



Spring 1959

Spring

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"Sure, it's nice," the man said, looking back at the perfectly tailored suit on the perfectly proportioned mannikin, "but sixty-nine bucks is too much money!"

"Ferget sixty-nine bucks—look—a guy like you—in that suit you're a walking ad for Hi and Sol—fer you—fifty-five bucks."

"Think it would be good on me?" The man said tentatively.

"Believe me." He pleaded, spreading his hands in exasperated emphasis.

"You said fifty-five, did ya?"

"I said fifty-nine, but ferget that—all I want you to do is see yerself in that suit—I mean it—the price we can work out." He put his arm around the man's back and gently began walking him towards the plate-glass doors, "Why worry about money? You got five bucks with ya? The suit's yours. You don't have five bucks? We'll hold it for ya. Easy terms, take six months to pay, who cares."

Another salesman came out of the plate-glass doors and held one of them open for the two men and smiled a warm and bright smile that made cold and dingy Pitkin Avenue warm and bright.

COLIN WILLIAMS

Spring

The sun led the last snow from behind
the warming buildings.
The first green tips of a precocious crocus
Gave a bird friend in my garden reason to sing.
The cherry tree awoke and, finding herself all naked,
Threw a frothy new white dressing gown
About her shoulders.

Spring rustled my curtains and with sweet tears
for her tardiness spread all her things about
For her visit.