

I send you away,
but love,
come tomorrow."

VI.

A glow remains still—
I sit in the wood—
watching the wood and stream
Somewhere, far-off,
a young man cries out
Softly I whisper,
"Come tomorrow, my love,
come tomorrow."

UNTITLED

Alice Monds

He took an old Barlow knife from his pocket and eased into the cane bottom chair, tipping it back on two legs against the low stone fence. Methodically, he drew the gleaming blade across a fragrant block of red and yellow cedar. His gnarled, weathered hands moved deftly. He worked intently for some time, honing the block to a soft roundness and piling thin light curls of cedar around his feet. He peered at his companion from singular eyes set below incredibly unmanageable gray brows.

"Mighty fine shavins, ain't they?"

The boy nodded in agreement.

"Knew a feller once," the old man said, "won a whittlin' contest. Took a big kitchen match and made such fine curled shavins, he had

a bushel basket of 'em." His eyes danced with pleasure at the laughter from his companion. The old man's too large ears moved up noticeably when he smiled.

A form appeared at the door of the house.

"Pap, you'll be needin' this sweater." She fluttered and bustled across the porch. The old man didn't look up, but continued working on the piece of cedar. The woman looked at the lad beside him and motioned for him to come to her.

"His mind ain't so good these days," she offered. "I have to care for him like a child. Near ninety, he is."

The two walked toward Pap together and he met the boy's gaze. It told him that Pap knew what had been said.

"You better put this sweater on, Pap," the woman warned, shaking it menacingly.

"You need a sweater when you're chilly?" he asked.

She looked at the boy as if to say, "I told you so," but she said instead, "O' course, Pap."

"Well," he drawled and, using his cane, lifted his tall lean figure to its full height, "I'll put it on when I *get* chilly." His eyes danced with laughter, but his mouth drew a determined line.

Pap stretched, then returned to his chair and tipped it so that the back legs slid into their familiar niches in the deep red earth. He waited for the woman to disappear into the old house, shaking her head in exasperation.

"Means well," he said, "means well." For an instant the blue eyes clouded with uneasy thoughts which were quickly replaced by an impish grin.

"Did I ever tell you 'bout the time I killed three rabbits with one shot? There they were, lined up on a holler log. . ." He lowered his voice as though he were approaching the rabbits.

The boy drew his chair closer.