

# *Sketch*

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## Sonnet

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"It weren't no comedy fer him. That's a cinch," chuckled the smith.

"Where did it happen?"

"Right out in front of this shop."

"Well, I must say you don't seem very concerned over it," accused Bert. "Who did it?"

The smith's razor hovered over Bert's Adam's apple. "I done so," he drawled.

The conversation lagged from then on.

## Sonnet

By Agda Gronbech

TODAY at dusk I saw a broken kite  
 Entwined among the branches of the tree  
 Above me where I walked dejectedly,  
 All heavy, too, and weary of the flight.  
 Once both of us, aloft, looked down to hills,  
 And felt the golden wind that Aprils blow  
 Along the tops of clouds. Tonight I know  
 The drops of pain that happiness distills.

But, like a kite, again in ecstasy  
 I'll quiver toward the blue to fall again,  
 To see the farthest depths and heights as one  
 And thus to know there is a plan: That we  
 In minor music, harmony of pain,  
 Find hidden there our destiny begun.