

could not hurdle. The beloved ideals and individuals that she's ensconced in the niches of her personal pantheon had toppled into fragments. Their ghosts, and the ghosts of former years that clung thickly around her all seemed to whisper tauntingly, "Nevermore." And, with one final flood of tears, she capitulated to them, and accepted their conclusion. Nevermore.

"I'm okay," she said. "Let's find the car and go. There's nothing to stay afoot here for. It's over."

It was over. And on the way to their automobile, she suddenly felt a surge of peace within her at the knowledge. Many things were over . . . her adolescence, tangled misunderstandings, shattered family ties, rebellion at inevitable occurrences. But now the end of her sorrow was over. Acceptance was beginning.

To M'Lady Kathryn

Marc Silberman

Once when the sun came
up blood red,
In the hair of the
Pageant of Dreams,
I smelled a garden
in your hair
And let myself wander
through the world
inside your eyes.

Now my life means
more to me.
Now my eyes can really
see,
That people and flowers
are one and the same
And there are no such
things as weeds.

