

UTOPIAN IDEAS AND EVERYMAN

ELIZBETH CLARK

This isn't my house, nor his house; no, it isn't your house either. It belongs to us. When I live in it, it's mine; and when I move away it's his and then yours. By rights, it is Everyman's. The fields in back of the house that I have planned so carefully, and the young green things shooting up in them are not mine. I did the work, yes, it was my turn to do it. But that doesn't make the fields nor the crop mine. It too is Everyman's. Next month when I leave this house and the fields and crop, a new tenant will come here. His job will be mine, I will have a new one.

I hope I will like my new job as well. I got terribly fond of this house. I didn't even mind getting up at five on cold mornings to do my work. My new house is just that. New as the green crops in my fields. My fields now, his later. The new house

has a small section of grass on either side of the cobblestone walk, leading to the front door. That green growth in front of my house isn't mine. No, I can only claim the small, very small, garden in back of my house. That's for me. Today I'll make things grow in that garden, to remind me of these fields. But, you understand, when next year comes, that garden won't be mine either. I rather hate not having any possessions. Makes it seem lonely. These people in this country liked it at first, too. Now I think they too are lonely.

Well, it's goodbye to the fields and my new green crops, the rambling old house and gate. It's hello to the fresh new house with grass and cobblestone walk, and the small garden that's mine. Today. Tomorrow? Everyman's.

DAYS' ENDS

RACHEL WHELAN

WITH SHADOW Fingers of yellow and rose, Dusk slowly touches the marshland changing mucky water to molten gold, and dull green reeds to crimson spears. The golden wavelets dance and whisper to each other while the reeds bend and sway to overhear their secrets. Dusk holds her breath. Upon the mirror surface poises a dragonfly with silken wings motionless, an elfin airliner. With a final flap of wings the march bird glides to her well-concealed nest. A green striped snake slips silently and ominously through sand and seaweed disappearing into the silent ripples. Finally all is still as a moment of fading light, a color dissolving here in shadows and bursting again in glory,

changes the world. Dusk nods farewell, shedding her wistful glance of twilight on all, and leaving a lone jewel on the horizon, a wish

With a promise the gray wing of Night flutters softly and brushes away Dusk's last faint glow of color, leaving only vague shadows in the darkness. The night breeze hums a soft, urgent song through the reeds. The wavelets tumble laughingly over each other as they lap at the sand. Far away stars are sewn by a lavish hand in the blue velvet.

Two shadows stand at the water's edge. The wish comes true. The promise is fulfilled. A day is struck from life forever.