

LAYING ON OF HANDS

I opened her blouse. She had on a white bra. Her nipples showed dark.

There was a flash of lightning. A dog began to bark. A jet went over, low. A police car and a fire truck went by. And the clock struck in the hall.

She grabbed my hand.

"Do that again."

BETWEEN THE ACTS

Last Thursday, Cornelia was looking at the tube (it wasn't on) and pressing her thumb against her front teeth. The cat was sitting on the lawn and I was eating a peach, the juice running down my arm. Our dog was sleeping by the front door.

Cornelia got up, went to the kitchen and, leaning on a table, looked up at the clock. The cat stretched, stuck his tail in the air, and walked away. I wrapped the peach pit in my handkerchief and stuck it in my pocket. The dog started twitching in his sleep.

-- John Lowry

Brooklyn NY

THE ARMADILLO

crossing U S 1, intent upon a faint but tantalizing weedy scent, did not notice, but bearing down upon him (from the north) a pickup truck with an electrician well-equipped with ladders, wires and so forth, was coming. Nor did he in his preoccupation note a closer yet sedan approaching from the south, a car which at that moment bore two aged sisters, who had lately visited the Fountain of Youth for post cards and free orange juice -- which (car) swerved and slewed across the median. He heard the crash. In fact, he curled his mouth as the two old ladies and one not so young electrician found themselves fairly obliterated -- their lives snuffed out, quite done -- the blame for which can be laid quite squarely on the armadillo crossing U S 1.

-- Ruth Moon Kemper

St. Augustine FL