

posure. Her hands were shaking when she unclasped the cameo at her throat. "Oh, no! The cameo!" It had slipped out of her hands and fallen to the floor. She stooped quickly, only to see the broach cracked down the middle. "Oh, dear, what will Father say?" She cradled the piece of jewelry in her hand softly. "Poor thing. My beautiful cameo is broken." She looked at it carefully. "Wait. Maybe I can glue it back together. Yes, I'm sure I can. No one will even notice. Not even Father." She went to her desk drawer to get the glue. "There, just as good as new." She looked down lovingly at the broach. "They almost broke you that time, didn't they?" She walked over to the dressing table, opened the lid of the gold filigree box, and placed the cameo gently inside. She closed the lid of the box and said, "Now, you're safe again." She patted the box softly and walked over to the bed. "Now we're both safe, again." She pulled the patchwork quilt back and crawled into bed. "Good night, Father. I'll see you in the morning."

When I Was Younger

by Dean Womeldorf

History, Jr.

someone, my brother
i didn't know him
gave me a penny for peace
in the union today
as pictures emerged
from the depths of my mind
of gettysburg and my lai
chicago and the creek
where i played
when i was younger
when justice and peace and truth
were meaningless too