

Mr. Simmons from down the street. "Better hurry home, honey." But she was gone, and he stared after her, shaking his head. "Po' little kid."

She saw Ma standing on the porch. Over the last bump, and into the yard. She was home. Home at the gray, weather-beaten house with the rickety front porch. Home where she most wanted to be, and where she wasn't different.

As she held Georgie, she giggled to herself. His little fat arms, with his fingers curled up, waved in the air, and his little brown legs kicked against Rosie's thighs. She blew on his ear, and laughed as Georgie wrinkled up his little button-nose and laughed at Rosie.

Martha Stevens, Sci. Jr.



Mallards

I pause and watch the mallards spear
The air in long, ragged V-lines,
Ragged like the stalk-littered fields
And the dead yellow stubble.
The wedges crumble and the ducks
Swing singly in circles over brush set low
Like blinds lining the flat gray river.
I wonder if they are not afraid to land thus
In a curl of wings,
To stand and preen white feathers,
Knowing the rotting winter earth breeds claws
To snare flying feet,
Or, if they must wheel over gaunt fields,
Till the Spring comes alive again.

Ervin Krause, Sci. Sr.

