Touch Of Ivory

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Touch Of Ivory

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Abstract

i walk along the north pier just as i had so many summers before skipping over cement cracks and watching iron holes spout jets of liquid like an oily blue whale...
TOUCH OF IVORY

by
Mary Cross
English Junior

i walk along the north pier
just as i had so many summers before

skipping over cement cracks
and watching iron holes spout
jets of liquid like an oily blue whale

the wind whistles and hisses
a familiar coo
like those bonfire nights
and my first kiss
from the boy who wanted more

smothering me with tiny gold flames
gently passing in the soon-to-be night
the sun all balled in orange

i remember my whisking hair
its sallow tints
while i stand at the edge
of the graffiti-written lighthouse
and unchained memories
to look into a small mirror
only to see a subtle touch of ivory
waved in the strands
i thought never to change