Abstract

THE trickle of water moved very much like a caterpillar hunting for food. Its anterior was like a smooth, domeshaped wall of water that was prevented from answering the call of gravity by some invisible force...
THE trickle of water moved very much like a caterpillar hunting for food. Its anterior was like a smooth, dome-shaped wall of water that was prevented from answering the call of gravity by some invisible force. Although the water was apparently very wet, the grains of dust that it pushed before it remained as dry as they had ever been, and the little tricklet even picked grains of dust up on its back without their sinking into it or getting wet. It sent out a creeping branch much like the pseudopod of an amoeba, which soon came to a standstill and grew in size. Suddenly a small part of it broke through and moved off in another direction.

II

I was riding the tractor in a field of young blades of corn, when a dark bird with white belly appeared that reminded me much of a sea-gull. Its wings were long and pointed, and its plumage looked more like large scales than feathers. It glided over the field for thirty yards and even gained altitude without a single beat of the wings. Its eyes were black and glistening, with a white circle about them that seemed to represent the evil thoughts behind it. Then, within the space of one second, its long beak pointed suddenly downwards, it dropped straight to the earth like a falling rock, then swooped up within three inches of the ground with a long, white straw in its beak.

[24]
The girl was applying lipstick. She dabbed her lips with a piece of crayon as though she were trying to make her lips stay fastened to her face instead of doing a work of art. The sticky paste had already been pushed onto her white skin in several conspicuous places, but still she smacked her lips together while looking at herself in the compact mirror as though she thought she looked good enough to eat. The latter operation resulted in a paint job that was twice the size of what it was supposed to cover. She then held the mirror to the right, the left, and looked at it from the side the way a hen looks at someone who has just entered the barnyard gate. She hurriedly tucked her compact into her handbag and walked rapidly off, with much the self-satisfied expression as the same hen.

Frustration
William Craig

Your cry
will come at night
and echo in the black.
And I
must hear your fright
and cannot call you back.