

"Marion, you'll love Marg," Terry broke in. "She's really a good kid. Well, goodnight, Ellen. Just leave these boxes in my room."

Gay laughter floated into the room until the front door slammed. Margaret stood with her hand on the heavy knob. Her knuckles stood out white and hard. She kept hearing the deep voice saying, "She's really a good kid."

The chimes rang seven-thirty, and she began to sob wildly and uncontrollably. Outside it still rained as the streetlights flickered on.

§ § § §

Echoes

And on the pool faint ripples then appear.
 With pensive heart I go
 Where velvet-petaled pansies grow
 And humbly turn their faces from the sun.
 The blazing sun

Imprisoned lies within a pool
 Of emerald: deep, silent, cool.
 The water like a jewel
 Reflects both sun and patterned bough
 That drips a frieze of greenness now.

A joyful bird
 Strings jeweled notes into a song
 And drops the notes down one by one.
 The heavy notes
 Dispel the quiet stillness of the air

—Joan Myers