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The condemned man

And when he knew for sure he was to die that day, for him the grass stirred in the wind as it had never done before; the birds he saw were no longer birds, but lives that would outlast his own. Everything drew breath, nothing was still, the stones were beautiful in the path he walked, and he bore no grudge.

He had no regret for the places he would never see, only regret for those few times he had stood on the mountain alone searching the scalping wind. No matter that he would miss things unrevealed to him; it only really mattered that he knew now that what he had known and loved he had misused, and that he knew for sure he was to die that day: and, knowing this, he began to live.

KEITH BARNES.

29 MAR 62 13 J.o'L.