Man, it’s fast

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Abstract

Stark brown and green, red and gold- tall people short to and fro...
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Stark brown and green, red and gold — tall people short to and fro
Cars escaping time, stop and go — students walking fast, thinking slow — no stop no — steaming water splashes, off on below
Running water now, some hot some cold — coffee tea or Coke, some hot some cold.
Is it worth it — yes — and some say no
I hear there'll be a snow — a blizzard, oh
The women were so cold, no food and Joe—
Thought I'd buy some boots I hate to tho
Feet so cold and wet you have to tho
Rings around my calves, black rings you know
Yes yes yes, I scrub with soap
Guess I'll get some leggins—I'll see ya Flo
Hurry up please and take my dough
Hurry hurry please and take my dough
Water sloshing cups that steam and glow
Honk sharp and stop—stop stop go.

Journey away

In the crevices that were the narrow bluff road, Jethroe Stevens could still see the double row of tracks he had made four days before. They were nearly covered with dust now, but he could still make them out. One pear-shaped set of tracks coming and another set going. He did not stop to consider them, but walked steadily on in the afternoon heat. His head slumped, like his shoulders that held the two suspenders of faded and dirty overalls. A string from a Bull Durham sack hung from a bib pocket. The buttons at his waist were open, letting a part of his shirttail spill out. The yellow, powdery dust that rose with each step settled lightly in the little creases the shirt made. He did not look back. Now and then he turned his wrinkled, olding face upwards to watch the clouds go scudding overhead.

Ten paces behind Jethroe walked his son, Garvin. He was bigger by half a head than his father, and heavier. But where