L’une a L’autre

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Abstract

So many sympathize with you Because your son loves me; And other mothers mourn your loss...
And then I realize that Prince is running wet
With sweat, for he is trying to pull the plow alone,
And Queen hangs back, riding the trees to let him.
Queen takes the heat much better, too, but then
No one ever tried to cut two days grain in one
With her. It was damned hot that July. The fools kept
The binders going until the horses nearly fell,
And Prince lost his wind. There is no need, I think,
To overheat the horse which serves me well.

Queen, the little western mare, is not to be trusted.
She has taken flight at seeing her mate’s fly net
Flapping in the wind beside her and dragged the corn plow
Halfway down the lane like a flying chariot,
Dust rising from its dragging shovels and her whole body
Gaunt and long with fear. And not until the tongue broke
And stuck would she stop. She has smashed more things
In runaways than any three horses, and she would still,
But Prince is too old and tired for running with her now.

Yet when I turn home at night, no matter how tired they are,
They want to run to get there. Seems as if horses know
What’s quitting time and want to go
Running like the devil for feed and peace—
For the night at least—
And they never think about tomorrow.

L’une a L’autre
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So many sympathize with you
Because your son loves me;
And other mothers mourn your loss.
That should not be.
It seems that no one thinks I care.
How can I let them know
I envy you for all the years
You watched him grow?