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Mrs. Roda Under the Pentagon

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Mrs. Roda Under the Pentagon...

Old Mrs. Roda climbed on her hilltop garden with footsteps shorter than spurts of flame, in rosebuds planted when a ring was in the moon.

I knew whenever I came home from school to see the late spring sunlights flirting in her yard, she would be watching me.

Beckoning faraway she seemed a soft grey shadow tucked between green spreads of tree, but coming close I saw her wrinkles strung with pocks like beads.

She nuzzled whispers in my ear to tell me how my life was patterned by the stars, and when I should tack wolf's—bane above my door.

I liked her well enough to fear that if she ever kissed me with her thoughts, my mind would know Endymion's sleep.

... Douglas Hodgman

The Futilist...

Reason sat in a corner In a dingy room and frowned. It knew how perishable Are smiles. Nor would it Paint a picture or read a book. It knew there was no use In any such endeavor.

Children played in the sunny court Below, laughing and singing— Never knowing—Poor Souls—that their Laughter, their songs, were as the brief Flicker of a firefly in our dark well.

They laughed, they sang They didn't know—Poor Souls!

... Pauline Hylkema