

shallow boxes of paperbacks upon a long row of sagging tables. Why be bothered with dust-collecting books when paperbacks of mysteries and romances are more convenient?

Leaning back in his wicker chair, Mr. McFeeters watched a young boy scuffle along a wall thumping the friendless books as if he had a stick gaily tapping along a picket fence. If only the boy would stop, spin, grab a book—any book—and explore its pages, open his eyes. But, no. Man's mind seems slammed shut, locked, bolted. The door is too thick with rust for man to see and hear and smell and taste and feel what waits outside.

Above the strawberry, lemon, and blueberry-clothed shoppers, aging books wept tears of dust.

At five o'clock the clocks chimed, one a few seconds after the other. It was time to close, time to leave his friends who still remained in their dusty home. None had left to gladden a heart or strengthen a man or pry open a mind. As he grasped the brass door-knob, Mr. McFeeters turned and smiled at the lonely walls of books. Maybe tomorrow would be the day. Ah, yes. Maybe tomorrow. . . .

Tiny brass bells sadly tinkled as the door slowly closed.

May Snow

Nancy Baxter

May has a time of middle age
When sweetness dies in slanting showers
And drifts the drive.
Pink withering tongues chatter down the road
And lap at pools left by the rain.
The Apple tree waves heavy arms and sighs
Like a man who has lived too long,
And buxom, seedy-faced forsythia
Stand, their dyed and brassy hair all in their eyes.