Interlude

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Abstract

A wind beneath the eyelids, Scurries on the pink, gray shadows, Dipping away softly to deeper shadows beyond, A dull remembrance of the sight last seen....
“Guess we can finish this case up without that list of damages. I’ve looked over all the facts and decided that you boys must have been drivin’ pretty reckless if you couldn’t get out of old Charlie’s way.” Dump spat over the porch rail.

The colored boys had watched the proceedings with the jug and were now looking at each other with consternation.

“Seein’ as how you college niggers is on vacation and want to get home, I’m not goin’ to throw you in jail,” said Dump. One of the negroes bowed his head. “Jus goin’ to fine you fifty dollars.”

“But we don’t have fifty dollars.” The tallest of the negroes could not quite keep the rebellion out of his voice.

Dump pondered for a minute and said, “All right just drive that car up in my alley and leave the keys. When you bring me the money you can have the car back.”

“But Judge,” the tall negro said, “that’s not our car. We borrowed that from a friend here in town to get the rest of the way home in.”

“That’s all right boys. Just do as I tell you, and leave the keys in the mailbox. I’ve got some unfinished business inside.”

—Tom Vernon, Sci. Sr.

Interlude

A wind beneath the eyelids,
Scurries on the pink, gray shadows,
Dipping away softly to deeper shadows beyond,
A dull remembrance of the sight last seen,
A gray impression on the pink lightness,
Beneath, behind the long-lashed eyelids.
Nothing—nothing, but soft velvet strands
And daubs that leap and sway and shimmer
On the yellow lines and blue clouds—
And pink tears like sluggish armadillos
Plod on silken feet through fine dewy pastures.