

seemed to take a deep breath and brace against the onslaught as sandy fingers beat the house and scraped against the windows through the screens. Vapor-like wisps curled up from under the window barriers. Tiny clouds seeped in around the front door.

Granny quietly returned to the living room. She stepped between the tall bay-windowed bookcase and ebony-glossed Victrola, and glanced towards the rocker where Suzie was playing with her doll — seemingly unconcerned with the activity around her. Crossing over to the oak-armed leather chair sitting on its casters in the opposite corner, Granny twisted the button on the wall that divided the parlor from the dining room. With a snap, the centered overhead light filtered a soft, cheery glow through its pink silk shade. As Granny stepped towards the oak-armed loveseat, the cool tinkle of chipped ice against the sides of tall glass tumblers made Suzie peer towards the dining room.

“Oh-h-h. . . lem’nade! A partee. . . a partee,” Suzie chanted.

Sliding from the rocker, she gently lifted her doll from the seat and carried it to the reed buggy.

“Now, Dollee, you be good,” she cooed, “an’ take your nap. When you wake up, that nassey-ole-dust-storm will be ALL GONE. . . an’ ever’tthin’ will be all right. Then we can play some more.”

Her grandmother and grandfather’s eyebrows raised. Their blue eyes met and held their mutual question for an instant, then smiles erased the worry lines.

Her grandfather held out the tinkling glass and winked, “Here you are, Sweetmeat. . . .”

“Thankee, Grampol! — M-m-m-m, lem’nade!”

## Haiku

*by George Hopkins*

Set between doing  
And glorifying the done.  
Summer menopause