My Friend, the Field

Helen Bohaty*

*Iowa State College

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Evening in Indian Summer

E. Patricia Maveety
H. Ec. '39

I kick dry leaves before my feet
In dusty clouds of autumn heat;
Feeling the breeze that lifts my hair,
And smelling wood smoke in the air,
I watch great flocks of birds that fly
Above the bonfire of the sky.

My Friend, the Field

Helen Bohaty
H. Ec. '41

I LOOK across that far field. I say to myself that I love it because it knows so much of my life. I have watched it when it was silent, bearing a heavy burden of snow. I have watched the wind tantalize it in cold winter air, and then drowning it mercilessly with unceasing rains. By night, I have watched it silent and silvery and indistinct. I have traced shadows from a moon that floated among the clouds that moved like ladies-in-waiting. I can recall the morning I looked out and saw the last of the corn being sown and the farmer who looked upon it as if to say, “I have done my best.” And then there was the day I saw the tinges of green so faint that if I looked too hard, they disappeared. Then I went away and when I looked again, I was sure.

It is a strange thing—that field. It is bound up with these long months, bound up with my life, as surely as my friends, my books, and all the sensations I have felt. If I never return to see it, it will be good to feel that it is there, because I know it well, and love it for giving me peace.