

# *Sketch*

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## Tired?

Betty Talbott\*

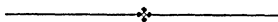
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a dish towel of Marie's . . . one of Marie's bath towels—no, her apron . . . yes, he wiped on all of them. . . She and Les, her new Les, would wash them on the next day and next year, too. . . Sigard would help to scrub Marie's and Les' clothes, too. . . He would have so much fun, helping Les and Marie.

He reached a bend in the river road, but traveled straight ahead to . . . oh, yes, his own new land. . . Oh, here's the nice woolly fur road to Les' house, right ahead through these big cow teats sticking out of the ground . . . oh, time to milk . . . milk . . . no more zing . . . so nice . . . all these strings on the nice bossy's teats. . . He fingered the fence post tenderly. . . . Maybe Marie wants milk . . . no, she want nice Les, must get my big brave Les now . . . maybe she want Les' dog and chickens, too . . . get Les, first, now.

He wavered meekly into the thickening fog.



## Tired?

Betty Talbott

Tired?

So slobby tired I couldn't even raise my hand  
To pull that apple over here. Raise my hand?  
Lord, I couldn't even chew.

I'm tireder than a run-down clock,  
Or a slow old transport truck, groaning up a hill,  
Or a heavy-headed cow too tired to moo.

These humming, twitching threads were once my nerves.  
To move this bulky, knotted mass of me  
Is infinitely more than I can do.

Tired.