

Sketch

Volume 3, Number 1

1936

Article 5

Vignette

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the tub before it finally rocked off the plate. A deft flip of the wrist and it dropped into the growing stack, careened crazily for a moment, and then settled into the tub beneath.

SAME thing over and over. Never varying. Never ending. Yellow dust in your eyes, your hair, covering your whole body. Dusty smell of dry spruce hurting your nose, soaking into your clothes, smothering every other odor. Sweat streaming down your face, soaking your clothes, making dust against bare skin burn. Screech! sandbelt scratching against wood. Rip, steel knives tearing wood. Thank God! only a couple hours more.

Vignette

By Helen Clark

THE night looked in at my window; blue-black and starless it was, with a delicate tracery of leafless branches outlined like engraving on the sky.

Snow, dull-white and packed, blanketed the ground. The snow below and the soft sky above made the earth a silent, silent place.

In the distance the light of a train moved across the window, one tiny gleam of light in a limitless field of blue-black and white. The train moved on, leaving the night, blue-black and starless, still silent.
