

chair by the table. It was the chair in which he had sat painting his water colour pictures so long ago.

Ethel got into bed and switched off the light. In a little while she heard Judd arrive. Then, for a long time, she lay in the darkness listening to Judd and his son laughing together in the kitchen at the other end of the house.

CLOWNS BETWEEN BOOK ENDS

G. K. Fischer

I bought you for valid cash!
 You dare not try
 To question the purchase. Don't deny it.
 You were not borrowed, I was rash
 To squander good legal tender,
 Buffoons!
 I, royalty of amber afternoons,
 Command you to entertain, amuse *me*.
 The punishment for the offender,
 If one be blank or tedious
 Shall be the stake.
 I can afford the pack
 Of you, each rake
 Fine jacketed. Of golden trinkets there's no lack either.
 Titled you are!—Well, where's the repartee?
 Be witty, show some brilliancy!
 Regale me with a dazzling escapade!

Oh, I have known it long and well enough
 How Sancho's jolly belly made
 La Mancha's gauntness target to the view.
 Life's marginalia, too late to be unlearned,
 You leave me trembling,
 Taken like the king
 Who heard his jester laugh
 And in the voice discerned
 A seismographic tremour shivering through
 The hall. You sport your best, I know, you paint and sing.
 And even in the mask's bright urges to entertain
 The curtain flares, falls—velvet melting away,
 And drop by drop I see: the glitter is the rain,
 The rain that raineth every day.