

behave so, I wonder if it, too, has come to a special haven to rest and think. I close my eyes to contemplate this problem and fall asleep.

For me, this little shelter has been a marvelous experience, as it has provided a place of solitude and rest. The glade has given me the opportunity to enjoy some of the beauties of life: the cool, green, elastic moss, the dignified oak trees, the silver blue of the sky behind the silver white of the clouds. Here also have I come to know every tiny ripple in the creek, and I have heard the secrets the leaves revealed when caressed by the soft touch of the wind.

I have not seen my retreat for a month now, so I am anxiously awaiting Thanksgiving vacation. Perhaps one day I shall take the car and drive out to the farm. By that time, even if I have no problems, the glade will have much to tell me I have not known before, much more to show me that I have not seen before. Even as I grow older, I am sure that this spot will remain one of the most precious of memories.

A City Street

Alma Fitzgerald

I AM a street. I cut a great city in two—as if a monstrous knife had cleft the bluffs and precipices of steel and concrete to leave a shimmering, swarming chasm of life and light. Hairline cracks shoot out from my patch, scurrying through the caves and canyons of the city to escape me. They run to the river and can go no farther. But I push one arm beneath and span the top with the other. I trap the river and hold its banks together in my powerful grip. Then I press on to sever the arteries of the railroad.

I am a street. My blood is steel and gas and oil and rubber wheels. It flows on unceasingly. Someday, I shall roll up my concrete tongue and devour the annoying horde of insects that tread my path. But now I must go on and reach out of the city to the green countryside where I can stretch out across the cool, grassy pastures and rest.