

1941

Containers

Witter Bynner

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"I shall be glad when the frost comes," he said, "and the snow. I like to sit before a fire with the snow and the sleet outside under the eaves and over the roof."

"Yes," she said. "I do too."

She stood on her high heels on the sidewalk as he turned and walked over the lawn to the door. When she heard the door shut behind him, she started walking rapidly down the street. As she crossed the intersection, she looked neither to the left nor to the right to see if any cars were coming. But there was none.

CONTAINERS

If ever we try at all to think
About this world of men
We are broken dishes in the sink,
To be repaired again:
And though the things we think be false
Or though the things be true
Or though we still hold peppers and salts,
We are never the same as new.

WITTER BYNNER