

The new pick-up rolled smoothly into the drive and came to a halt near the porch. Ben Thompson stepped out and walked toward the screen door. "Halloo, guess it must have been the coil." The woman at the door searched with her eyes among the ancient hulks of the autos, twisted and piled across the yard, and on toward the water's edge. She called over her shoulder into the room "Fetch Jon."

"Oh, never mind," Ben said quickly, struggling with the nuisance of the collar. "I know where the car is . . . I can easy get it myself."

The water slaps gently against the mud on the bank, and melts into a solid glare as it moves along its sluggish course. Breed makes his way carefully along the trees until he comes to the overgrown path that curves with the river out of sight. The angry confusion in his mind passes with the ebb of the river. A light-heartedness takes its place. The healing sound of the water as it ripples around the low branches guides him through the tangled growth, and the heavy foliage closes behind him, losing him in its dense cover.

Little Wonder

by Michael J. Leonard

English, Sr.

Where oh where has my little god gone?
The archives say he's behind the blue.
Page thirty-seven of Dreams and Sex
calls him the red drive comprising you.
Diligent, liquid drive:
 Since you are new
 and as yet unfettered,
 Jesus H. All-true
 and Austerity too
 have finished in a dead heat
second
to you.