

Sketch

Volume 25, Number 2

1959

Article 13

Pammel Court

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Pammel Court

William Kershner

Abstract

A baby cries, a door slams and children shout on the next street. A distant lawnmower is interrupted by the clamor of a nearer garbage can...

“Hear 'bout the rape last night in this buildin’?”
“Yeah, guess the guy walked right into her room—
damn landlord — won’t even give ya locks fer yer doors.”

“Don’t, Mama.”

“Mama, why are you ———”

That’s enough of this. Let’s go back to upper Tenth and
see the parade with the neat white convertibles. Just
think, sixty —

No! Wait!

You crazy or something?

Through all that roar did you hear a different sound? Did
you hear someone crying in the next room?

Quick, run stuff cotton in your ears.

(I did)

but I can still hear

someone

crying . . .

— Lorena Duncan, S. Jr.

Pammel Court

A BABY cries, a door slams and children shout on the
next street. A distant lawnmower is interrupted by
the clamor of a nearer garbage can. The mower moves again
— it hesitates, stops completely, then resumes its clatter,
punctuated by a few seconds silence at the end of each run.

You cannot hear the turnaround but imagine it as being
a time of quick rest, the pusher wiping sweat from his face
and surveying his surroundings before the next effort. The
mower moves again. Now a smell of cooking moves with
the late afternoon breeze and a man laughs somewhere.

A woman calls and the mower stops. The other human
noises gradually die out. It’s getting dark, the school day is
over, and it’s suppertime in Pammel Court.

— William Kershner, S. Jr.