

# *Sketch*

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## Art

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toward the open door of the feed room, surveying the straw and dry excrement underfoot. Stepping into the bin, I groped on the dusty floor for an ear of corn, found one and tossed it out kernel by kernel until I held a bare cob. The ducks sifted the last kernel from the dust and waddled off.

As I adjusted to the dim light, something lying on a brace under the eaves caught my eye. I stepped closer, standing on tiptoe for a better look. In the dust of years lay a rusty hammer surrounded by half a dozen bent spikes. I reached for the handle, then hesitated. "Probably the only one who knows it's there is Grandpa." I stood for a moment in the half-light of the bin. A sound of fluttering came through the doorway and I stepped out, squinting. "There's nothing in here for you. Get out!" I hurled the cob.

A breeze sneaked between the rotting boards of the south wall and stirred the dust at my feet. A shingle clattered into the weeds beside the barn, and the breeze lifted a speck of dust—wasn't it the dust?—and left it in my eye.



pale, pale whisper.  
haunt me.  
scream into my quiet blood.  
you are nothing,  
but my very pulse.

*diane rogers*