf, or whatever the hell you’re supposed to call them.

"Let's go Tim," she laughed.

I flushed red hot as we walked along. I did not know where I was going, or what I was doing.

"My name's Tina," she said looking up to me.

"Uh... my... mine's Tim." She only came up to my waist. She was a midget, or a dwarf, or whatever the hell you’re supposed to call them.

"Let's go Tim," she laughed.

I flushed red hot as we walked along. I did not know where I was going, or what I was doing.

"My name's Tina," she said looking up to me.

"Uh... my... mine's Tim." She only came up to my waist. She was a midget, or a dwarf, or whatever the hell you’re supposed to call them.

"Let's go Tim," she laughed.

I flushed red hot as we walked along. I did not know where I was going, or what I was doing.

"My name's Tina," she said looking up to me.

"Uh... my... mine's Tim." She only came up to my waist. She was a midget, or a dwarf, or whatever the hell you’re supposed to call them.

"Let's go Tim," she laughed.

I flushed red hot as we walked along. I did not know where I was going, or what I was doing.

"My name's Tina," she said looking up to me.

"Uh... my... mine's Tim." She only came up to my waist. She was a midget, or a dwarf, or whatever the hell you’re supposed to call them.

"Let's go Tim," she laughed.

I flushed red hot as we walked along. I did not know where I was going, or what I was doing.

"My name's Tina," she said looking up to me.

"Uh... my... mine's Tim." She only came up to my waist. She was a midget, or a dwarf, or whatever the hell you’re supposed to call them.

"Let's go Tim," she laughed.
both hands. I tore her shirt open with a quick jerk of my hand. "...a goddamn perverted freak", her chair tipped over backwards, I saw that the smile was still on her face.

I turned and saw the crowd that had gathered behind me. I reached over and grabbed my cigarettes and what few cigarettes I could that had fallen out of the pack, and then turned and broke through the crowd. I somehow made my way to the street and ran coughing and perspiring as long as I could, as I reached a Metro entrance.

It always happens that way. It is the damned freaks that always try to destroy the little bit of decency that exists in this world. I am sorry that there cannot be more good in this evil world. Thank God there are places where I can somehow escape from the evils of Paris and the rest of the world. The perverts need not triumph if we are strong.

- John Benet
His muscled torso struck out against the wind, powerful, inside it lay four chambers of a pump. They clamored like the steel he daily wrought, hissing hot when hit, molded violently against will, tempered delicately to a point that could flay the skin it killed though winged through space to captivate its capture it remained unbent. He loved. Full grew his neck, veined, red-skinned, taut and dried by the flames of his fires. He screeched, piercing the sky that held a setting sun, exploding beads of sweat streaked his face then settled gently in a pool beneath his feet.

- R. Crozier '71

COUNT JACK PLAYING PEASANT

How well you sit your soft warm clothes, Wooly nub on wraglen floor And between soups of soybean stew, You melt your wax and plant the herb And pass good wine from hand to smile.

Grinning hedgehods make your door. They circle round in simple beat And bind you to the fireplace we could only dream of As you read Thoreau; alone out loud.

You treasure much, condemn much more, Your fox hole smells of scattered legends wrapped in myths: Trinkets of history in blue feather love, Ties and seals of constant portraits And always Yellow flakes falling from the ceiling, You read them fully before they hit the ground. Then you try so hard to mend them into just one word.

- Alice Merrill '71

road runs down valley
cut by fast streams
over irrigation ditch
through landslide
green pocked revival
between scrub oak range
aspen meadow grazes
past cattle pen and loading chute

- Fred Hoppe '71

ENDER

I stumbled through
two hundred
parking lots
looking for a
classic car
just like mine.

- M. J. Wallace '72

Dimitrios Stopilas
drinking bitter coffee-mud
in the harbour cafe
Silent Dimitrios draws pungent
puffs of crushed leaves
eyes glinting at the white sails - his pride
He never sits too far away.

Leather lizard warms himself by Apollo's chosen shore
Wise eyes slide -- follow round olive girls bathing in the sea --
only blink to clear the mist of memory.

