Monk’s Creed

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“check” said my phones.
“you betcha.”
around we go, around we go, only half done, Woplino! the road—the wall—one—two—three—.
lighter now, much lighter, three thousand pounds lighter—up, up, up—and away from the smell of fried chicken and burnt lady-fingers. Nero had nothing on me, he was small time, so was Alec the Great and Ivan the Terrible. they left charred stubs of bodies behind on their bloody pages, but I blew hand from arm, arm from shoulder—and plastered them against the battered brick buildings.
my watch said eight bells—home by ten if all goes well.
“just picked up that unit five lost two planes.”
“which two?”
“didn’t say.”
“Bill was in the lead crate,—do yah suppose—?”
“didn’t say, I hope not.”
“jeese, I wish these eagles could carry hostesses to go along and help celebrate the glorious victories.”
“yeah, who don’t?”

Seven men—seven hundred men—seven thousand men—and more, have reached the airfield. They stand at stiff attention. In long rows, straight as sticks, they are all alike, in slick leather and gaberdine. They stand in the purple dusk, looking straight ahead with waiting eyes.

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Monk’s Creed
Frances Foster
Chem. T. Sr.

Achieve the silent strength of days
Devoid of unexpected things.
Stop up your ears when down the ways
The echo of a memory sings.

And lock behind a thousand stays
The pain of half-remembered springs.