

# *Sketch*

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## The Prisoners of the Sandclock

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“I hate you.” That was all she said, but it was enough to damn her forever.

“All right,” I said with grave dignity. “But we’re not friends anymore.” Her anger disappeared instantly. She was once again whimpering and begging, just like a puppy. I hate people who act like puppies.

“I’m sorry, Janice. Honest. I’m sorry.”

“I can’t be friends with someone who hates me.”

“But I don’t. I didn’t mean it, Janice. Honest.”

I ignored her. For seven years I ignored her. I guess I just forgot about her. It was pretty easy. I had lots of friends, and it was easy to find new partners to hold my hand. Don’t ask me who held Anita’s hand. I never really thought about it, not until seven years later. Now every day I see those hands in the lunchroom because I can’t look into her eyes.

## The Prisoners of the Sandclock

*by Christos Saccopoulos*

On the grandfather’s knees seated  
The myth I first heard  
Of the men who are born  
In the Sandclock’s lower half.  
In there trapped  
From their birth they struggle  
The sand’s silent—  
The sand’s monotonous flow  
to stop.

In there trapped  
From their birth they struggle  
The time’s glass—  
The time’s infrangible walls  
to break.

And flows-flows-sand-flows-sand-sand..

Silently

Monotonously

Rythmically

tic-tac-tic-tac.

Shrink with each grain of sand

The transparent Sandclock walls.

Sweat springs wet

From the fighters' tense muscles

In the tragic consciousness

Of the sand's unknown quantity.

And drops-drops-sweat-drops-sweat-sweat.

Silently

Monotonously

Rythmically

plits-plats,-plits-plats.

Mud becomes sweat and sand

Mud that traps the men's arms.

Tragic contribution

the sweat

To tomorrow's uncertainty

Of the sand flow.

Conscious hand of help

the sweat

To the Sandclock's macabre work.

But the fate of Sandclock men ordered

—my grandfather said—

That they **MUST** struggle

That they **MUST** sweat

The fate of the Sandclock men ordered

—my grandfather said—

That when the last grain of sand drops

They shall **CEASE** struggling

To fly through the glass jail

And with their non-existence to sing

The Sandclock's eternal victory.