

“Leave me be!” cried Lem, pushing her out of the way. He aimed at the bubble. Martha covered her face with her hands and waited. The noise of the blast scattered all the chickens over the yard and the air was filled with smoke. Lem lowered the shotgun. Martha was afraid to look at first. She opened one eye and then the other. The shock was too much for Lem. Martha’s mouth remained open, but she couldn’t talk.

Above them now were seven smaller, lop-sided bubbles, each a different color. Lem looked at the array of objects and just sighed in disgust.

“It ain’t right,” he moaned. “It just ain’t right to invade a man’s peace!” Then the first bubble changed from red to yellow.

*Bruce Butterfield, Sc. & H. Soph.*



## *Flamenco*

A gentle stroke of fingers swift and sure  
Across responsive strings,  
A wisp of sound, afloat upon the sea  
Of eager silence, sings.  
The master’s skill sets free the rushing surge  
Of melody.

The wail of violins from gypsy caves,  
The pulsing throb of drums,  
The click of heels, the stamp of dancing feet . . .  
A world of dreams becomes  
Reality encased within the heart’s  
Tympanic beat.

*Bruce Butterfield, Sc. & H. Soph.*

