

Sketch

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Streets

John T. Mellors*

*Iowa State University

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“He’s a crappy teacher. Makes you do a lot of Mickey Mouse. He don’t let you do anything neat.” But she had a feeling her advisor knew something she didn’t. She needed the protection of the chair and she slipped back down, feeling the wood bite into her back; the pain reassuring. She wanted to know what he was thinking. And yet feared him.

“Marty, it’s no good to be like this. It hurts you and no one else. You’re just going to have to take this course over. And how is an F going to look in your major subject?” He was frank and she liked that. She liked his strong, youthful figure and worried gray eyes; the low voice. *He doesn’t understand, but maybe he could. Maybe of them all he is the one. If I could have one person know me. All of me. And then maybe he would tell me this thing I see in his eyes and don’t understand.* Then she realized what she was thinking. How close she had come to losing the vital part of herself. The one thing that kept her going. The blasphemy of it. And she hated him for it; for taking the one thing she had left.

Damn him. Goddamn him. Got to get out of here. Away from him. Won’t let me be free. Won’t let me be happy.

“Marty, listen to me. You can’t make it on your own. People aren’t that way. People can’t live alone and be happy. It just doesn’t work. Marty, listen to me. I want to help you. Let me help you, please.”

But she wasn’t listening. *God, god, I gotta get out of here.* And the fear was there, and the blindness. *Got to get away. Got to be free.* She stood up, “Have to go,” she muttered and ran from the room.

Streets

by John T. Mellors

Streets are where I lie.
Streets are where I crawl.
God, those curbs are high!