

"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.