- Cary Spear '71
And how one's feet ached sweetly from too much bare walking on those amazing white concrete sidewalks. There was something delightfully perfect about them, so warm and hard and flat with tiny ridges and smooth surfaces, something so perfect that it wasn't enough to feel it only thru the soles of one's feet; I could have to lie down and feel the concreteness all along my body, cheeks and palms and elbows, creasebone and protruding ribs and at both knees and the tips of my toes. It was always a furtive tryst, at Monday, perhaps, when that sardonic sun had driven everyone else indoors. There was no doubt about Sidewalks were perfect.

Grampa was perfect, too. There was the same kind of concrete perfection in the sure way he ran his hand through my hair when I looked up at him as when I lay stretched out on the sidewalk in front of his house. It was warm and hard, not too little, not too much, not too long or short. He was a quiet man because he saw to the core of things, where they were darkest, and this included human beings; I always felt that I would rather stand and stare into the sun than into his ancient eyes.

He was perfect, too. But he died.

Grandma was less than perfect, but more durable. She was sentimental and cantankerous by unpredictable turns, as if she felt senility creeping up on her and sought by an occasional outburst of unprovoked indignation to scare it off a bit, and shake everything else back into place as well. Her life's treaury, like any throw rug, was to be taken out and beaten periodically to rid it of the dust of her apprehensions.

I count time from the accident on; what went before is still quite vague and sensitive to the touch of memory, and so I count all of my childhood as having been spent in the care of my grandparents. I was still young enough at the time to treat death as a mechanical and perfectly acceptable sort of transition; was only later when that innate wisdom was killed out of me that I came to view those days with a kind of retroactive horror. My grandparents came for me and took me home with them. I was calm and unemotional and accepted them easily. Their house had an odd smell about it, one which I've since come to recognize as peculiar to the homes of old people, but was not unlike that of my parents; my mother's age apparently carried with it very distinct proclivities in architecture and decor, so her mother's house had a familiar air, her cooking was easily as good, her hands as warm and comforting. It was though.

The hands. They were the only part of her body that fully showed her age now; eyes, brow, breasts, was kept their secrets well. But the hands were wrinkled, mottled, and large-veined as they flipped through the day's small pile of mail, envelopes still warm from the sun-bleached mailbox, sorting out U's from letters, magazines from advertisements. She paused over one small white tissue envelope and looked up from the movie listings with subdued expectation.

"One for you," she said with studied nonchalance.

"Thank you," I said. It was still warm to the touch, and I laid it next to my cereal bowl in the little glare of sun from the kitchen window to keep it so. It was of a gravid, promissory thickness, swathed in sienaskin that positively looked perfumed, scrawlings of ink coyly unreadable behind my name and address, asking in the morning sun.

Grandma had opened all the bills and was totalling them in her head.

"I wish your grampa could see this day," she said, the touch of sarcasm in her finding its way out.
"He never thought you'd find a girl who'd put up with you." Her eyes never lifted from the paper as she read it. Her head dropped slightly. I, too, looked down, a sudden and undisciplined hunger coming over me. The hunger, I knew, was an attempt to prove myself to her. The hunger, I knew, was a hunger to be myself, to be real, to be alive.

"Indeed," I said, "What's she like?"

"She's just a friend," she said.

Grandma shot me a glance as she ripped open another letter. "She's a girl," she said.

She had me there. I excused myself and mounted the stairs to my room as casually as possible. I was quite young, not quite twenty, and I was embarrassed to be embarrassed at having a girlfriend at age twenty.

My grandfather, Franklin Lynd Osborne, struck an unconsciously statuesque pose atop the porch. He was the owner of most of the front acre of his home and small farm. He was very tall, over six feet, and born a frame still so massive as to seem out of place. The respect in his younger days. The muscle had gone a bit flaccid, the torso was just beginning to bit at the equator, but the animal respectability remained. It shone openly from his small blue eyes, deep-set beneath bushy brows, it was reflected in his steady gait, unaggressive but supple and confident, and mirrored again and again in a thousand small physical manneuvers and turns of the road.

He stood on the crest and looked across less than a mile of rolling Pennsylvania countryside to a valley to the newly-peopled ridge. They would come soon. They would come and want to buy up se

...
It did bother me later, and then I tried to wrestle that hybrid love apart with reason and will, but when it cracked and bled I panicked and released it, let it heal back to its former ness and left it to grow or die of its own accord. There are no more words; each guillotines it, each syllogism festers on the scarline of that ancient ambiguity...

