

ART ALIVE

Witch

*She gazed in the mirror as a young girl
at her rosy, apple-cheeked twin,
staring until her face shifted into
a silver-haired woman's.*

*A trick of light refracted
from a sheet of mercury glass.
Still, it was a forecast—
the sharp, sunken cheeks*

*she would someday glimpse,
a woman staring back
in a shop window, a stranger
from another lifetime.*

Mirror, mirror

*From another lifetime
in a shop window, a stranger,
a woman staring back.
She would someday glimpse*

*the sharp, sunken cheeks.
Still, it was a forecast
from a sheet of mercury glass,
a trick of light refracted.*

*A silver-haired woman
staring until her face shifted into
the rosy, apple-cheeked twin
she saw in the mirror as a young girl.*

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Class of 1973*

MARE

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a piercing eye, communicating her question wordlessly.

"It's just I'll miss him is all," he shrugged out of her grasp to stroke the palomino's face. She didn't change her expression. "Alright, it's you I'll miss," he admitted with a sigh, turning his face away from her.

"I'll be right back," she gave him an encouraging smile. Nephew or not, he was more like a brother in more ways than one. "Buck up," she ordered slyly, slapping his shoulder. "You've got double chores while I'm gone and I won't allow any slackness. This place better be ticking like the king's pocket watch when I get back," she said chafing his arm and stepping to open the stall door. The horses moved automatically to meet her. She stroked each face in turn and grasped the lead ropes to move them out of the stall.

Standing in the corridor she checked the lashing on the buckskin, her personal horse standing in as pack mule on this trip, and the cinch on the palomino. She would be riding the stallion as a precautionary action.

"Well, good bye, then," she sighed turning back to Lucas, hanging her head over her shoulder. He couldn't help but snicker at her comical expression, even though he fought it with arms crossed and head hung down. He turned and shoved the barn door open as she led her posy out.

"Good bye, then," he murmured as she mounted, leaning against the door frame, arms crossed again. She turned in the saddle to give him a comforting smile, but it was contorted in her effort not to laugh, which made him snort as he tried not to grin back, but keep up his sulky stance. Lara shook her head and guided the animals onto the road.

Lucas shrugged away from the door frame to stand in the center of the lane. His features slumped longingly as he watched her ride off, the moon touching her exposed hair with silver now.

"Take care," he whispered as the sea breeze carried his words away. He stood and watched horse tails swish out of sight and stayed in the lane 'til he could no longer hear the lonely clip of hoofbeats. Slowly he trudged back to the barn to retrieve the lantern and close up, then he jogged glumly back to his cottage.

The night ride was pleasant for Lara. She rode quiet, but alert in the saddle, aware as the scent of the ocean was replaced by that of damp earth and nearby forest. She let her mind wander as they plodded along, watching the patches of

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