SPRING MAGIC

It was spring. I had a burning desire to return to the country where I had been brought up, to refresh my memory of my childhood days. As I reached the old homestead and looked about me, I felt that the grass was the country. The little trees were insignificant against the grass; it seemed as though the grass was about to run over them. I sat for hours enjoying the magnificence of spring. I was so completely taken up dreaming of the days I spent here that I forgot about time. Suddenly I looked up and saw the sun, a fiery, red disc, its lower rim just resting on the ground. A great black figure suddenly appeared on the face of the sun. I sprang to my feet and in a moment I realized what it was.

A farmer was returning from his day's work, with his team and plough. The sun was sinking just behind him. The vision disappeared, the field before me turned dark and the sky took on a grayish hue. The farmer and his team had sunk back to their own littleness on the way home.

- Harold Antholt - '37