THE AWAKENING

HARRIET BISHOP

And there I stood, a useless, living form
With roughened hands in worn out pockets pushed
And felt some force, not mine, had changed my will,
I turned my face up toward a darkened night.
There at my feet was spread an ancient world,
While high above there whirled a universe;
And far within the depths of treasured years
Strange, kindly voices dimmed the call of space.
   For far below was all that used to be
   While out in space stood life's futurity.

QUESTION ON A BUS

JACK T. KILGORE

"May I —," George cleared his throat. "I wonder if I could take Jean to
the show with me tonight." His words were engulfed by the silence that spread
over the table. "(Why doesn't somebody say something? They can't say no, they
just can't. What are they waiting for?) I wouldn't be in late and there is no school
tomorrow."

The mother looked up and smiled, and
looked to the father for the first word. He
said, "Jean who?"

"Jean Newcomb. She is in my English
class. (And she smiles when she looks at
me, and when she smiles I want to smile
too. But I can't say that.) She lives on
the south side."

"Is she a nice girl?"

"Sure, Mom, she's swell!" The mother
looked down at her plate. "That is, she's—
all right. She's a nice girl."

The father made up his mind. "I guess
it will be alright, if you're in early. Just
because you're old enough to have dates is
no sign you can neglect your sleep."

"Gee! thanks a lot. I'll be in early.
(I hope I don't hear the usual lecture on
rest and the growing boy.)"

"Are you sure Jean will go?" his
mother asked. Perhaps you had better
call her.

"Oh, I've already asked her."

The glink of silverware under water
filled the small kitchen with familiar sound.
In his excitement George had difficulty
handling the hot utensils. His impatience
kept him always waiting on his mother
where he ordinarily lagged far behind her.

"George, you'll be a good lit- You'll
be a gentleman tonight, won't you?"

"Sure, Mom. (Why isn't there an easy
way of saying these things you want to say?
What is it that holds you tongue-tied and
keeps the words from coming?)"

The china, as it plashed into the water
made a hole in the gleaming suds through
which the grey water gleamed and winked.
George stared at it, and at his mother's red

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