family or his professional duties. At the same time, this place will rush no one; the
hopelessly deranged and even the very difficult patients will have the best chance
in the world to finish their days here as happily and as freely as you or I”.

“One more thing”, he added as an afterthought, “make sure you don’t publish
my name in this article. If you do, I’ll want you to print the full list of our more
than 2,000 foster families. Remember, they are the only irreplaceable, the truly
important people around here.”

OUTLINE FOR A FRIEZE

Sara Van Alstyne Allen

Virtue is shown as a flat countenance, a lusterless eye,
A figure quiet and purposeful. But vice shapes a new
And livelier design. Caparisoned by night, in color of the sun,
Trumpeting down the gates, they come, and people stand
Uplifted in rejection; each hand protests, and yet
The ears receive music wild and beautiful, golden coins
Bubbling along sand. The violent eye, the flaming sky,
The body twisted on an ivory rack, each plays its part
Against the broken gate. The people, vanquished, wait,
Naming in rhythmic alphabet anger, avarice, envy, gluttony,
Hate, pride, sloth, words made for chanting as a banner soars
Above the rusting armor and the bending spears.