

# *Sketch*

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*Volume 3, Number 1*

1936

*Article 12*

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## Thirst

Richard F. Trump\*

\*Iowa State College

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# Thirst

By Richard F. Trump

**A**LL through the burned monotony of cloudless  
Sky and locust song we knew tomorrow  
Rain would recreate the deathful, shroudless  
Earth, parched and cracking, where even sorrow  
Wasted away in thirst and left us peering  
Into the desert winds, watching the sun  
Go red behind the hills, hoping, fearing—  
While endless days were passing one by one.

Now in this day of deeper, lonelier thirst,  
After the rain has filled the weedy streams  
And softened the dusty locust song and burst  
The crusted shells of dormant seed, our dreams  
Return to an unforgotten day where numb  
Sad hearts repeat, "Tomorrow rain will come."



# Spring Thunder

By Robert Beresford

**I** LIKE the muttering bumping of the thunder in the spring,  
The cracking, bounding grumble like ten giant kettle drums.  
It growls off in the distance and grunts around the skyline  
As if an oaken block rolled down the crazy stairs of heaven;  
And with uneasy thumping and a hollow rumbling murmur  
It fades away to nothing—leaving rushing wind and rain.

**I** LOVE spring thunder—  
Grunting and grumbling,  
Uneasily rumbling,  
Far away—closer,  
Cracking and bounding,  
Hollow, it's sounding—  
Rolling and bumping,  
Nervously thumping,  
Expectant I'm waiting—  
I love spring thunder.

