

Sketch

Volume 27, Number 3

1961

Article 8

March

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Abstract

Iron-gray sunless day, Opaque coat of clouds, Tree bodies dark with wet, Sidewalks cold with wet,...

“Walter I think you’re going wacky. Good-by!”

Walter did not hear the last sentence, for he had hung up and walked into his bedroom. He opened the closet door and began looking through his suits. Only the best one would do for this occasion. He selected a dark-blue serge, his best tailor-made suit. Walter dressed quickly, put on his light gray raincoat and went to his study. He opened the second drawer down on his desk and pulled out the pistol. It was an old hammerless .38, and Walter only had two shells for it, which he put in the cylinder and snapped into place. He stuck the gun in his raincoat pocket and left the apartment.

Outside, the fog was getting thicker and the rain had completely stopped. Walter stood on the sidewalk deciding on a place to go. The waterfront on a foggy day seemed ideal. The nearest taxi stand was across the street and up a half block.

Walter Baxter was cautious when he stepped into the street between the parked cars. He continued walking as he looked to the right. But before he could turn his head to the left, a drop of rain struck his forehead, causing him to look up.

The car was going fast — too fast for the fog — and Walter heard just a faint screech before the impact.

March

by Bruce Butterfield

Iron-gray sunless day,
Opaque coat of clouds,
Tree bodies dark with wet,
Sidewalks cold with wet,
Grass without the smell of grass,
Puddles thick with spongy mush,
(The umber rot of Autumn’s regal leaves)
Dusty, scattered scabs of snow,
An unkempt sepulchre without a corpse.