"Do you still like it here, Kevin?" my grandmother asked.
"Of course I do. What made you think that I didn't?"
"Nothing. But I know that you're anxious to get back to school this year."
"Why do you say that?"
"I can tell."
She paused.
"You know your old grandma can always tell."

Yes, I did know that.

Light draped her shoulders as she bent over the stove to sniff the stew; her head was in the cupboards.

"I just hope you don't forget this old house completely when you go away."

It was one of her moods coming on. She would grind herself down into the most pitiable depre. I did not quickly sidetrack her. Too often I had wept in front of her when she began to speak this way. I girded myself, determined not to be subverted again.

"Don't be foolish, Grandma. What's for dinner?"

It was too weak.

"Stew. Your Grampa's favorite stew. I learned half of my cooking from him, you know. He was a cook in his time. Do you remember?"
"Of course, Grandma."

Stir, stir, stir, and the heavy smell of the floured juices splashed about in my brain like some racial memory.

"I'm glad you remember," she said very softly. "It's important that you remember, you know."

She was going. I couldn't stop her now.

"Especially your grandfather; you must remember him, more than me. He was a fine man in his time. A wonderful man."

"I know that, Grandma..."
"If only he'd been more careful when he went..."
"Grandma," I cut her off. She relented. Did she do it deliberately? Did she know so well what it was to touch to bring the tears from the eyes of the lonely, loving child still locked inside me? I looked out the window and tried very hard to think of something else. Night was falling. It had begun to rain. It seemed to remember reading somewhere that most vegetation was faintly luminescent. Out in the storm, it looked so now; running, ghostly greens.

Dinner was served and we did not speak. Grandma had no shame in these matters, no qualms in the self-pitying remembrances, but my own pride bristled from me in almost palpable waves, and to this she would defer.

But I was doubly vulnerable that day.

"Was it a nice letter?"

For a second I genuinely did not know what she was talking about.

"From your girlfriend," she prompted. The adolescent term brought heat to my cheeks.

"Very nice, thank you."

The mottled hands performed some arcane magic with the tossed salad.

"Tell me about her," she said, ostensibly preoccupied with a tomato.

The direct command startled me, I stammered out a breath of resignation. Marion was locked in her silent season, and this was the winter of words.

"She's a pretty girl, intelligent, quiet. I'm sure you'd like her," I ripped off blandly. Of chambered scenes and chemistries...

Grandma was dismayingly enrapt.

"How did you meet her?"
"In class." True enough.

"Why do you say I'd like her so?"

I tried to escape into sarcasm.

"Because she's a perfect lady, very refined, and filthy rich."

To my dismay, she seemed to take me seriously.

"Isn't there anything wrong with her?" she smiled.

Beaten, I reverted to sincerity.

"Yes. She laughs too loud in movies." It was true, but a ridiculous little sidelight seized upon in desperation.

Grandma levelled her teaspoon and looked me directly in the eye.

"A woman who laughs loudly is afraid of something," she said.

That was the end of the conversation.

Wordlessly, Grampa rose from the table wiping his mouth, and disappeared into the living room. It was his wife's signal to move as well. She quickly and quietly cleared the table while I offered clumsy assistance with the glasses and silverware. Water was already scalding and soapy in the sink, to which we signed the ruins of another meal.

"Bet I could get those fingernails clean in here," Grandma threatened, smiling. Steam rose and frosted the cold, black squares of the window panes. Somehow immune to the heat of the water, her hands dipped in and out quickly and surely, wiping, drying, stacking with the well-tutored ease of routine.

"But I could get those fingernails clean in here," Grandma threatened, smiling. Steam rose and frosted the cold, black squares of the window panes. Somehow immune to the heat of the water, her hands dipped in and out quickly and surely, wiping, drying, stacking with the well-tutored ease of routine.

She finished and turned immediately to the tall, narrow bucket that stood beside the outer door of the kitchen. I smiled knowingly and followed. She snifed at the rim and tilted it slightly so that I could hear the languid sloshing and smell ever so faintly but precisely the scent of slightly soured milk, the un-
drinkable excess of what Grampa had culled that morning. It would not be wasted; we had not had a case in almost a month, and even having just eaten, I was tantalized by the thought of it.

"You pour," she said.

