great personal satisfaction. He longed to walk and ride horseback and fish and talk to people and . . .

He cried out, "Doesn't anyone care? Won't someone save me from the torture of reality? This is death. I'm dead. My crumbling body and spirit must remain within the confines of these walls for eternity. And I am conscious of every minute of it. I long so for the freedom which I will never again have. This must be. . . ." His mind had descended to a point of despair which was the lowest it had ever reached. Suddenly everything was clear. Yes, he was dead, and he would remain in his coffin for eternity and remain conscious of every change in his physical and mental state, and he would be able to do nothing about it.

He tried to break loose from the bonds that held him, and screamed. "I'm dead! This is Hell . . . This is my Hell!"

On the other side of the cemetery, the rays of the setting sun were filtering through the mud-stained windows of the caretaker's cottage. "You know, Pete, I was clearing some brush away from those tomstones in the old part of the cemetery today, and I would swear that I heard a man scream."

The old caretaker flicked the ashes from his pipe into his hand and answered, "I've heard things over in that section myself, but it's only our imagination. Why, the newest grave over there is seventy-five years old or more. I would say that they would be good and dead by now."

**ALONE IN AUTUMN**

Tortured trees  
Beyond my window  
Twist and tear my soul;  
Clouds of gray  
In a sky of steel  
Wildly toss and roll.

Drifts of leaves  
In a dusty wind  
Swirl and spiral apart—  
Only to settle,  
Covering the ground  
And my aching heart.

—Sue Winger