

He waved goodbye to her, and started to pull from the curb when a numbing thought passed his mind. In the apartment building, an empty room awaited him. In his closet the clothes he owned smelled of oil. He looked back at the walk. She was inside the door, safe from the rain, shaking out her scarf. Watching her, he suddenly wanted to go home and shake out his clothes, to get rid of the stench of oil.

UNDER THE LIME TREES

Blue unicorns bathing in the moonlight. . . .

And a wreath around the moon. . . .

I, in my time have ridden the unicorn

And revelled in the glory of my loin.

My flesh burns and I am without myself ;

Yet I am called to reason by the sweeping

Ivory curve of a gentle throat descending unto a trembling breast.

Come to me my love, and cool my brow with your caresses.

Come to me my love and I will plait your hair,

And we shall be as children in our love.

Innocence unto innocence cleaves purity ;

And we shall walk hand in hand under the lime trees.

CHRISTOPHER A. THOMAS