

He got his lighter out, but it was so windy it blew the flame out. He bent over low with his back to the wind and cupped both hands around the lighter and the end of the cigarette. He lost his balance and stumbled forward. He tried to straighten up. He grunted as the rotten wooden railing hit him in the stomach. There was the sound of splintering wood. He grabbed wildly at the side of the bridge.

He lay sprawled on the frozen creek, face down, with his head twisted around under one arm. The red cap lay a few feet away and the wind ruffled his hair. The swirling snow began to collect around his body.

John Graves, Ag. Jr.



The Land

(BIRTH)

The rolling hills of my home
 Are the warm, sweet breasts of a fertile woman.
 As the corn springs from her fecundity
 And is nurtured in her rolling hills,
 I have sprung from the land
 And must return for life.

(LOVE)

In a warm, maiden spring
 The land was my first love;
 And years and loves hence,
 In the winter, I shall lie down again,
 And the land will be my last love.

(RETURN)

Though there were many before me,
 I was born to a land fresh and virginal;
 I stray from it now, etching it ever so minorly,
 And when at last I return,
 The land, as I, will be old and worn.
 But beyond change, we will know each other.

James L. Wickliff, Chem Grad.