

# *Sketch*

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## Setting Sun

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What is truth?

Truth is a hand on a Bible. It is the car that is stolen and the story that is told to the police. It is the knowledge of the past, the actuality of the present and the assumption of the future. It is the Constitution of the United States and "Das Kapital." It is the priest, the minister, the rabbi and the muezzin. It is Aristotle, Kant and Shelley Berman. Truth is a stinking, bloated, decaying carrion in a green grassy meadow with white daisies.

What is communication?

Communication is the meaningful exchange of personalized ideas, observations and perceptions by the utilization of general symbols called words. Communication is impossible.

## Setting Sun

*by Peter Proul*

There is the winding gravel road that runs  
 from the little town to the home and barn.  
 Its path is straight for the most part, and stops  
 only for a bridge and to reflect the sun.  
 The hills roll and stretch and streak with rows  
 that twist and turn with sprouting, glistening  
green corn.

Between the town, it holds so many things,  
 and barn, a river flows. Shallow and slack  
 water runs through an old ox bow and  
 beside tree-lined green, growing banks.

A boy and girl in the hay strewn loft — how young,  
 but old — feet hanging, swinging, swaying;  
 dark, sunlit bodies against clear sky  
 in the open double red doors. Watching,  
 seeing, dreaming into a setting sun.

Shadows from the tops of trees and a rail fence  
grow longer, darker and reach and feel  
for the base of the barn and the two.  
The sharpness of the sun, straight ahead,  
strikes their faces and sinks below the trees  
that line the slow old river.

Darkness sets, enclosing the world. A dove,  
they couldn't see him, but they heard the whirl  
of wings that puts the world to bed each night,  
and felt the red spot upon his breast.

The lines of her body, silhouetted against  
a darkening sky, travel a young figure  
of rounded, smooth shoulders and slender waist.  
The little light remaining falls upon  
hills and valleys of soft natural brown hair  
that curves and falls as nature makes her hills.

He stirs to leave — contours of lines on brow  
begin to form. He sees her frown and stills  
himself in silent hay. The wrinkles fade  
and life and happiness grow on her face.

Her mind, it gathers thoughts of many things —  
life, beauty, love and comes as a tear,  
from sparkling blue eyes and rolls, flows,  
down her cheek. A hand begins to move  
to wipe away the tear. He stops her though,  
and takes her hand in his: watches the flow dry,  
glistening, upon her cheek and sees,  
feels,  
a part drawn bow creep on her lips — a smile  
for him, and life and others.

To her what lies ahead are long shadows  
that merge to one with the setting sun.  
His arm, it draws her near — her head now close,  
rests in his neck, and arms about her waist.

