

“You mean you didn’t lose your pay and all this money is ours . . . really ours!”

“Where do you get that *OURS* business. . . . Oh, hell, take it and pay the bills and get yourself some new rags. . . . do whatever you want with it.”

“Oh, George, KISS ME! You’re such a wonderful husband! I’m tired. LET’S GO TO BED!”

A POEM

MARTHA MOLDT

Up-gullied,
Dust-bitten,
Sun-sticky,
Shade-cooled,
Breeze-grateful,
We hiked
Along the creek,
Whose gentle music
Flowed downstream
Against our hot
And swollen minds;
Cooling us with
Seductive green thoughts
Of its depth-bounded
Secrets.