

Sketch

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Article 3

Poem

K. P. Kaiser*

*Iowa State University

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sentry as we chased and laughed our way to bedtime. And later, in our beds, we whispered the next day's adventures across the blackness between us.

"We'll throw pills at cars," she said.

"And chase Deal's cat," I added.

"Yeah, good night."

"Good night," I whispered and thought about horses and stealing Ware's apples, Model A's and Paine's junk pile, swans and red-hots and Deal's cat, and I slept as the moon tumbled headlong down the sky.

Poem

by *K. P. Kaiser*

Architecture

On your left as
We go by
You will see the Flying Red Horse,
symbol of
A fine gasoline
 it should be a white horse
Who ever heard of a flying white horse?
 i have: Pegasus, from the blood of Medusa
 and too i have heard of the Centaur
 and Unicorn, and of Pan the Satyr
You mumble incoherently
Speak up
 just that . . . nothing, pardon
 i mean not to digress
yes, the Flying Red Horse
symbol of
A fine gasoline.