Ten Years From Now

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Ten Years From Now

By Betty Talbott

Oh, well, it really doesn't matter much—
You can't come back to school again next fall.
At least it won't ten years from now. Time heals.
No one will say that you have failed. "Her mother
Isn't strong, you know," they'll say. "So sweet
Of her to help at home—a bright girl, too.
Her sisters are so young; they'll need her now."
You won't be lonely. There is much to fill
Your days. And if at dusk the streaming light
Across a pool should stingingly recall
For you a dark, still lake, with trailing light
And swans serenely floating there, while girls
And boys no less serene, carefree and gay,
Stroll round in threes and twos, you must put quickly
From your mind such scenes, and, going in,
—Read some good book.

Or if the clanging bells

Of church recall those other chimes which brought
The throng of students out to "math" or "psych"
Or "filthy old chem lab"—a lively, gay,
And bantering throng—you must not sigh for dearth
Of girls and boys your age. Be glad you have
No boring lessons. Don't remember now
The lessons that were fun. Instead prepare
Your meal, or dust. If from monotony
You'd like to scream, you can't, for Dad and Mom
Are hurt enough. The night they told you all,
Mom quickly left. The smoke, she said, was in
Her eyes; and Dad meticulously played
Wrong cards in solitaire. Remember that
You're only one. It really won't much matter,
Or at least—it won't ten years from now.