A Matter of Words

Patricia Frey*
Abstract

you ask me in what I do believe green grass in april and snow in december a white wine bottle empty on the desk blue shutters on the white-painted house and san francisco in the summer
Her father was smiling, his blue eyes bright and proud. “We were real glad to come, Honey, and we’ll be just as proud of you next year.”

Marsha managed a shaky smile. “That’s fine, but you’d better hurry up and get me back to the dorm, or there won’t be any next year. I’ve got a Western Civ test tomorrow and hours of studying left to do.” She turned toward the door again, with her head held high.

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you ask me in what i do believe

green grass in april and snow in december
a white wine bottle empty on the desk
blue shutters on the white-painted house
and san francisco in the summer

is there any more than that
or any more than dogs in high clover
paper sacks crumpled on the sidewalk
a lover’s smooth skin next to yours

if there is then tell me
in your abstract words of joy
and happiness, sadness and grief
and i will ask you a question in return

i ask you in what you do believe