

# Mystery

*by* Mark Reep

In a corner of a neighbor's land too stony to till Cob makes a mystery. The small pines are budding, and today he brings an armload of stakes, pocketfuls of baling twine, soft rags to keep the bound seedlings from wind-chafing. For a moment, Cob sees clearly a far-off summer day, a child smiling, wondering. With his good stone he sharpens his shears to a fine bright edge, begins pruning.

