

them. It was sort of like training a Myna bird to talk. The bird doesn't have any idea what you are doing but mimmicks everything you say. Well, with me it was the same way. But I would often slur, slobber, and mispronounce the words. I didn't have any idea what my parents were talking about. They would tell me to repeat what they said about the moon. I tried, I really tired.

"See my moon," I would say.

"No, No, Mark," my parents would say. Then they would repeat the words and make me try it again, over and over.

"See my *moon*," I kept saying.

"No, No, Mark," they corrected, "It's *Sun Yung Moon*."

LINES OF SOLITUDE

Nathan Harter

The winds without which batter at my cell
And strive to fill the stagnance of this hell
Know no surrender as mine ears have found,
Long training, straining, for a gentler sound
Than prison's all-consuming solitude.
To these blind eyes dawn's rising would be rude,
But, O, that splendor to my soul is life
Without which mere survival proves a strife
Too dear for engaging. Brethren, we,
Who weep at chains and live for Liberty!