

fought to open his eyes. But he couldn't. He was too sick.

He accepted his sickness. He lay in it. Then he felt something in his nose, something which was giving him needed vitality. Then he remembered the gas; he remembered speaking to Jane; he remembered blackness.

In a distant room, he heard a voice ask: "Is he all right, Doc?"

"Yes, he'll be all right. Lucky you found him when you did."

"I knew he was in bad shape, but I didn't know he was this bad. I could smell it in the hall. I was worried about him."

He knew it was the blonde. He owed her an apology. He owed a lot of people apologies. He'd do that when he could open his eyes. He had failed everywhere. He had just failed again. If there was a way, he had to apologize for his failures. Right now, he was too tired. And he wondered why he felt so absurdly glad to be alive.

Poems

RUTH O'MAHONEY

(First prize in poetry, Butler literary contest, 1948.)

DAY

In the half light before the sun
The hush of the sleeping world
Fills the air with waiting
I hold my breath
Watching
Listening
Will it never come

Then the light slips over the rim
Day

HARMONY

The existence we call life
Seems more the tuning up
Each melody sweet in itself
Discord with others

Waiting the leader
To blend all
In an harmonious whole

THE HARP

I have a harp in my heart
That vibrates when you are near
It sings in harmony
To everything you love

Then come love
And we will sing to you
My heart
My harp
And I
Come sing with us

THE DARK GREEN ISLE

To the dark green isle
Home
I will go

Prayer and fasting
Be my lot
In the sweet green isle
I go

I seek in the isle
I will find

O if this be my lot
There
My soul

ASH WEDNESDAY

In the fields of green
Shepherds watched their sheep
Remembering a night long ago

The stars followed their courses
Across eternity

Earth
How fair

Remember man
You are dust
Dust of a star
That rolls thru eternity

And into dust
You must return

ADAM AND EVE

There was a rustle in the grass
Between them
They did not see it

They gazed at each other
Fascinated

He touched her cheek
With his fingertips
She smiled
He looked at her and smiled

Masterfully he gestured
Pointing to himself
"Man" he said
She repeated
"Man"
She pointed to herself
"Man?"

Loflily he smiled
Brushing aside a lock of her hair
"Woman"
"Woman" she repeated
Then "Man?"
Sure "Man Woman
Woman Man"
She giggled
He laughed with her

They chanted together
"Man woman woman man
Man woman man woman"

They hugged each other
Laughing
As they rolled
Not noticing
The rustle in the grass