

the rim of a glass and, avoiding her mother's skeptical glare, she evaded Frank's wounded glance.

Someday she would tell him about her dream, she thought, and he would understand. He would not be hurt or angry. But she hoped he would grow up by himself and she would not have to tell him of all the pain and sorrow in the world that she had discovered in her dream.

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THE DEATH MASK OF JOHN KEATS

Robert Petty

Who could view them long, the sullen eyes,
Their falcon brightness gone? The brief strain
Of mortal rage the clay could not disguise,
The mouth so tightly sealed by life's last pain.
Wet clay pressed to dead clay,
What else is there to say,
But that a shell may house the ocean's roar,
A falcon's skull reflect a greater height
Of sun and rushing air, and yet no more
Shall either know it in its ancient flight.
From Caius Cestius hill,
Wings open still,
To cross the written waters of the night.

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