On Loves

Larry Syndergaard*
The conversation varied only in detail, but the topic was the same eternal one. Complaints. Not enough sleep, too many tests, girl troubles, prejudiced teachers, poor dormitory food. He had heard all their woes before, had heard each boy assert his troubles as the gravest. The fools! If they only knew of his troubles, they would consider their own trivial. He joined in their complaints now and then showing them all what real problems were.

The group of boys and the girl arrived at the sidewalk intersection at exactly the same time. As she stepped forward, his heavy shoe met her instep soundly.

He glared at her.
She glared at him.
Silence.

Janice Boeke, Sc. & H. Soph.

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On Loves

I find your footsteps
Woven in the tapestries
Of silver grass,
Trailed across the freshness
Of wet beaches—faintly scuffed
In glistening pebbles.
And sometimes I feel straying threads
Of wind-tossed, floating hair—
Teasing out from waves,
Curling, scented, past my cheek.
And in the poplar’s trembling,
Its milky glimmer,
dusty glitter,
I sometimes feel the trembling of your hand.

Larry Syndergaard, Ag. Jr.