was towards him; I pretended to be doing something. When he entered, he stood for a moment surveying the room, then said, "Hi buddy. Going someplace?"

"Yes," I said standing up erect, "I'm moving out."

"Don't like the roomers?"

"Don't like the room," I said.

I looked him in the face, and I could see he was hurt, but he soon covered this fact up by helping me with my packing. Had I not known him so well, he would have succeeded in making me believe he was even glad I was leaving. He closed my suitcases and carried them downstairs and out to the car. I followed him with a couple of coats over my arm. When we had put them in the car, I turned to him and said, "Well, so long; I'll be seein' you."

"Yes," he said, "good bye; I'll see you around." He shot me an askance look, turned, and went up the walk towards the front porch.

I stepped on the starter; the motor roared momentarily. As it idled down, I could hear a dog's painful howl. Even after I had driven a block, I could still hear the howling as the dog retreated towards the back yard. I knew someone had kicked him.

POEM

Ardath Weigler

I Ivy and jew growing in pink and blue mugs
Mugs meant for small children
Mugs settled primly on lace doilies
Atop a spinster desk . . . .

TWO MONTHS LATER

II He was standing there under the neon sign—tall, hair rough in the wind—broken outline of glasses and upturned collar . . . .

Dull tap of narrow black heels on the asphalt.

He turned as they walked toward him, to him, past him.

Her heart did a flat-footed ballet as she thought, "This is the end, fool." —tugging, choking, adolescent heaviness crushing her breath with its vacuum.

He thought, "She's putting on a little weight," and lighted a cigarette.

III Experience

Is like a candle . . .
Burning path traced
In beauty or dormant pain
For the moment
And then is gone . . . .
Behind it—a smoked and streaked stain . . . .

IV Gray

Thin—splintered and stifling
With iron etching of trees and stone
In bitter relief against the vague
Blankness of a flat day—
Lop-sided spiral of factory smoke
Slowly unwinds itself
From soot-crusted chimney—
Gray arcs of steel colored starlings
Wheeling with scissor-like precision
Toward a gray future.
Inside, dry warmth of the silver-pale radiator
Brings forth odor of old wine
From empty bottles on the dirty
Window sill . . . . .