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Stranger

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CHARLES G. BELL

STRANGER

Out of towering darkness,
Flash and thunder;
The lights go off together.
The old woman

Understands a moment
Then forgets, gropes
From lamp to lamp
To flick them on,

Bewildered
Calls the cat. . .
To bring the years'
Lost kittens from the storm.

A door slams in a gust,
Trees brush the window,
Rain in sheets goes
Solid on the screens.

She trips and stands smiling,
Lost but not worried
(It is we
Who draw back in fear);

The smile on her lips,
She calls into the darkness
Further
Than drowned light:

"Here Kitty,
Kitty, Kitty;
Come Kitty, Kitty;
Come Kitty."