

"No, not at all. Just an Indian relic of some sort," her mother replied cheerfully. "You can find more like that, can't you dear?"

Tears rolled down Karen's face, dripping onto her straight, black hair. As she wiped them away with her tan, slim hand she smiled at her mother.

"No, Mother, I doubt it, really. But I guess I will have to live without it."

a poem

Mike Pettygrove

*our
everythings
will
be
are
nothing*

*but
possibly
not
forever*

*for
ever
is the
will*

*which
is
forgotten*