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Cover by A. R. Tilburne

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After an Air Raid



By DOROTHY QUICK

THEY met on the top of a flower-strewn hill Where the soft clear air was cool, was still. They looked at each other with glad surprise And a new sweet light was in their eyes. They stretched out their hands and their fingers met; They renounced the world without regret For they knew, in that instant, they were one, And a new existence had just begun. So it did not matter, the two ghosts said, That the world they'd left would call them dead.