Sunday Morning

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The water is so warm and feels so nice. It is almost like sleep, but then so is death, it is just the problems. Paul will be home in about two hours. I must be ready. It is all set. The baby is too much, Paul doesn't understand. Everything is clean and neat, the way it should be, only can't. The closet, how can I rearrange it so things will fit?

I slowly took down the clothes and then the lines. The rope was so heavy, and it would be so easy and painless, and neat; and then no more problems. I can't handle another baby, I can't tell Paul. I won't. I looked at my hands and found I was making a noose, so easy and clean. I slipped the rope over the beam and thought I finally understood Ann. Life can be too hard. I balanced for a moment on Becky's swing and thought, it's just all the problems. I can't handle them. I can't!

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**Sunday Morning . . .**

The ship was piered at Norfolk port.  
Its guts were wormed with men  
All rushing through excited tasks  
To set to sea again!  
Each moved with vows of vengeance.  
Their hearts were gnawed with dread  
For war had belched its bitter bile  
And many mates lie dead  
On Neptune's unfinished carpet.  
Mosaic begun with time  
Revealing histories but to the dead—  
Tongueless players in mime.

. . . Sherwood Snyder III

26