

"Mrs. Pettijohn," said one of the officers, "I'm afraid you'll have to come to the station with us to file a report so we can find out what happened here." In a state of disbelief she put on her coat and then absent-mindedly picked up the stack of letters. And an icy blast of wind extinguished the candle in the window as they left through the front door.

## MORNING

EDWARD L. WILLIAMS

winter-dawn.  
soft pillowskin,  
cloudbreathing within my arms.

an hour ago you were but a child,  
a sea bed faery  
of ocean spray sighs  
and young soft eyes.

dreamsmiling,  
held in the blanket  
like morningsun in a sparrow's nest,  
deepsleeping.

i no longer love the land  
or the words with which we speak.  
i no longer love  
the ancient oak or the statues in the park.