

And The Wind Blew

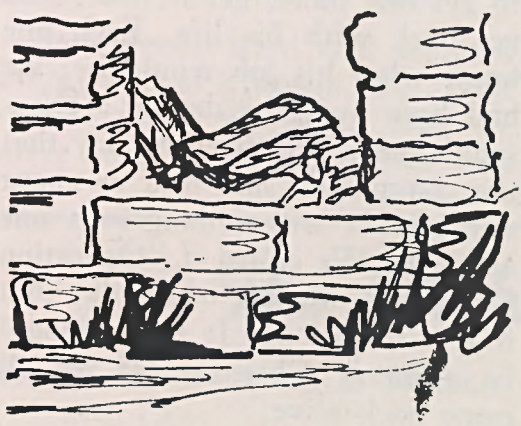
A springtail leaped from a leaf to a violet as a careful footstep disturbed his abode. He darted again when the second foot took its place by the first, wondering who could be so impolite as to rouse him from his twilight daze. The wind then, seeming to aid the intruder, caused the violet to quiver and the springtail, too big for his perch, landed on his back and lay there wriggling his legs like a child in a tantrum. A garter snake slithered beneath a rock, barely escaping the next quiet tread of the foot. The wind blew stronger stirring the shadows of the trees. The footsteps ceased for they had reached the foot of the violet-bordered wall.

A scent of roses pervaded the air, and as if to pay tribute to such a delightful caress, the intruder knelt there by the wall. Hesitatingly his hand moved to an opening in the wall where a brick should have been, but halted, for the rustling of the leaves compelled his eyes upward. Above him the trees on either side of the wall swayed gently back and forth touching ever so slightly. For a moment they seemed to him like waves upon the ocean, an ocean that soon would be his site, his lullaby, and his reveille. Once again they were nature's umbrella of greenery, almost motionless now, for all things breathe easier in the stillness of the night—so perhaps does God.

Again his hand sought the opening in the wall, but faltered as he remembered a smaller hand that reached eagerly for that opening years before. This small hand sought sugar cookies which had been placed there by an even smaller, a hand that now was dainty, a hand that had grown dearer to him with every passing year. There had been other treasures in that innocent soul of the wall—insects to excite a squeal when he passed through that "pigtail-pulling" stage, and billets-doux with misspelled words when neckties were added to his wardrobe.

He remembered when he first discovered his accomplice. That hole had been his lookout when he was Robin Hood; it served as a porthole when he sailed with Crusoe. Then one day two eyes peered back at him, two very blue eyes supported by a turned up nose. Those eyes to him now mirrored heaven. Their small hands could join then; however, as the years passed it became more difficult, just as their being friends became more difficult, for wealthy parents are not so willing for their jewel to be placed beside a less brilliant stone from a poorer setting.

Now, because the world was not given to freedom for all men, he must leave and volunteer his strength for the right. He remem-



bered the fear in her eyes when he told her of this necessity and wondered if she feared the test of time or the plans her parents could legally force upon her while he was away. In a few moments he would know, for in this trysting place that had veiled the secrets of their love she was to place the petal of a rose, on the night of his voyage, if she chose to wait for him and stay the will of her parents until his return. Only a few fingers now could enter the space, and they touched the roughness of the brick and searched for the softness of a petal. But only the rough surface could be felt, though his fingers lingered, as if hoping Fate would change its mind.

The hand withdrew; the intruder straightened and retraced his

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steps. The wind was felt again, as if Night breathed heavier because something had disturbed its sleep. The springtail, in annoyance, took a leap and landed in the hole in the wall as though to follow up the search. Seemingly satisfied, he hopped out on the other side into a fairer garden and landed on a single petal so soft and fragrant that he prepared to settle there for the night. And the wind blew—

Cycle

Dawn
The morning is pink
And a wee pink bird
Chirps a song through my
Soft pink dreams.

Noon
The alchemist sun
Turns everything gold,
'Cept the cat and me,
And even he
Has golden eyes.

Twilight
The breeze brings with it
Blue shadows
That creep on the town;
And a sleepy bird
Closes his day
With one blue note.

Night
Black trees
Are twins with
Black tree shadows
And the dog who howls
On that dim hill
Is heard and
Echoed
Here.

—JOANN DENTON
HILLTOP—PAGE FIVE