I’m Lonely Tonight

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I’m Lonely Tonight

By Jesse Jacobsen, ’37

I WISH I were home tonight!
Here I sit at my study desk beside the dormer window and watch the snowflakes sift out of the darkness and gently lick against the windowpane. Outside the circle of light cast by my goose-neck lamp, all is soft, velvety blackness; and here within my room the mystery of dark has changed the familiar objects of my student’s life and made them hazily indistinct.

I shan’t wake my roommate and tell him how homesick I am, though every time he breathes deeply it makes me more lonely.

For it reminds me of just such softly quiet evenings at home when Father would be napping on the lounge and occasionally snoring. And Mother would be sitting quietly in her deep rocker beneath the reading light, crocheting a bit of lace, and now and again the light would sparkle from the steel hook and throw lights into her lovely greying hair.

And across the room from her, my sister and I would be curled up on the davenport—she with a magazine in her hand and her head on a pillow braced against my thigh, and I scrunched down in the corner of the sofa, a bowl of popcorn in my lap and the radio within easy reach.

And now and again when the radio program paused for a few seconds, one could hear the tick of snowflakes as they struck the windowpane, and the whisper as they slid down its surface to the sill.

I wasn’t lonely then. I wish I were home tonight!