

Harshly, the limpid surroundings of my quiet were torn, disintegrating the multiple images of myself, set, illuminated, somewhere inside of the blackness of my skull. I had taken another step and all that intricate structure was gone—memories, thoughts, sensations—all disappearing like the flashing colors of fish dragged onto dry land. All were lost because the environment that transmitted them was lost. Only the feeling of unreality remained, puzzling and annoying, like dead perfume in a long-closed house.

"Hey, Sleepy," I shouted, "what day is it?"

"Wednesday, of course. Th' hell's matter? Ya nuts?"

Perhaps. It is a strange thing, this loss of certainty.



## Vision

By June Gaylord

Last night I saw you coming down the lane,  
So tall and slim. I knew your weary walk  
That stirred the dust, but you—you did not talk,  
And I could not, for you were back again.

Your overcoat was thrown across your arm,  
And there were scattered ashes on your vest.  
My eyes blurred then. I couldn't see the rest,  
But it was you—returning to the farm.

You didn't see me standing at the gate,  
For you passed by, though it was opened wide.  
And in the darkening gloom you seemed to slide  
Away from me. I called to you too late.

Oh, Dad, I've waited three long years for you  
To walk with me, just as you used to do.