Sadness Croons its
Native Songs

Diane Hale

Sadness croons its native songs
as the dust clamors over the high
cliff rocks. A high-pitched
glorified wind sings down the
protruding ledges and leaves its
careless ways to rest. Each falls
quiet as the storybook slams in the
faces of the "cultured," and, laughing-eyed, stillness sings its crude
satire on existence.

THE GIFT

Nita Ellis

A chubby-faced boy rushed in front of the car as the woman
driving pulled up to the curb across from the First Methodist Church.
"That's Rodney. He's in my class," said the woman's small daughter
seated beside her.

While the little girl was crawling out of the car, her mother
uttered her usual warning, "Careful now when you cross the street,"
adding "I'll be waiting down at the corner when you get out, so
don't start walking home alone this time. All right?"