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Not With Devils

T. F. Melville

St. John Fisher University

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Not With Devils

Cover Page Footnote

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water turned red about him in sympathy with his tortured feet, but the coral soon gave way to sand and his ginger walk turned into a maddening, leaping, running, sloughing through the remaining yards to shore.

The shore! When he gained it, he collapsed and embraced it as a child would his mother. Tears poured from his eyes dampening the already damp ground. Once, he glanced up and inward at the inviting greens, but decided that he would go no further. He had regained solid ground. The danger was past. His enemy was behind him. He had fought the good fight—and won. All that was left was the sobbing. And sobbing, he fell asleep as men often do when immediate danger seems to have passed.

But, water is a paradox, and as it recedes from shore so, too, does it return. And so it did now. Joe's sleep was the deadened sleep of one humanly exhausted, but when the water had returned sufficiently, it was the sleep of eternity.

NOT WITH DEVILS

T. F. MELVILLE

Not with devils
wearing brimstone-horns,
with smouldering pitchforks.

No, it is not
bottomless perdition, to dwell
in adamant chains and penal fire,

But

the cold, ineffectual womb
of the city
where all you can hear are
the frightened sounds of
the screaming traffic-people.