

through the window, a deep orange-gold. She could look through the small dining room and see into the kitchen. The light was reflected in the porcelain of the sink, tinting it a weak orange color. The day still looked special—perhaps it still could be. After supper she went back to the reading room and picked up a copy of Oscar Wilde's works. She found the book too weird for her mood.

Evening was nearly gone. Afterglow had settled over the garden, and the birds called throbbingly to one another through the half dusk. She put the book down and walked to the window listening to the varying whispers of the night. It was a sweet, caressing warmth of sound and the breeze whispered too—of good things.

She would not give up hope—not yet. Perhaps there was still time. She left the window and the room, standing long mom-

ents in the doorway before she switched off the light. She did not turn on the light in her bedroom, but undressed slowly by the window. She kept glancing out across the yard—peering even at times.

Reluctantly at last she drew on her night dress. More reluctantly still she slipped into bed. A long time she lay quite still, wanting to cry, but she did not. This had happened before. There had been other days which seemed special and had turned out this same way. Perhaps some day that seemed like today would be special. Yes, that was right. And besides, if today had been special then tomorrow could not be. And it was better this way—thinking that because today had not been special perhaps tomorrow would be. Her face, almost unlined, rested in the silver opalescence of a patch of moonlight. She was smiling . . .

On Reading Shakespeare

D. R. BARNES

I've often heard this item said,
Mouthed in intonation dead,
"Heap fiery ashes on his head,"
Deliver me from Shakespeare!

Too much forsooth . . . and by my hand,
I just can't seem to understand,
I guess I have a faulty gland.
Deliver me from Shakespeare!

The complex verse . . . the noun misplaced,
The hero-villain is disgraced,
The plot shot forth and then retraced,
Deliver me from Shakespeare!

The foolish sage . . . the learned clown,
The loud oration, smirk or frown,
I might as well read upside down.
Deliver me from Shakespeare!

Distorted plot to unschooled minds,
Meaning sought like "Fleece of Hinds,"
The tortuous way the knowledge finds,
If you will but read Shakespeare.

The pulpy rag the fool reads
Doth only augment all his needs.
A greater joy that far exceeds
Is yours if you read Shakespeare.