

The soap stung his eyes as he stood in the shower and blinked them open for a photographer who'd asked for "a little human interest, Johnny." He threw back the tousled head with an eye-catching grin as the flash went off, and the folds of success lined the water, in making a warm, comfortable coat for him.



Different Day

Mary Jo Overholt

Today is the same old day
As yesterday
The day before and all the winters—

Cold steals down again from a soggy sky;
It's going to snow. . . .

Grey tissue-paper ashes out of a pale grey sky
Show suddenly against dark trees
As great white feathers
And plop in complete stillness
At our feet.

I stand here watching
As on countless times before. . . .

The wind sweeps down from a hostile sky
Swirling and driving the snow before it
Never to come to rest;
The lakewater surges in endless swells and
Breaks in swift wild terror on icy bluffs
And slides eternally out again.

And you are here. . . .
I look back to the storm
And all is new along the beach.

There is the sun—
I have never seen the sun before today.