Snow

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soft whimpers and he heard the fat salesman sputtering, and all the sounds were unbearable because they went to and fro and crashed against each other, and whitecaps slapped and lifted and slapped and dropped, up and down, for 40 years.

He opened his eyes and saw Dick Webb. He straightened and took half his weight off the rail and put it on Webb. His breath came and went and came in jerks, and when it came he choked on it.

"Say, Dick, you tell the Captain I ain't coming back with him."

"How do you feel? You don't look good."

"Yeah, I am done, Dick, now. Not good for my job now, after this kind of stuff..."

"Sure. You okay?"

That did seem a preposterous thing for him to say, and Harris felt laughter twist his stomach into a bigger and bigger knot, so big it couldn't come up, but it had to, it had to get out. The independent, splashing waves swirled into one ageless, unshrunk breaker, and as it came and he knew it was coming, Harris grinned weakly. The bubble burst, and the liquid spasm was delicious.

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SNOW

For a fleeting fragment of time,
It clings to the vine-covered walls...
Traces gems for the lone beholder.
Its detail minute, it reigns there
Until the sun's rays touch and melt it...

The wonder falls...  KAREN GERNANT

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