Single-Valued Arrays

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Abstract

I spaciosly walk alone the path along which I was once led... and taught...
Sketch

echoing down the empty street to Tom. Faster . . . Faster . . . and then she ran.

—Leo Gourley, T. Jl., Jr.

Single-Valued Arrays

I spacioulsly walk alone the path along which I was once led . . . and taught.
The air is dense with silently suspended snowdrops
Which twinkle in the streetlights
And give the world a wierd brightness.
With me, the single trail in the snow stops
When I see your window to my right.
I look . . . .
You have carefully arranged your things on a table.
And You saw everything that you had made, and, behold, it was very good.
The dollars are for taking you out and keeping you happy.
The jewelry is to make you presentable and keep you happy.
The comic books are for amusing you and keeping you happy.
The trinkets are to provide you with interesting conversation and to keep you happy.
The stylish new hat is to wear to church and keep you happy.
The trophies are for making people respect you and keeping you happy.
And the scrap paper is for throwing in the waste basket.
The trees in the distance are laden with shining ice.
My hair is white and wet.
Neither the twigs nor I wear a distinguishing label.
There are many people behind many colored doors.
It worries me to wonder how many have tables like yours.

—Ronald Christensen, E.E., Jr.