She held the sack over the edge of the porch and propped its mouth wide open with her fingers and slowly, I tilted the bucket up and carefully poured the milk, the warm, white even in the darkness, down the center of the bag, occasionally splashing warm, sticky droplets on her hands and wrists. A thin path started from the burlap, then stopped almost immediately. When it was full, she pulled the drawstring and hung it carefully from a strategically-placed nail in the porch cornice. There was a slow but dripping of almost clear liquid from the plump underside. In a day or so the water would drain away, leaving only the white smearcase behind, rich, tangy cheese to be eaten right then, or to be molded into wedges or bricks and left to ripen further.

I watched the bag swing gently in the night air, dripping. I stood as if mesmerized for several minutes, then turned reluctantly at Grandma's soft, chiding call and followed her inside the kitchen.

Grampa was sitting in the living room reading a copy of Everybody's Poultry Magazine. I sat back to the blackened, empty fireplace and watched him as I toyed with the log poker. I was still sleepy with food and warmth. His jaw worked steadily and his left cheek was puffed up. Occasionally he leaned over the arm of his chair and let a drop of brown fall from between his teeth and into the coffee cuspidor that he carried with him everywhere inside the house under Grandma's watchful eye. The present package of Red Man chewing tobacco protruded from his breast pocket.

Grampa was sitting in the living room reading a copy of Everybody's Poultry Magazine. I sat back to the blackened, empty fireplace and watched him as I toyed with the log poker. I was still sleepy with food and warmth. His jaw worked steadily and his left cheek was puffed up. Occasionally he leaned over the arm of his chair and let a drop of brown fall from between his teeth and into the coffee cuspidor that he carried with him everywhere inside the house under Grandma's watchful eye. The present package of Red Man chewing tobacco protruded from his breast pocket.

He read without undue concentration, at the same time watching a tiny bug flit in and out of the outline cast by the reading lamp, until by chance it flew blindly into the bare, hot bulb and dropped immediately.

"Icarus," he said softly, and he chuckled once, never raising his eyes from the page, and I watched him and toyed with the poker. I didn't know who Icarus was.

I was seven.

The morning air was icy clear and punctuated with smells of breakfast. I rose quickly from the pulpy mattress and pulled on bluejeans and a checkered flannel shirt and trotted downstairs next to my grandfather to watch. He loaded and cocked the Remington noiselessly, then casually turned his head to his right hand. The tilled acreage lay to our right, bordered by a tall stand of sycamores, within knotted trunks. There was a tacit fierceness to this sentient life that drove up through the soils of my feet and bristled the hair on my neck as I walked. It delighted me in an oddly perverse way; we were far out of sight of the house now, trampling almost randomly through the ground brush.

"You pour," she said.

I started. I knew how to use the rifle and had fired it often enough before, but only at tin cans and into ponds and tree trunks. A small, nervous thrill shot through me at this sudden baptism. I ripped the shining wood and Grampa laid his hands upon my shoulders for a moment, then stepped away.

I shifted the heavy, seductive weight of the stock to my right shoulder, at first just feeling the long, balanced, woodensteel line of it, not aiming. Then I rolled my eye up the long barrel to the sight and racked the sight in turn to the field of vision beyond, up the mottled trunk of the elm and along the thick branch to where the black bird sat preening itself in the inclement sun. I sat him on top of the little ball of the barrel sight. The shell fairly hummed with potentiality in the chamber next to my ear.

"Yes," he whispered.

I touched the clean steel fang of the trigger, nestled it firmly in the first joint of my forefinger.

"Now, boy, now. He's gettin' ready to go."

I caught my breath and began to let it out slowly, hugging the trigger now, tighter, tighter, back towards the stock.

The report was clean and pitchless in the canopy of trees, a quick stab of noise. There was a mean, blackened, woodensteel line of it, not aiming. Then I rolled my eye up the long barrel to the sight and racked the sight in turn to the field of vision beyond, up the mottled trunk of the elm and along the thick branch to where the black bird sat preening itself in the inclement sun. I sat him on top of the little ball of the barrel sight. The shell fairly hummed with potentiality in the chamber next to my ear.

The rifle suddenly turned huge and unawares in my hands, and I cradled it hastily to keep from dropping it. My arms were rubbery and trembling.
"Okay, boy," said Grampa flatly, taking it from me. I felt a hot flush of confused shame, not whether it was because I had not made a clean kill, or because I had killed at all. My stomach was knotted stone.

Grampa was expressionless. We reached the knoll and I poked around listlessly in the ground. I was vaguely grateful when we could not find the big black bird.

