Give Me a Sign

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Give Me a Sign

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Abstract

I who never ask for signs beg for a sign I will accept mud tracks across my kitchen floor as omen that I am not frozen forever in February. And I who never sing hymns will sing grateful hymns on my knees as I scrub mud omens of grasslife under deep snows...
up he would see Billy's fishing rod leaning against the stoop and, beside it, a pair of blue jeans soaking up sun on the steps. A shower of acorns would skitter past his feet and Billy's derisive laughter would ring from behind a willow trunk. Still he did not move, but only turned his eyes to the other footprint, his own.

As Billy's laughter rose, echoed off the house, and roared through his mind, he still stared unwavering and breathless at his footprint. And he stared still, mourning his own loss, even when an acorn stung his temple and sent a lone tear coursing down his cheek.

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*by*

Betty Lartius

*Science & Humanities 4*

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*Artwork*

*by*

Ann Bishop