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Chanson de Printemps

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throat that way? kkkkkk and I'm out of circulation. I wonder if she would have me.

She is very different. *Of course we want each other*, she had said, *but babies must have parents and care and when they grow older they must have respect for themselves and respect for their parents. If it were only us, you see, it would not matter, Love would be enough. But we are not by ourselves, and we have to add many things.*

Well, he thought, maybe she is just tricky, but I know better. she is very wise. And he did respect her because that was the way he loved.

He looked for the ducks for almost an hour and then quit and was sick about losing them. He waded to the bank and started for his car.

A rabbit bounced out of a windfall and headed for the marsh. It stopped, for he had not frightened it by his silent movement. He raised the gun and sighted down between the barrels at the rabbit's ears. The cotton tail bounced towards the marsh; its bottom mostly higher than its head until it stopped and became bottom-down again.

Oh, what the hell.

He lowered the gun; he could not kill the rabbit because it was useless and the ducks were gone and all the rabbit wanted to do was reach the marsh. He tossed a stick and watched the cottontail scramble and then he turned away and began to walk out of the fringe-woods.

She would only hug him when he gave her the ring; she would put her face into his sweater against his chest and he would kiss her spun-copper hair and he would have hanged himself for sure, but their Love would be sealed.

Funny world, he thought, with diamonds for love-tokens. Someone must make a lot of money.

He didn't care. He had never felt so glad about anything as he did now because he had not killed the rabbit.

Chanson de Printemps . . .

Brise fraîche
arbre naissant
feuilles vertes
C'est printemps.

Une fleur
isolée,
Une image
de beauté.

Un chant doux
d'un oiseau
en plein air,
très nouveaux.

Une idée
puis un mot,
puis l'amour
viendra tôt.

. . . Diane Peacock