

mother would let her run over and look for the pot of gold. The boys had stopped and were looking at the rainbow too. It was beautiful, and the air was fresh and clean. Mr. Gerald's spirits rose as he looked at it. In the house Mrs. Gerald was watching it, too, as she made sandwiches for lunch, and squeezed lemons.

"Lunch is ready, folks," she called.

The heaviness came back to Mr. Gerald. "Mary," he said, "the corn—the garden—the hail has ruined everything."

The mother was silent a moment. "It makes nice lemonade," she said.

Restless Fever

Phyllis Wendt

Wandering, lost—no steady shining light—
 I rub my lamp, cry to the rising genie to end my search.
 The voice comes low, insistent, "I serve.
 Declare your God!"

How should I answer? My Gods are many—
 The God of scientific attitude, trial and error, the impersonality
 of a swollen puncture from a hypodermic needle;
 The God of faith and blind belief, the old traditions;
 The God of printed words, the wild grey dust of age-old brains
 condensed to neat black rows of type;
 The God of changing seasons—Spring swishing her skirts, pro-
 vocative, as she ambles on toward June, or Fall gingerly cup-
 ping the last bit of Indian summer in the curled palms of a
 dozen brittle leaves;
 The God of steel heights, shining rails and blinking signals,
 smokestacks pulling streams of clouds along the sky;
 The God of quietness and night, warm human nearness, love and
 oneness.

What is my God?
 I turn to ask the genie,
 And find only sewer steam that curls before the sidewalk light.