Winter 1955

Delivery

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the direction of Mrs. Albertson. Everyone agreed that it was a ter-
rible thing how American tourists were treated in Paris. Just think
of it. One couldn't even walk out at night without being set upon
by a bunch of footpads. Shocking.

Mr. Albertson regained his health quite rapidly. Mrs. Albertson
related how she had also been attacked—by a fellow student with
whom she had mistakenly been friendly. It saddened Mr. Albertson
to know he had been so much in error. He apologized for all the
trouble he had made. Mrs. Albertson cried a little and said she
was so sorry.

Mrs. Albertson thought it best for Mr. Albertson’s health to have
him stay in his cabin as much as possible on the return voyage. Mr.
Albertson agreed. Mr. Albertson told everyone how sensible his wife
was.

Delivery . . .

Stretched mercilessly
In Time’s antiseptic operating room
Between the sterile halls of Eternity
I lay in screaming labor
On my pain wracked bed of desire
And brought forth
From the throbbing womb of my heart
Hope, stillborn.

. . . Gloria Brocato