

1938

## Whispers

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"Looks like blood," he laughed.

"It is," the policeman said.

He would not stay in the air all the time. It would be wearisome. Like now. Wearisome, a toothful word. His head was weary. It was hot. What was the tall man saying?

"Therefore, I arrest you: murder . . . wife; fingerprints . . . club. Don't know if . . . in your sleep: case for psychiatrists . . ."

The policeman turned to the man nearby and spoke, shaking his head. To fly all one has to do is leap: spread arms and be blown lightly to the sky. Like those busy little birds. Cool! No more pain, no more trouble with Martha when she woke, no more murmurs in the head; and far away from those lines on the ceiling above his bed, the blood-red Hangman's Noose.

Yes, he would visit the sun first. Then Paris, Rangoon, Bokkara.

He clambered on the sill.

## Whispers

*By* EUGENIA POPE POOL

If I could read the whispers  
Of this wind, that blows  
So softly on my face,  
Then I should know the thought  
Of all the worlds  
That circle through  
Unmeasured space.