I was thirteen.

When I was six, around Easter, my father and mother bought me a tiny duckling which I captured and played with and kept warm next to the stove in our kitchen. Always the unique smell of my mother and her cooking mingled there, and I loved that room. I loved the duckling, too, and one day I sat alone holding it, feeling its warmth, I gave it a gentle squeeze, affectionately at first, and felt a thrill at it. I squeezed again, harder this time, and the bird gave a soft cry, and I felt the tiny moment of bone and blood within the thing, so frail, so curious, and there rose in me a perverse, furtive jolt of pain, was really memory, the oldest of memory. What it was, was a subliminal remembrance of bone to whom all things were new, all consciousnesses primary. Those first impressions of the world, the pig to whom all things were new, the feeling, the certainty, that I could have been, could have been there, or there, or there, doing this or that or that. I was waiting for the time to change, and I didn't really know what time, or what change.

I decided that the elusive, archetypal scent that I sensed in certain moments, like this one, almost in a momentary tableau, as if imminently the forest would explode into rampant growth, expanding, powering, choking itself and the earth, decadent and fulfilled, unconscious, oblivious, and therefore vincibly powerful.

It was some forty-five minutes before they found him deep in the brush, his blood clashing jolt of pain, was really memory, the oldest of memory. What it was, was a subliminal remembrance of against the blank, clean wall of virgin consciousness, were clouded over now with repetition and familiarity, but the indelible patterns that those perceptions had made when they first struck the wall

It was impossible to tell whether the cogs of the earth were driving those of the sky, or vice-versa, so headlong was their motion, so well-oiled were those vast gears by wind and electric fire.

I walked slowly, hands in pockets, invigorated by the chill, indulging in the whipping of the wind that twisted around the corners of the actualities I knew, in glimpses or remembrances of street scenes, Buildings, faces, in magazines or through windows, the feeling, the certainty, that I could have been, could have been there, or there, or there, doing this or that or that. I was waiting for the time to change, and I didn't really know what time, or what change.

I decided that the elusive, archetypal scent that I sensed in certain moments, like this one, almost in a momentary tableau, as if imminently the forest would explode into rampant growth, expanding, powering, choking itself and the earth, decadent and fulfilled, unconscious, oblivious, and therefore vincibly powerful.

I walked slowly, hands in pockets, invigorated by the chill, indulging in the whipping of the wind that twisted around the corners of the actualities I knew, in glimpses or remembrances of street scenes, Buildings, faces, in magazines or through windows, the feeling, the certainty, that I could have been, could have been there, or there, or there, doing this or that or that. I was waiting for the time to change, and I didn't really know what time, or what change.

I decided that the elusive, archetypal scent that I sensed in certain moments, like this one, almost in a momentary tableau, as if imminently the forest would explode into rampant growth, expanding, powering, choking itself and the earth, decadent and fulfilled, unconscious, oblivious, and therefore vincibly powerful.

I walked slowly, hands in pockets, invigorated by the chill, indulging in the whipping of the wind that twisted around the corners of the actualities I knew, in glimpses or remembrances of street scenes, Buildings, faces, in magazines or through windows, the feeling, the certainty, that I could have been, could have been there, or there, or there, doing this or that or that. I was waiting for the time to change, and I didn't really know what time, or what change.

I decided that the elusive, archetypal scent that I sensed in certain moments, like this one, almost in a momentary tableau, as if imminently the forest would explode into rampant growth, expanding, powering, choking itself and the earth, decadent and fulfilled, unconscious, oblivious, and therefore vincibly powerful.

I walked slowly, hands in pockets, invigorated by the chill, indulging in the whipping of the wind that twisted around the corners of the actualities I knew, in glimpses or remembrances of street scenes, Buildings, faces, in magazines or through windows, the feeling, the certainty, that I could have been, could have been there, or there, or there, doing this or that or that. I was waiting for the time to change, and I didn't really know what time, or what change.

