

the fires within and without had lit small flames in her cheeks. She walked up the passage without hurrying, feeling the dusk light penetrating the walls and furniture of the house.

She switched on the hall light.

He was there when she opened the door.

"Forgot my key again!" He smiled his shy, wrinkled smile at her then held his arms out to enfold her. "Missed you, dear."

As Dorothy responded, fleetingly she saw the sharp, sensitive profile bending down to her in the hall mirror.

"Missed you too, dear," she said brightly.

Then she smiled up at him, sniffing thoughtfully at the flowers he had brought her.

JUDITH RODRIGUEZ

THE GLOVE

Nobody takes hands seriously any more.

The days when a homecoming woman half-turned, arching her buttoned forearm — gone with the scaffolding of whalebone.

Never more, surprises of chapped inadequate hands pulled from anyway decent gloves, nor, unfolding, the unflurried palms and natural lotus-languor

of paler girls, still, each with a scar or wart half-healed, or lefthand index bitten to the blood.

This you take up, flung on a table in the vestibule —

its pair, yes, by the chair-leg — there's a hand;

kid, soft as the veined inner wrist, curl-fingered,

ridged with oversewn tendons. The gape buttonless.