Senryu

Evelyn R. Bracken*
was content to let Hank do the deciding. After all, men usually knew more about the important things.

Hank’s stubby fingertips tapped rhythmically against the wooden surface. His silence was an indication of his apparent irritation, Wanda was sure. She was surprised when he began, “Well, you do realize that with this new car, the trip this summer will be terrific. We can have the top down and soak up all that sun. We’ll be the healthiest vacationers alive!” His prodding was a not-so-subtle hint for an enthusiastic reply from Wanda. She squirmed. It was difficult to seem pleased about a two week vacation in the hot dry Southwest when she had wanted to visit her family in Philadelphia.

“Yes, Hank, it certainly will be a unique experience. I’ve thought about it considerably myself lately.” She hoped her feelings didn’t show.

Hank groaned as he stretched, leaned back, and balanced on the two hind legs of the captain’s chair. “Well, gotta get movin’ this mornin’. Come on, Honey, let’s have breakfast. How ‘bout pancakes?”

As her hulky mate sauntered casually through the kitchen doorway, Wanda sighed and turned toward the stove to take out the griddle. “Pancakes it’ll be,” she answered.

**Senryu**

*by Evelyn R. Bracken*

*English, Sr.*

Violent raging
Tempest without. Compare it
To your silent peace.