

The first thing I noticed as I stood there was the old house. Strangely, I was startled by its distant gaze as though it were the first time I had seen it. Then I looked around and saw Mother out feeding the chickens. Father was carrying in two pails of milk, and the big black cat stood on the gate post and miaowed at him as he passed. Under the apple tree in a corner of the backyard were three children in rompers playing in a sand pile. I looked more closely. One of them was myself! The other two were my younger brother and sister.

I watched the scene for some minutes. Then a change took place. The light that bathed the countryside became a shade whiter, and all the moving figures and the old house on the hill vanished. For an instant I felt an oppressive sensation, which quickly fled as I considered the new situation. The place now looked exactly as it must this moment. But there was one new and final change I had never noticed before. The new house, our house, was no longer looking at the town. Its gaze was lifted out into infinity. It appalled me. I was very slow in realizing that the new house was the old house now. I stood for a long time trying to follow that gaze; then slowly darkness fell and my second window became opaque.

## Trees

Edith Blood

*T*WINKLING, laughing, glittering trees;  
Springtime gayety, warring leaves.  
Never a care, they make in the breeze  
Shadowy patterns, as a witch weaves.

Summer and calmness, stifling heat,  
Middle-aged quietness, perfect content.  
Beautifully slim, all the trees compete,  
Battle the elements, remain unbent.

Fall brings frostbite, winds blow keen;  
Trees stand defiant, patiently strong.  
Winter comes puffing to steal all the green.  
Brown leaves flutter, humming a song.

