

# *Sketch*

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## Bogie-man

Thom Pigaga\*

\*Iowa State University

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# Bogie-man

For the always late show  
*by thom pigaga*

*English and Speech, Soph.*

But you seemed so unclean then,  
with your always two-day beard  
goggling your calm-tired eyes.

—out of the froth

of your own smoke-swirling dark  
you haunted with your own private sorrow  
and we waited, clenched in fear  
that your eyes would change,

we watched.

light. uncoiling, newman went for beer  
and we talked, over the montage

of kitchens and springtime

this is the world of disembodied hands  
of soft carpet rooms and map written men  
no questions only answers  
niches for your jet stream gods. . . .  
returning.

twined like lost rope in our chairs

we watched, the dirty snow, the piano, and you  
like some doomed Andromeda awaiting her fate  
clutching your rock and listening for steps,  
somewhere galaxies are colliding in their mute agony  
here there are only forever white houses, white rooms  
fogged in the slowly fan mist.

on the waterfront somewhere off

dull whistles whine and you must leave  
riding your worlds of steamers and men  
but we are not so different, you and i  
you are called even now, and i only hope  
to be called.