Poem

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Poem

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Abstract

Small buds drip green dew That soft winds lay down; Rain touches gently the earth And I see spring...
Evening comes early. The heavy clouds in the west roll up and blot out the sun. Snow is beginning to fall.

In the kitchen the women count pies, and cakes, and jellos. They check lists and make more coffee.

"Wish her brothers would get here."

"Here they are now. Just pulling in the drive."

The women hold open the door, and the brothers come in with a push of cold air.

"Let me take your coat. We thought you'd never get here. I bet the roads are slick."

"They are. We drove on ice most of the way. Where is she?"

"In the living room."

"And the children, where are they?"

"They went over to Martha's first thing. So much to do, you know. We got everything—"

"How is she?"

"She's just fine. I don't know how she does it. She has been so calm all day. She's so brave."

The women begin to bustle around the kitchen. They pour coffee for the brothers, and make sandwiches. They are busy putting things away, and sweeping up the floor.

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by Michael Firth

Science Special, 5

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