Softly the Silence

Robert B. Wallace*

*Iowa State College

Copyright ©1940 by the authors. Sketch is produced by The Berkeley Electronic Press (bepress).
http://lib.dr.iastate.edu/sketch
Softly the Silence

Robert B. Wallace

Sci. '40

Softly—
Like the blue merging of a winter night
On pine-bough snow—
The owl-feathered silence drifts upon me,
Stilling my chipmunk fingers
And muffling to wonder
The hasty little creatures of my mind.

The tides of human confusion,
Receding, then, to the pale horizon's mist,
Strand me in the vast starlit plain of silence—
The owl-feathered silence
Which has sought me out to speak of infinity,
To speak as two intimate minds speak,
Saying nothing.

Homecoming

Edward Owen Brown

Sci. Jr.

It was late Sunday-noon, and the Rocket was hurrying, swaying, clicking along back to Kansas City. The train was rather empty; only half of the berths of the car Jim was in were filled. He was glad of it; the less people the better. His thoughts tripped along with the clicking of the wheels against the tracks.

Well, Koenig—something within him rose up—that was quite a weekend. Jim Koenig, recent and highly successful college