Sunday II

Terrance Hallagan*
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Abstract

The lazy sunshine Shivers in queer lines...
Sunday II  
Terrance Hallagan

The lazy sunshine  
Shivers in queer lines  
Above the earth,  
Knowing it is Sunday.  
The breeze lies quiet,  
Not even teasing the leaves.  
I'm stretched out  
In a little circle of shade  
Looking at the polished sky—  
Watching the hawk  
Pause, resting on the air,  
Wheel lazily back  
And slide easily across the sky,  
Back and forth,  
Aimlessly drifting  
Here and there,  
Sailing on his great wings,  
Smooth as the ice in winter,  
Silent as the dew.

The Champs  
Mary Dodds

"JEANIE!" A figure clad in overalls stood half-way up the alley by Miss Budd's big tree. His eight and one-half year old voice, trained for almost this many years by managing the lives of his four younger brothers and sisters, was again demanding. "Jeanie, hurry up." And Dick kicked at the big roots spreading away from the bottom of the tree, watching closely the back door of Jeanie's house on Eighth street.

"Okay, I'm coming." A figure in overalls and a starched white shirt with a red bandana tied cowboyish around her neck slammed the back door and ran up the alley, her pigtails flop-