

no longer needed God nor death nor Arthur's illusion to get her by. She thought of the child again, and her eyes were tragically happy.

November was beginning, the pond was covered with leaves, the marble was cold and firm, and the child was laughing wildly. She loved Arthur without guilt, deeply, and without regrets. She was no longer sorry for what she had done, and she felt on the threshold of something new, November closing out a world she had known.

It began to rain very slowly at first, but by the time the cab reached James' apartment, it was pouring. She felt somehow that she belonged to the rain, had always belonged to it.

THE END

For Steven

Antonio Criscimagna

The evening paper reports
the death of a young man
whose life now gone distorts
not the evening's rum and coke.

A woman reads
aloud, over the sound
of crushed ice, the deeds
of someone whose record
is now in order.

As he was buried
without ceremony, they wonder
what insurance he carried,

for a God-fearing man
would a proper burial demand.