Dream Only

Ron Christensen*
fellow creatures of the Arctic the blessings of pureness, regimentation, everlasting life, introjection, and grant to them freedom from ugliness, hunger, and 'the natural way of life'.” The last five words were said like a curse.

Harder and harder blew the wind and the snow fell in great, twisting flurries of motion. Mutsanac lumbered through the storm, his head down so far he occasionally stepped on his nose with his forepaws. His eyes swept over the surface of the snow. White — white in the air and on the earth and all around.

A small, six-pointed flake landed on Mutsanac's nose and melted there.

Russell P. Wilson, Sci. Sr.

Dream Only

All the earth is a massive unit
Cold and hard and porus.
While the numbers roll,
A high wind comes upon us
Which bows our heads
And humbles my heart.
I think that I shall cry . . .
Silently,
Inside.

Every strand of strewn hair,
So real upon your face, molds a veil
Fluttering in the sweeping air.
When your lips speak gratitude your eyes speak compassion,
And I turn and look to the dew-sprinkled ground,
And walk away,
And slowly crush the green-silver-shining blades—
With numb and humble silence
Inside.

Ronald Christensen, Eng. Sr.