

where thistles bloomed and cactus lay in wait for feet that were unwary. Where the path forked, one branch went on out to the point that rounded out the bay, the other took him up again. He chose to climb, and presently he reached a high point where he stood and saw it all. The Lake, waves creaming in across the empty sand and, in the bay, two pelicans majestic in the sunlight.

This was goodbye. This was the moment he had lived all summer. Once he'd thought that he might cry, but now he knew he wouldn't. Tears couldn't alter things, or change the way he felt, or give him back one hour of summers past. He seized a rock and hurled it far across the water.

The road that led past grandfather's went far beyond the icehouse, turning here and there until it reached the highway and went on to everywhere. Whether he wanted to or not, he had to take it.

He raised his head. The wind blew in his face.

## CARMELITE NUN IN RETREAT

*Nancy-Lou Patterson*

This is chastity: to sit  
so still in the winterchastened woods  
that the wild male pheasant will carry the green  
flare of his sex within your reach;

to herd the hunters from the fields  
turning their long blue guns away  
letting the firetailed squirrel run hinderless  
the quivering hedgehog raise his silver pins  
the crows call out of towers of grey air  
above the disciplines of trees;

to climb barefoot in clumsy boots  
and walk in the tilted field now **stiff**  
with goldenrod gone shabby, where  
one day you will lie **content**  
in the arms of your bridegroom grave.