



Spring 1965

Haiku

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Finally, Miss Harvey said "all right, children, gather around the tree and sit down. I will pass out the presents now. Remember, no one may open his present until all of them have been passed out". Finally the last present was in transit between Miss Harvey and its owner. In two seconds of concentrated rip about thirty mothers' collective works of beauty became a shambles around the Christmas tree. All of us--except Janie--had opened their present. Harry got up from the floor with his box of handkerchiefs in his hand and walked over to Janie. He looked down at her and said in a very quiet voice "Why didn't you open it up?". Janie had a funny look in her face. It was the expression she used when she explained that the other Christians had miscounted Sunday. Her eyes were such a cold blue that I got a scare right in the base of my stomach. It was silent. Everyone was watching. "My mother says that it is wrong to open gifts before the day of Christmas", Janie exploded. Harry thought for a long moment. "But I wanted to see you open it up". His voice was even quieter than it had been before. His jaw was shaking just a little but you could hardly see it. "I thought you liked me. I thought you were nice." Then Janie did a funny thing. "I am", she said, and opened the package containing a pin-cushion shaped like a tomato with a tape measure hooked to its green stem. "It rolls up just like a shade", said Harry, and he demonstrated.

HAIKU

Tom Thayer

Afternoon sunlight
splattering through swaying tree-
tops, butters the ground