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Spring Vision

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Spring Vision

Cover Page Footnote

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Spring Vision

The black barked tree
Suddenly turned white;
Danced through the woods
With flowing laced gown
Pranced in the fields
Then quickly changed brown.

ANGELO ABBONDANZIERI

apartmeant

By RAY PAVELSKY

knotnuckles clutching the doorknob worn with more uncounted palmings
young and old she tottered at his words and could only breathe toward the
milkchild.

he was thin and brown as springirth, his eyes strange birdeggs in a nest of
face. he stood lying, so fragile he might rattle in his cuffs. she knew the
need that cored him ending brutal in his lips, ragged in his hands. she saw
the candywrapper shaming from his pocket and slowly took from him the
spare white liquid, spare because that morning's ransom half unsilvered in
the transuspence of some sweet sacrament. hen-gentle she held eyetight the
quaking shells, reached the wrinkled evidence and placed it in a pain-poor
pocket, as he had taken from her hand the glistenwet few coins of dawn into
his. that now lay soft and chocolate and stirring in his stomach.

eggs hatched quick glass birds; she palmed the victorian door between them.
the exhibit lay lifeless in one hand, the milk innocent in the other, growing
warm. she wept from fulness: tears flocked beyond the door.