Sadness croons its native songs as the dust clamors over the high cliff rocks. A high-pitched glorified wind sings down the protruding ledges and leaves its careless ways to rest. Each falls quiet as the storybook slams in the faces of the "cultured," and, laughing-eyed, stillness sings its crude satire on existence.

THE GIFT

Nita Ellis

A chubby-faced boy rushed in front of the car as the woman driving pulled up to the curb across from the First Methodist Church. "That's Rodney. He's in my class," said the woman's small daughter seated beside her.

While the little girl was crawling out of the car, her mother uttered her usual warning, "Careful now when you cross the street," adding "I'll be waiting down at the corner when you get out, so don't start walking home alone this time. All right?"