

sentry as we chased and laughed our way to bedtime. And later, in our beds, we whispered the next day's adventures across the blackness between us.

"We'll throw pills at cars," she said.

"And chase Deal's cat," I added.

"Yeah, good night."

"Good night," I whispered and thought about horses and stealing Ware's apples, Model A's and Paine's junk pile, swans and red-hots and Deal's cat, and I slept as the moon tumbled headlong down the sky.

## Poem

by *K. P. Kaiser*

*Architecture*

On your left as  
We go by  
You will see the Flying Red Horse,  
symbol of  
A fine gasoline  
    it should be a white horse  
Who ever heard of a flying white horse?  
    i have: Pegasus, from the blood of Medusa  
    and too i have heard of the Centaur  
    and Unicorn, and of Pan the Satyr  
You mumble incoherently  
Speak up  
    just that . . . nothing, pardon  
    i mean not to digress  
yes, the Flying Red Horse  
symbol of  
A fine gasoline.