"You mean you didn’t lose your pay and all this money is ours . . .
really ours!?”

“Where do you get that OURS business . . . Oh, hell, take it
and pay the bills and get yourself some new rags . . . do what-
ever you want with it.”

“Oh, George, KISS ME! You’re such a wonderful husband! I’m tired.
LET’S GO TO BED!”

A POEM

MARtha MOLDT

Up-gullied,
Dust-bitten,
Sun-sticky,
Shade-cooled,
Breeze-grateful,
We hiked
Along the creek,
Whose gentle music
Flowed downstream
Against our hot
And swollen minds;
Cooling us with
Seductive green thoughts
Of its depth-bounded
Secrets.