

A Poem

by Martha Moldt

Listen . . . God?
All this business
Of gold streets,
Silver linings,
And eternal
Unadulterated joy
Doesn't really
Sound all that great.

If you wouldn't
Mind,
I'd rather have the chance
To sing, and learn, and
Be astonished
Forever.

The Salvation of Elliot Walker

by Martha Moldt

The day was bright and mild for mid-autumn. Sunshine poured in warm mellow sheets over the grey city, its light flowing through the branches of a maple tree set in four square feet of dirt at the edge of a sidewalk in one of the westside slum areas. The maple's half-green, half-gold leaves glowed in the sunlight in a semblance of stained glass, and they danced and shimmered on the limbs in the autumn breeze, until the facets and depths of light and shadow made the maple seem alive with leaping yellow flames, like a huge topaz.

The boy shuffling along the dirty, rough pavement under the tree did not seem to notice this display. His shoulders, under a light jacket, were hunched against the wind, and the late afternoon sun did not appear to warm him at all. He lugged several school books