

“It’s just six weeks today that Marvin’s gone, the third Tuesday in April. I remember it was such a lovely morning. I picked some early daffodils and put them in a vase, there on the mantel. He’d been poorly for so long—you just never know when it’ll finally come.”

A lace hanky emerges from her black bosom and darts at the watery blue eyes behind her gold-framed glasses.

“Just before he went he said, ‘Don’t mourn more than’s fittin’ my dear Sweet, there’s nothin’ to cry about, I’m goin’ to my rest’—and now it’s six weeks.”

The women huddle together in organized sympathy for a moment then, gathering their wraps around them, bustle to the door. Consoling and sympathetic, they offer the goodness of their collective heart.

“Dinner? Oh, no,” Julia says, “I couldn’t think of going out so soon.” She watches them leave the big silent house. Turning from the door, her face exercises the trained misery, and her heart is warm and happy.

## Lullaby

*by Tessie Pappas*

Now through the night the cradle rocks,  
                                     And swings  
 The sleeping child against the rail;  
 Still at the door the Bailiff never knocks,  
                                     But once—  
 And mother makes a cradle of the jail:  
 And nurses on,  
 And nurses through the night.  
 Not knowing love,  
 Not knowing love in spite.  
*Je suis née,*  
*Tu es né;*  
*Vive, je te commande.*