man he set the bottle down gently and
then ran from the house as fast as he could
before the man could call after him.

He kept running until he got to
Seventh street. Then he made himself
stop and look behind him. There was no
one there so he walked slowly to the
house that was really his. He walked in
the door and through the living room and
dining room and into the kitchen.

Then Mr. Mundy sat down and smiled
slowly because he was alone.

Yearning

Ione Colligan

They fell upon the polished desk—
Gold bits of pollen from the cosmos.
Last flowers of the year these were,
Rescued from bleak November death
To live a weary moment more.

The pollen fell, and fell in silence
Tears in a mutely speaking fragrance,
As the cosmos mourned for the buffeting wind,
For rain to mingle with falling tear,
For the sob and sough of the dying year.

And the pollen fell on the polished desk.