Regeneration

James Wickliff*
shoulder and into his pocket. She stood with her back to him, timidly waiting. He stuffed his hand into his shirt pocket and pulled from it a new necklace, quite similar to the old. He slipped it around her neck and fumbled with the clasp. She reached up to aid his stumbling hands, then turned around and smiled shyly. She looked down at the brooch, opened it, and then saw the blood-stains on her shawl.

“Oh, Pete!” she sighed, but the picture in the brooch was smiling.


Regeneration

Flailing filaments wave in pain, strike and cling and jolt to the same electric torch of intangibles, then this feel to fingers of paper and pen and sought-for words well up again.

James Wickliff, Sc. & H. Grad.