

Sketch

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10:30

Keith Shillington*

*Iowa State College

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Abstract

I stand and watch my beakers boil and fume And see the gases from their wide mouths spewed
To float in sullenness about the room- No witch of Hecate has ever brewed Such seething broth as
mine to catalyze A festered brain into its solitude...

And this will go on for two years more, or maybe three, or six, or ten, and this girl will not walk on her campus any more. But another will walk there, and this one will never have seen the green, only the olive drab and the navy blue; so it will not seem strange to her when the bugle whines.

America is getting used to a bugle. America will be whirled around and down the whine of a hundred bugles, and one day the sound of the familiar whine will stop; then the silence will be strange. People will stop walking across their campus; they will listen to the unfamiliar silence. "Is this the silence that is called peace?" they will say. "How silent the campus is, and how green."

Yes, and the thousand men in blue and the thousand men in drab will understand more than some, and more than the girl who heard the bugle; it is the silence for which they have been waiting.

10:30

Keith Shillington

I stand and watch my beakers boil and fume
And see the gases from their wide mouths spewed
To float in sullenness about the room—

No witch of Hecate has ever brewed
Such seething broth as mine to catalyze
A festered brain into its solitude.

Sharp fingers of ammonia rake my eyes
And bring glass tears to cloud my hollow gaze.
Faint-ribboned wisps of aldehyde arise

And slither off into the nether haze,
Their life's work done. I wearily plod
From bench to shelf, from shelf to bench, in a daze,

Catering to carbon's whims until I nod
And wonder which is slave and which is God.