rubbing the point of his jaw. “B-b-but Franny...”

Instead of crying, I laughed—but my eyes still burned. “I’m sorry, Nick. I didn’t mean it—but I did. I’m sorry... Please, let me alone? For now?” Thank God he did. He walked off toward the Union, shaking his head.

I began to walk again. *Get the trunk out of storage in the basement, ask the friendly manager of the food store for cardboard boxes...* Gradually the scene came back into focus. *Poor, dear, dense Nick. Eventually he’ll understand. Or will he?*

Everything was still and calm. The sun had disappeared; the afternoon began to darken, to darken. I shuddered at the cold, at the dark. If I could have, I would have broken into an abandoned run. But my legs were made of cold granite. *Get the trunk out of storage in the...*

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**Martins**

*by Paul Kratoska*

*English, Jr.*

The martins grow restless.
They wheel about the sky,
Gliding, and float
The rising breeze
In silent grace.

Still, the sky is summer’s.

The sparrows wait,
Patient in the knowledge
That leaves soon will fall,
The nights will cool,
The sky will turn to autumn,
And the wires will once again
Belong to sparrows.