

"Let's see it."

He stretched out his elbow to her. She bent her head down and squinted to see the scratch.

"I think I need a Band-Aid."

"I guess we better go back to the house and get you one. Then, you know what? Mr. Wobbley's going to take us all to the lake, and I'll show you how to *really* skip a rock."

"Really?"

"Sure," she said. She got up and lifted him to his feet. "Come on, I'll race you back. Last one there's a rotten egg."

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## Again

by

*Paul Iasevoli*

*Spanish 4*

A little light flickered over  
the edges of your eyes,  
And you told me it was just the Moon  
paying you her nightly visit;

I sighed again and smiled  
Through smoky panes of glass  
that filled the room  
like silent mirrors reflecting nothing.

And you stood before me  
steel-gray and blue;  
Wrapped in moonlit linen  
like some ancient god.

Our fingers entwined in little knots  
freezing us both in steel-gray blue;  
As you fell through a smoky mirror  
with moonlight still brimming from your eyes.

And I sighed.  
And I smile.  
Again . . .