

Sketch

Volume 3, Number 1

1936

Article 17

The Engineer in Love

Maurice Kirby*

*Iowa State College

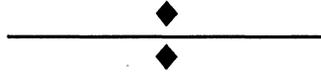
Copyright ©1936 by the authors. *Sketch* is produced by The Berkeley Electronic Press (bepress).
<http://lib.dr.iastate.edu/sketch>

There was a moment's silence. Then, "Two o'clock, son."

"Morning?" Another moment of awful silence. Then, "Afternoon, son."

"But it isn't this dark in the after—" Suddenly, he knew. That dream was real. He was blind. A sob, the sob of a little boy came to his lips, but he choked it back. Alice wasn't going to see him cry. There wasn't any doubt in his mind but that she was there in the darkness. He wished she would hold his hand.

. . . . From over by Alice's house came the renewed sound of automobile engines. Then one car pulled away—a big, long, gray car it was, and moved slowly up the shady street. Others followed it at a respectful distance.



The Engineer in Love

B. Maurice Kirby

AND here I sweat,
 Scouring my sullen brain for pretty words,
 (A noun to rhyme with "met") . . .
 Bright, warbling phrases that will soar like birds,
 Or fly swift to her heart—"I love you yet"?)
 Lithe, airy bits to tinkle on her tongue
 And make her laugh that crystal, bell-like laugh.
 —How she can laugh! . . . and sing! She must have sung
 Among the Seraphim. But this is chaff;
 There must be words for what I want to say,
 —Soft, lacy rhymes to clothe my passion's throb
 As thinly as her frock of yesterday
 Veiled her trim figure from the admiring mob.

("My love for you . . .")
 Three hours I sat and gazed at vacant walls,
 As poets do,

And thought of her. Outside, the chirping calls
 Of hungry fledglings in their nest
 Distracted me—By great St. Patrick, I
 Would rather take this bridge, (It is my best),
 Wreck it, and rebuild it twice as high
 With my own hands, than write one line of this.
 But she likes poetry . . . (“Your magic spell
 Is all my life . . .”). I think “kiss” rhymes with “bliss,”
 But how to make “moon’ rhyme with “nightingale”?—Oh, hell!



Epilogue to a Proctor Mark

*“Love Vs. Dormitory
Rules — Love Wins”*



By Betty Gaylord

“GEE, I wonder where Helen is? She should have been in ten minutes ago!”

Petite Mary worried her nose into two more wrinkles as she aimlessly picked up a hair brush. Suddenly she heard a door slam. There was a low murmur of voices, and familiar feet raced up the well-beaten stairs, down the hall and into the room to be met with a deluge of questions from her roommate.

“Helen, where *have* you been? Don’t you know this is an eleven o’clock night? Did you get stuck, or have a flat tire? Did you get a proctor mark? Well, why don’t you tell me what happened? Quit standing there like a fish with your mouth open. Say something!!”