

and grasped Papa's arms. They pulled him out of the room, down the hall and out of ear's reach. The third man picked up his rifle and turned to the red-head. It was strange that she chose to faint now.

I know it is late, she thought. It was very dark outside, and inside the wall clock had stopped. Near the clock lay the red-head. Papa had gone with the men, but that had been hours ago. She could dimly see the red-head, who was staring at the ceiling as if he were listening to the clock, eyes half closed. She sighed and turned another page. Outside, the dawn was commencing.

Jody Neff

### Thoughts

My inmost thoughts do dry like withered flowers  
That once were gay and begged their petals touch  
Against the sky whose blue and gold did much  
To heighten aspiration's fruitless hours.  
As falling leaves my spirits lose their powers  
Of breathing, seeing, but fast descending such—  
Sustained—alighting on the frozen crutch  
Of frosted, barren earth and icy bowers.