To my darling, Soft-and-warm

Larry Mark*

*Iowa State College

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Abstract

love- in a world of unlove- is the search of my bitter heart...
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love —
in a world of unlove —
is the search of my bitter heart.

warmth —
in an over-hot and under-cooled,
black and white, fervent frigid striving —
is the goal of my hungry heart.

softness —
in a land composed of
metallic ice and soothing suffocation —
is what the i of me desires.

So hold me close, Soft-and-warm,
bind me near with love-tight hands
and fingers gently-fierce with want

that echo the intense aliveness in you.
So come then : Let us gently go,
down the long green hill of our desire,

Your softness is quieter than all stars,
and your warmth is peace and understanding,
a roof in April rain.

—Larry Mark, Ag. Grad.

Drought

The dry day dies as many have before,
In the steel-gray death of a bloodless sun;
Mortician night shuts fast the chamber door,
And draws the black shrouds over work undone.
Nothing remains to mourn with the breeze,
But the stars, the dust, and the withered trees.

—James Wickliff, Sci. Sr.