

the faint blue lights. He had always waited for the night. The light of the day, he used to tell himself, was a thing that snatched the covers from the shivering world. It would never let him alone; it hurt his eyes. It showed him things he did not like to see. The sleeping drunk who rolled off his seat in the railroad station and split his head. The blind, legless man who wheeled himself about in a little cart and tried to sell pencils as the crowd hurried by. The backyards of cities you saw from a train. And he would ask himself why he had warm clothes and was riding on a train homeward. He could never be happy or self-content this way.

He would close his eyes and pretend to sleep. They were looking at him, as people were always looking at him, as the gray man had looked at him in the theatre lobby the time his mother had given him a ten dollar bill to buy the tickets and he had hurried after her, clumsily stuffing the change into his wallet, and the man asked for a quarter, but he did not hear. He would sit here in the brilliant car naked before all people and he would wait for the old self-hatred to seize him. It would not be very long. And it did not really matter. Nothing would ever matter. He would close his eyes and pretend to sleep.

THE ANT-HILL

JOANN-LEE JOHNSON

The world is an ant-hill
 Swarming with men,
Who seethe with activity,
 Like ants in their den.
They scramble about the
 Face of the earth,
Going no-where for nothing
 With no time for mirth!