

Sketch

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Summer Night Lyric

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Would Tom ever learn how to pass that ball? Running behind Carlson now, Batham must have got lost on the play. Now, Carlson gone. All alone now. Two yellow shirts looming up. He must pivot. One tackler slides off, but then something has gone wrong! He feels a singing in his ears like the hum of a mercury vapor lamp.

His leg! Something is wrong with it. He must look at his leg when he hits the ground. Why doesn't he hurry up and fall? Then he is aware of the huge arc lights from above blazing into his eyes. His leg, he must see his leg. He holds it up and then sees what the trouble is. It juts crazily outward, half way between the ankle and the knee. His whole leg has that prickly feeling, as if it were asleep. People around him now. He feels the cool, wet towel on his burning face. The humming noise is gone and a surge of relief flows through his body. Voices. Someone is holding his hand. "Hang on hard now!"

Then a grinding of bone and a sharp stab of pain as the leg is straightened and the splint strapped on. The rest of it, too. What a night! The ambulance ride. Every time a corner is taken, the bones grind together. He thinks of dry wood. It almost nauseates him. Then the hospital with its clean smell of disinfectant. He shivers as he smells the ether. Nurse saying, "Breathe deeply. Almost under. Count, one—, two—, three—, four—." Nothing now!

Five years ago! It doesn't seem possible.

Summer Night Lyric

Carol Foster

H. Ec. '41

THE MEN had threshed late that day. It was nine o'clock when they were finally washed and seated around the table. The women hurried about, pouring coffee and trying to revive food that had become dryer and harder each hour it waited. Jane looked up crossly from the gravy she was stirring as her mother spoke to her.

“Jane, Dad wants you to go down and see that the horses don't get into that load of wheat while he eats supper. I'll finish what you're doing.”

Jane was seventeen and hated nothing so much as cooking for threshers. Glad to escape, she handed the spoon to her mother. When she opened the door the cool, dark night met her. With a sense of relief she walked down the path.

NO HORSES were in sight when she reached the wagonful of wheat. She climbed onto it and sat for a moment, her hands stretched out beside her, on the edge of the grain. It was new and clean and had a friendly feeling. She lay back on it and relaxed as the mass of wheat sank and shifted to fit her body. She had not known she was so tired, she thought, picking up a handful and letting the smooth particles slide between her fingers.

A leisurely breeze rippled over her. The sky seemed far away and all-inclusive. It tied the world together, yet was distant and unfamiliar. There was something wonderful about lying there alone in the dark and looking at the sky, but she couldn't explain what it was. Everything fitted into a poem too lovely for her to express.

The house looked cheerful and human as figures passed in front of the lighted windows. It was crouched low against the earth, and the three trees beside it stood darkly against the star-specked sky.

Cars shooting past were part of the poem, too; they helped the yellow lights from the house tie the poem to earth—they kept it from soaring away toward those miraculous stars. The cars were full of people, all hurrying somewhere so they could hurry back. Jane liked these hurrying people. She liked the restless activity in the world about her, but she preferred to lie suspended in space that night and just watch and listen.

HALF an hour before, she had been hot, nervous, and cross. She had hated to cook, hated the country and farmers, hated herself with the same vehemence. Now—she smiled as she remembered it all. The irritating and homely things were harmonious. They were all part of the poem.

Two dim figures were moving down the path behind a swinging lantern. The gate swung open and closed with a wooden click.

"Get tired of waiting, daughter?" called one of the men. A last small stream of wheat trickled between her fingers before Jane answered quietly.

"No, not at all!"

White Stars

Mary Lyon

H. Ec. '39

White stars look down
And night achieves an unforeseen loveliness and loneliness;
The moon steals softly up the graying sky,
Shining on a world
That seems to hold its breath—waiting.

The riding moon spreads its light
And fills my lonely heart with fire and vague unrest,
Unsure of reality within this world
And of the night.

White stars look down
And give me new assurance of life.
For living each minute as if it were all of eternity—
The white night guides me;
I am not alone.