

But there's irony, even in the trivial. I'd kept my visits to the terrace a secret because I didn't want anyone to tag along. For years I'd been using dental appointments as an excuse for everything, so it came naturally to me, and all my friends knew I had lousy teeth anyway.

One of the last days, before we were all going home, I overheard the tail-end of a conversation as I passed the john in my rooming-house.

"Look, don't let her kid you with that story about the dentist. . . she's having an affair with her history professor."

"Yeah, I'm sure, . . . get a load of this! . . . She's got a book of matches from the Men's Athletic Club on her desk . . . Bronson lights his pipe with the same kind of matches every time. . . . Well, I suspected it all along . . . the way he'd look at her during the lecture . . . kinda guilty-like . . . those secret smiles they'd exchange. . . ."

Sometimes—though oh so seldom—we don't have to pay, but rather are rewarded for our follies.

april is the cruelest month

by patricia frey
journalism, jr.

in april I sit in the pale grass and read a book.
looking up then over the top of the page
and seeing birds, crazy lousy birds
there in the green-bud trees.

singing.

singing to let you know they are back,
singing in the morning, the afternoon,
singing somewhere in the fog.

in april I come home at night and take the long way.
skipping sometimes and striding slow,
shoes sounding on the smooth sidewalks,
walking around and around home,
ignoring the front door, the back door,
the side door, the open windows.

in april I eat ice cream because the taste is all new again.
eating ice cream while I lean against buildings
and watch others and think where will they go
after they've seen me.

take me with you.

take me with you to the rising mountains,
the running streams, the tall trees,
(my ice cream is dripping)
take me where I can sit on mud fresh rocks
and placeless boards anywhere being
close to the damp fresh ground.

in april I don't seem to make it anywhere.
just to under those trees and something
pulls me down and I fall weakly to the soft
stirring earth and lie there while more
determined people look at me and laugh.

in april I just want to run into the woods.
out into the woods where the lilacs are
and where there is such dewy grass.
there in the woods where I can fill
all my desires at a first picnic
under the star-clear sky.