I decided that the elusive, archetypal scent that I sensed in certain moments, like this one, almost in a momentary tableau, as if imminently the forest would explode into rampant growth, expanding, powering, choking itself and the earth, decadent and fulfilled, unconscious, oblivious, and therefore vincibly powerful.
Something was rotting in the garage. We could smell it. It wasn't the garbage and it wasn't the
grass clippings. It was distinctly animal. Something had crept into the garage to die, and now
it was rotting, hidden away in one of the million dark crevices of the clutter. Grandma sent me in to
get it out. It was a grey, stuffy Sunday between Christmas and New Year's. In jeans and a
sweater, puffing in the musty cold, I wandered through the accumulated debris of three lifetimes, looking for
death. It was a cache of all our mottled skins: my old bicycle, the remains of Grampa's small
haphazardly boxed, some ancient dresses, one of which looked like a wedding gown, the old rusted
36pistol, old tools and parts of engines, broken chairs, paintings and photo albums, a dusty harvest of
memories.

I was not very interested in it.

The smell had so permeated the garage that its source could not be pinpointed. I moved
randomly, poking here, sniffing there. I was growing used to the odor. I shuffled. The bottom
box had deteriorated and its contents fell through to the cement floor when I lifted it, swaying and
fluent. There were a number of envelopes, news clippings and photographs in the literature
of it looked very old. I toyed with the idea of putting it all in the trash. I picked up a small
yellowed, brittle newpaper and perused it skeptically, wondering what importance it had had, or
where it had come from.

I read no further, but carefully put the article back in the small pile and began to draw it
unconsciously of mind to a person whom she had perceived as a child. Now that spell i
was a young likeness of myself, standing by a bicycle in pantaloons drawn up to the knee. I sh\n
My heart froze.

I threw down the photograph and hurried from the garage, gasping, choking.

I realized with a shock that she was speaking to me, treating me in every way as
an adult, as a peer, and that what I before had thought was creeping senility had actually been
adult's condenscencions of mind to a person whom she had perceived as a child. Now that spell
had been broken in the few months I had been away - by what? A phrase in some letter? The engagelemen

I threw open the garage door to clear its mustiness. Very little had changed. The Remington was
in its place. Except for a thin film of dust, the old house had never looked better. All of it was
in its place. There was nothing, of course. It was all stored elsewhere.

I decided I could bear to spend a few hours in the dark crevices.

I looked for my defense. Mother-son? She slapped it down. Neighbor-neighbor? Too
patronizing, sexless. I finally gave up and felt myself gravitating towards
friendship. Friend-friend? Too patronizing, sexless. I finally gave up and felt myself gravitating towards
the smell in the garage, money, friendship, love. She shaped the air with the aging, wizened ha:

My grandmother died several weeks later. I received a call from the family doctor who put the
news to me as gently as he could. Grandma had had a mild case of diabetes through the last several
years of her life, a fact that she had asked be kept from me since nothing could be done. The condi
tion could be controlled with pills, and she might have lived several more years, but on the bright
morning twenty-four hours before she had left her house spotless, every window jar, every vase,
every article of clothing in perfect order, and had driven the twelve miles to town, stopped in a favori
eat dairy bar and ordered a banana split and a milk shake. She had gone into insulin shock a few hours
later and, inexplicably, died the next morning, very peacefully.

I laughed, I laughed long and loud and hysterically. I don't know why.

I went back home again alone.

Everything was in its place. Except for a thin film of dust, the old house had never looked better.
I began to close the place down. I moved all my things out of my upstairs room and checked my grand
parents' bedroom for anything of value. There was nothing, of course. It was all stored elsewhere,

The kitchen was shining in the sun. Airy curtains hovered on the early summer breeze. The re-
frits' bedroom for anything of value. There was nothing, of course. It was all stored elsewhere.

The kitchen was shining in the sun. Airy curtains hovered on the early summer breeze. The re-
frits' bedroom for anything of value. There was nothing, of course. It was all stored elsewhere.

The kitchen was shining in the sun. Airy curtains hovered on the early summer breeze. The re-
frits' bedroom for anything of value. There was nothing, of course. It was all stored elsewhere.

