

with many dark paths, over which caravans of dead wishes passed in sad pilgrimage. When I bent over her hand for the mute last kiss, it was moist and cold. "Come again soon," she said to us on leaving. But all three of us knew that we would never see each other again.

BETTINA CUMMINS

WANTED KNOWN

We are not past it
expectantly we attend seminars and workshops
and after the break-up party of chicken and white wine
fall asleep
puzzling over acrostics in the latest lit. mags.

To dream of editors
who having rejected thirty birthdays-
are bored with the rape of Anglo Saxon maidens
and might enjoy a mild flirtation
(strictly platonic)
with ladies of maturity.