

A New And More Becoming Ornament

She tried on people but they did not fit although she made a stab at many sizes: felt small in giants, ignored children, but squeezed into pygmies, or draped folds of fat around her waist and pinned them. She was willing to make some alterations, but not one fitted at all, and she had had her fill of every type building she had worn.

Lying in marble on the beach, she thought: I must have something new; my feet are tired of earth. I have touched wood too long, and know too much of steel. And people do not fit.

The sun reflected from her to the water: water that had been there from the beginning, that she had felt, but never thought of wearing.

She tried, but she could not adjust the waves, they were so heavy. The vague shoreline slipped from her stiff fingers. It was she the water arranged in its own way, disposing legs and arms to suit its style, coldly insistent on the design it wished. Water wore her for a short time, until it found somewhere a new and more becoming ornament.

— Norma McLain Stoop

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Also Recommended: Hungarian Anthology (trans. by Joseph Grosz) poems from Bacsanyi (1762-1845) to Baranyi (1937 -), bound in linen, \$4.50 from W. Arthur Boggs, 653 D Ave., Lake Oswego, Oregon.
Recommended: Iowa Workshop Poets/1963 (Editor: Marvin Bell) \$1.00 from Midwest, 289 East 148th. St., Harvey, Illinois.

The Wormwood Review Citation for the best poem in Lynx:6 has been awarded to Carl Larsen for "When I have Gone (At Last)." The Lynx Award for Wormwood:13 has been awarded to Don Gray for "Desert Mother."