

shook hands with our Mexican friends, triumphant. There were five more bulls to be killed and we settled back in our seats, true aficionados.

Cows Don't Pull Wagons

Toni Aberson

MILKING cows is honest work, I said; after all, cows have to be milked. And so I milked cows and laughed at my sticky hands and rubbed my toes through the pasture grass. But then I heard I had a mission in life. I heard I owed a debt to the world. I was supposed to look up to the stars and hitch my wagon and, they said, cows don't pull wagons.

So I put on my shoes and went to a teaparty and ate little cookies because these were "nice" and learned about neuralgia and gentility and was called "My dear!" But all the time I thought about the kitchen maid peeling lemons and I saw long-haired, pink-ribboned Tabby sneak out to rub fur with Mrs. Petty's tom.

So I pulled my hair into a chignon and went to a coffee break and drank coffee to "keep me going." They called me T.A. and we talked about plane flights and ticker tapes, and long scarlet fingernails always clicked on desks or typewriter keys and I left there too after stopping to talk with the janitor about the best time to plant asters.

Finally, I went to a vodka blast where nobody knew anyone's name and they called me doll and baby and leaned heavily on my shoulder and close to my face while they talked about futility.

And now I want to know—since cows don't pull wagons, who will milk cows?

BY A SLEEPING CHILD

Ah, sweet he lies; his tiny bed
Walls him from the world of lead:
Where his hateful brothers sneer,
And no sister sheds a tear.

I sorrow for the soul that breaks
When innocence is lost.—He wakes!
Into his merry eyes I stare,
And see the lizards lounging there.

—ROBERT MERRIX