

strike one in a million. The dawn is creeping into the blackness now. In a few hours the doctor will walk in, and I'll know. Why do I think of that storm again and again? It's as vivid as if it had been only yesterday instead of six years ago.

EBONY FUR

Sandra Robertson

Ebony shadow of feline grace with amber slits for eyes.
Sooty whiskers and a trace of sable tail that lies—
 around your feet.

Nothing quite so soft as that dusky coat of fur.
Haughty air, tail aloft, a vague hidden purr—
 as proof of love.

Beware, playful friend, of those needling little claws.
Hide and tuck them in, make soft those little paws—
 that catch my skirt.

A sleek flash,
 into the sun,
 and you are gone.

HARVEST

Nancy Richison

Plant a penny! Will it grow
Into a gay meadowlark?
Will a shower of diamonds turn into soft snow?

Plant a beam of steel! Will it grow
Into a tall, stark mountain range
Over which the wild winds sing and blow?

THE NEW HORIZON

Robert Petty

To send the mind, full-armed into the shadows
To slay the pagan warrior christened Doubt,
And feel in awe its swelling verge of triumph
Turn green the field of intellect's long drought.

To see God in the molecules of science—
Dewed footprints winding out of rusted years;
Across the barren plain and to the hills,
To seek the promise of unconquered spheres. . . .