Departure

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Abstract

looking back far behind, i see my road stretched from mind to mind until each individual, no longer distinguishable, blends with his group and each group with the Mass...
“I had a minute because one of my young hopefuls hasn’t shown yet, so I thought I’d call. Just saw Madeline leave. What did she have to say?” Rosha’s voice had its arms folded on the back fence.

“Oh, nothing much. We just chit-chatted,” I evaded.

“Oh . . . well, I just wondered,” trying to sound like polite disinterest as her voice faded away into disappointment. “Someone’s ringing my door-bell. Must be my pupil. Bye.”

“Bye.” I hung up, relieved, and headed toward the bedroom. “Saved by the bell,” I invented, and fell, weakly, face down on my bed, not thinking, just half breathing, as I waited for the children to come home from school.

**Departure**

*by K. P. Kaiser*

*Architecture, Jr.*

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and each group
with
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having no end,
the Mass
stretches beyond any
God’s knowledge,
or
wish to guess.