Gram had been standing beside me. Suddenly she went down the steps and started towards them.

“David—”

Uncle Dave, startled, turned and looked at her.

“David, don’t keep Ruthie out too late—and, stop in to see us when you bring her back!”

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The Silk Triangle

Keith Shillington

Last night you lifted up
Your huge and horned hand
And tore a hole in heaven.
Slipping in your telescope
As one slips a straw in soda,
You cried, “See! Just an infinite there!”
And thinking to have slyly cut my strings,
Jeered, “Dance, Marionette, dance—”
I rose up from out my huddled heap
And lurched a hollow square.
Then I saw your frothed and awkward jaw
And idiot eye
And knew you had forgotten
The heavy-handed Infinite of Love.