

rain drops fell fast and hard on the south window.

Inside this window sat a mother, a father, a wife, and a minister around a table drinking coffee and staring at the leaves of the geranium plant on the window sill which fluoresced like little spirits hovering in the garden outside. They heard the wind and feared. They did not sleep, eat, or relax and their faces lined and drew and shadowed under the vigil's strain.

On the table in front of the minister was a little used envelope. Down its center was a thick black line. He had scrawled a two columned list of church differences as he talked. At six he left to go rest for his 9:30 service and the father let him out. On his way back through the porch his eyes fell on Tom's skin diving equipment and watered. Big quarrels now looked little and little remembrances looked big.

The sun came up and the wind and rain went down and the waves rolled smooth as they lost their momentum. On sand bars not yet gained by the incoming tide north of the wharf

road a group of people gathered. They talked quietly and looked north to see nothing. The only fishing boat not loaded with traps for the next day's lobster fishing left the wharf and headed north.

The people watched as it came out from behind the wharf bobbing in the waves, crossed in front of them, and vanished behind Jourmain Island. The parents and Cathy came. The night had seemingly aged the family's faces years in hours. Someone had to carry Cathy down the rocks along the wharf road so she could stand on the sand with everyone. The Mountie was there. "One in ten." he repeated.

An hour passed. The boat reappeared. First it was a little line of white. It drew closer. A little dot of brown appeared behind. It was the speed boat. It was empty. But, there were two more people in the big fishing boat. The captain of it dipped his buoy hook again and again to check depth as he approached the shore. A hundred yards from the bar the boat coasted to a stop. Tom drew up the speed boat and rowed George ashore.

A whisper of gladness swept through the crowd. George went up to Cathy and comforted her. Tom anchored the boat and began to bail it out. "Damn! Damn! Damn!" he muttered below his breath with each can of salt water he threw out, "Won't I get hell for this one."

He delayed going up to his parents as long as he could. Someone came up and touched him on the shoulder — "You better go home now, Tom, I'll take care of this."

"Well anyway", thought Tom as he squished his way across the soft sand to the family car on the wharf road, I gave this town some excitement last night. That's something they don't have very often in this dump. They should be grateful." He got in the back seat of the car beside his father.

"Hello," he said fearfully.

His mother replied in a faltering voice, "We were afraid we wouldn't see you any more."

"Gosh, they look old," thought Tom, "maybe they're glad to have me back so they won't bawl me

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Erotic

Stark naked, she walked across the stubble field,
And dove deep into that darkened pool,
And riverlets of blackened hair streaked over her
bold face.

The pool disturbed lapped on the empty shore
From where I watched the naked nymph.
What does she there, why am I here,
The spreading emotion forces my limbs to yield.
Animal, glistening animal, that you are
Shining in the splendid sunlight,
Splashing, diving, exploring down into the shallow
depths.

Like my enforcing feelings, deep inside
She beacons me, that inviting nymph,
Seduction in her heart and breasts and streaming
hair.

I looked and waved and watched her rising breath,
She laughed, a most obliging nymph,
That haunting creature that tempts me in my sleep.

Pecuniary

The wilted trees
in summer lie
at the foot of each terraine.
The concrete shells
within the ground
like anthills on a plain.
The same evolving faces
peer out at every stop.
The same disgusting places
where construction never stops.
Sparse lawns of ugly green
the rocks on every side
an unfound personality
where nothing ever dies.
No life, no love, no anything
just a short perfunctory manner.
One man's utopia
impressed on every mind
a common bond of conformity
with variations on the side.
External signs of happy times
exudes with every breath
be joyous now, you lucky ones
in your vast conjugal net.

RAYMOND FOOTE