

MY WONDER WOMAN

For one thing—after I had touched Wanza's unwilling lips last night at Jocy's bidding, I had sat on the edge of my bunk in the darkness unable to forget the feeling of those warm lips against my own—feeling myself revitalized—made new. What had happened to me when I held the girl in my arms for that brief space? What was the answer?

I sat in deep thought, starting when a water ouzel swooped suddenly down past my face, and plunged into the water at my very feet. I watched it emerge, perch on a boulder further down stream, and spread its slaty wings to dry. The day was languorous, and very sweet. One of those perfect days that come early in June when the woods are flower-filled, and the trees full-leaved. The air was tangy with smells, the honeysuckle and balm o' Gilead dripped perfume, the clover was bursting with sweetness, and the wild roses were faintly odorous; all the "buds and bells" of June were dewy and clean-scented. The nutty flavor of yarrow was in the air—*Achillea millefolium*—the plant which Achilles is said to have used in an ointment to heal his myrmidons wounded in the siege of Troy. I marked this last flavor well, separating it from the others. "Poor yarrow," I said to myself,