

Drowning

P. M. Coffey

Up and down I went, slowly. I could see the women's legs hanging in the water from a log. I was only four, but I knew something was wrong. The water was a pretty bluish-green color and very quiet, except for the air bubbles that came out of me and the splash of the legs kicking in the water.

I didn't struggle, for I was not fully aware of what was happening to me. I had waded out into the water, and, all of a sudden, it closed over me. I went down slowly. When I got to the bottom, I started back up, at the same slow pace. I had my eyes opened and I could see clearly. When I broke the surface, I

could see several people, but no one seemed to notice me, and I went down again. The going down was a little faster this time. The women were still kicking the water with their feet. I began to feel sleepy and very loose-jointed. Pictures were passing slowly before my eyes, but none of them made any sense. The last thing I remembered was breaking the surface for the second time and hearing somebody scream.

Then I was lying on the beach, feeling very weak and tired. The women were still kicking the water with their feet.

Magical Gold

Joann-Lee Johnson

Gold is the color of moon-dust,
Of laughter, and pollen, and butter,
Of daisies, and tow-headed youngsters
Who keep secrets too fragile to utter!

Gold is the color of summer . . .
Sun-gold and wheat-golden hours.
The bee, a fat little drummer,
Taps at the heart of pale flowers.

The fields lie supple and fragrant
The clover, the rye, and the wheat.
The wind is a gentle vagrant,
So gentle, so loving, so sweet.