Sketch

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Never To Go

Lorraine Midlang*

*Iowa State College

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Never To Go
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Abstract

The light is a wet yellow pattern Constructed on dark gray stone And slants softly downward Until a timid wind Ruffles the rain...
“Couldn’t you make it a game?”
“How?”
“Oh, see how nice you can behave, still keeping your distance and yet not being saccharine.”
“Maybe.”
“Just be natural, Honey. Let things ride for awhile.”
“Sort of work things out as they come?”
“That’s it!”
“And the dance?”
“We’ll talk to that brother of yours. How about it?”
“Oh, Dad!” My arms were about his neck and I was squeezing him hard, like a child waking from a bad dream.

Never To Go
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The light is a wet yellow pattern
Constructed on dark gray stone
And slants softly downward
Until a timid wind
Ruffles the rain.

My room is maple wood
And rose-splashed flounces
In carbon-copied primness
Like careful satisfied people
Who are never foolish.

I could join the lighted rain
And feel its impersonal coolness
Against bare feet and arms. . .

No . . .
I can make only smug compromise
In touching the windowpane,
Telling myself the trees show
The silver sides of their leaves
And the rain is caught on the screen
In a cross-stitch pattern.