The kitchen was shining in the sun. Airy curtains hovered on the early summer breeze. The re-
...
Time Ticking Off, Not Stopping

I remember the sea, still slumbering like a great hulking beast that is perpetually stretching, and I remember the sun-dimpled town, the sun not lighting as a whole but in separate bright pieces. The men were howling and rolling then, and the men in the smoky, oak panelled rooms sat on the bar stools and dimpled town, the sun not lighting is as a whole but in separate bright pieces. The bellowsing wind last night had blown away the fern covered cliffs. But they would always be there, and rolling then, and the men in the smoky, oak panelled rooms sat on the bar stools and dimpled town, the sun not lighting is as a whole but in separate bright pieces. The bellowsing wind last night had blown away the fern covered cliffs. But they would always be there, and I remember walking with the fog sand-sifting over the mountain tops in finger projections and looking to see if the sun would always sink Javanese golden, in the evening sky. That was the year that mother knit a scarlet sweater with THOU SHALT NOT stitched on the bosom, and gave it to my aunt, who mother rising hell. That was also the year I received an enormous pea green (I later dyed it magenta) something suit, with THE CIRCUMSPECT SOCIETY FOR NEW YORK SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS embel-
sished noisily in huge red letters across its front; and two days later I distinctly remember dreaming I had been somehow reincarnated in the shape of a Gallo wine bottle. That was the year that men asked to town in blue colored tubular trousers and mothers gave their children warm cinnamon buns and new quarters to take to the zoo, and I remember sharing the last of my moist buns with a dirty, hungry boy, and a sad shaggy lion. And that was the year that you came back.

There was a murmur of approval from the child at the sagacity of the queen's choice in keeping Beelzebub in her boudoir. After all, he thought, the castle was probably very large and therefore the queen, wearing a long red night gown and earring a candle, could ride Beelzebub from one end of the castle to the other while she went to kiss each one of her fourteen children goodnight.

It was growing colder and in the half darkness I listened to the steady money-dropped clink clink of feet striking the hard surface of the flagstone square as I walked home. The child, now sleeping, his feet striking the hard surface of the flagstone square as I walked home. The child, now sleeping, his head against my shoulder, breathed softly against my cheek, his breath leaving vapor trails which slowly were swallowed by the growing darkness, when I heard a half whispered

"Rachael. Rachael . . ."

I turned and saw a bundled up figure of my height hurrying towards me. The child awoke and slid down to the pavement, grasping my hand as the figure came closer.

I recognized a round pale face and a pair of extraordinary blue eyes, which, as they always had a thin line of black mascara around the bottom lids, appeared paler than they actually were. She always put her whole of her face into those eyes. Neither of us said anything, but each of us came something that seemed to merge into the other, somehow making each of us fuller, more whole. We stood and looked at each other, and the child, growing impatient, began to shuffle his feet, making a hard scraping noise as each one of them hit the flagstones. Finally I said,

"After so long to see you here. Let's go have some coffee together and talk. I have missed you."

We walked across the square, long and grey in the evening, to a little shop, Fanny's, and sat down in
a corner. I ordered two coffees and a hot chocolate and she, a plate of gingersnaps. She had remembered.

I smiled, thinking of the time— I was still in high school then—when we, sitting on blue cushions, listening to the rain, ate a plate of warm, just-made gingersnaps.

We talked of the changes that had happened to both of us since we last saw each other, and of the things we used to do together. Holding her coffee cup in both hands, as she always did, began telling me about her husband, who was a doctor at a clinic in Saint Louis. Her tongue quickly licked the lower lip, fuller than the upper, and caught a drop of coffee. She folded her hands quietly and said,

"And Rachael, you, how have you been?"

I told her about my marriage, unhappy, to a lawyer, about the two children I had had, one of whom I had named after her, and about my college years, yet it seemed that while I talked I was unable to talk about myself. Perhaps it was that I had not seen her for so long, or perhaps no one is ever able to talk to another in exactness the nature of his needs, his joys, his struggles and that human speech is too few poor sticks of wood when we long to have the means to build a blaze.

We sat and talked for a while, each of us trying to take away with us some part of the other person, each of us feeling what the other was needing, yet unable to say or give it.

The child said that he was sleepy and I, after looking at my watch, rose to go. I asked her how she was staying in Cleveland; she said that she would be there the week, as Larry was attending medical school at University Hospitals, and we promised to meet again.

We walked out of the shop together, I giving her my telephone number and she promising to call. We watched her walk across the flagstones and waved as she turned to say goodbye at the edge of the street. She turned, and the echo of her footsteps soon became, as the image of her person, swallowed up in darkness. The child, taking my hand, asked who she was.

"Ah," I said, "she was the queen that kept the boar in her boudoir."

"Why did she go?"

"I don't know. Perhaps—yes, she had to go home to wind the clocks in her garden."

The child asked no more questions, and we too walked slowly home in the darkness, watching our warm breath vanish swiftly in the cold air.

- Holly Battle