

TINY HANDS OF FATE

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Frog on lily pad
leaps blindly into net of
curiosity.

Crab emerges from
shifting sand, one hand snatches.
Plop! Bright orange pail.

Beneath hemlock boughs,
youth spies under mossy rock.
Startled bugs, mad dash.

Last leaf refuses
to let go; fingers grab found
treasure. Cold wind blows.

* **MARGARET A. SHAW** is currently in M.A. Writing and Literature Program at Rivier College. She earned her B.S. in Elementary Education and Psychology degree from the University of Massachusetts/Boston. Peggy taught at a kindergarten for 15 years. She was an ESL tutor for immigrants for 5 years. She and her husband Thomas live in Hudson, NH. They enjoy sailing the Prickly Heat in Wellfleet, MA and in Lake Winnisquam, NH, cross country skiing at Windblown, and bike riding on the Niagara Water Front in Canada. They do not have pets, but neighborhood cats do enjoy playing mortal combat with the field mice that inhabit their fieldstone foundation.