Dead by Accident

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Abstract

White lilies mingle with the white powder...
Oops, it goes again; this stilted peace unnerves
My steady hand.
The cats, those blessed blasted cats, I'll tie again
A square knot, lash down the bitter ends and
Lovingly return them to the clothesline. A wheel,
A cog, a spring, a wheel, a jewel, another spring—
The awful howling, hissing, biting, scratching and the
Tick, tick, tick, tick, tick, tick, tick, tick.

J. E. Swallum

Dead by Accident

White lilies mingle with the white powder.
That clings in scales along the dented skull,
And the rouged lips bent by hairless long fingers
Into a pursed smile are strange.
The crushed forehead and the mangled cheeks
Defy the mortician's hands,
For the head has spun forward through one last window
To meet an unwincing truck—
Crushed by glass when glass is so cheap.
Two seconds, two seconds—
Too early or too late—
In a shudder, an instant,
A life doled out in secondsfull
Is transformed to a weary death
Stroked out in eternities.

Ervin Krause, Sci. Sr.

A Long Time [from page 23]
simply refused to get excited about them. It's too small for
six bridesmaids, mother and me, Sue thought — to say noth-
ing of seven full lace dresses — imported chantilly lace in
graduated shades of ivory, she corrected herself mentally.
Oh, I just don't care — Bill's waiting for me — she picked up
her orchids — nice — but even dandelions would look good
today.