

Sketch

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Winter Sun

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Winter Sun

Dycie Stough

Abstract

The blood of death would not shock this sun. The thin winter sun, bare trees, slim straight shadows...

through the lane, those damn dogs and I showed each other our teeth again, and I lit out for Arkansas.

I looked back once from the top of a ridge and I could see the T Model still setting there on top of the granddaddy lilac bush. I reckon it is yet.

That's what I mean when I say there ain't nobody ornerier than a Missouri man unless it's a Missouri man and his wife, and if there is, then I don't know.

John Madson, Jr., Sci. So.



Winter Sun

The blood of death would not shock this sun.
 The thin winter sun, bare trees, slim straight shadows.
 A sun like a star at the moon of dark,
 Yet strong enough to make my eyelashes silvery and
 flutter when I look for its heart—
 Behind the black edged buildings,
 Beyond the pear-struck windows of the green-houses
 and the black net of trees is the introverted sun.
 The silent sun.
 The blood of death would not shock this sun.
 The blood of life would not be heard.



Lullaby

Sleep is the black, heavy-winged butterfly
 Brushing its velvet powder in your brain.
 Play hide and seek with his flutter
 In the night's stain.

Dycie Jane Stough, H. Ec., Sr.