Haiku

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Abstract

Silently dimming Dusk; summer night deepening Villages of stars
Brother Johnathan exited hastily, tripping on the bedspread as he fled. When he reached the porch, Miss Rose was still rocking, her hands in prayer position. "Is she healed?" she asked breathlessly, as she saw him approach.

"It's going to take some more time, dear lady," Brother Johnathan said thoughtfully, adjusting his tie. "Now I don't know how to tell you this, Miss Rose, but I confess it's my Christian duty to warn you."

"What? What?" Miss Rose gasped, holding her hand over her heart.

"Demons will sometimes rise right out of one body and sail smack into another," Brother Johnathan said, smoothing his dark hair back with his hands. "Miss Sarah opened that door at just the wrong time. She's caught some of that corruption gnawing at Cissy, full in the mouth. You best stop your ears to her evil words, and keep your mind to it, it's not her that's spewing the filth, but the awful voice of Satan!"

"Merciful heavens!" Miss Rose cried.

"You best bring both sick'ens to meeting next time," Brother Johnathan warned. "Now you-all come, hear?"

"Sweet Jesus, preserve us," Miss Rose said, her eyes round with terror, "We'll be there, Brother Johnathan! We'll be there!"

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**Haiku**

*by Deborah Pui Young*

*Child Development, Soph.*

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Villages of stars