Where Shall I Go?

Frank Bacon*

*Iowa State University

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A lake lies silent far below
A moon whose feeble beam can throw
A band of light across the ice and snow.
Towering high, the gloomy pine
Upon the other bank design
The mood I know.
I stand here now. Where shall I go?
The moon cannot preserve its glow.
The dawn will break. The rising sun
Will make my wistful dreaming run
Out like a silent undertow.

The things that are will drive me mad.
The glaring sun picks out the bad
In these below:
The ashes on the walk, the endless flow
Of brazen talk and foolish deeds,
Of little thoughts and narrow creeds.

The darkness lifts but very slow.
I have a moment yet to turn.
Where shall I go?

Respite
By Jeannette Friedrich

I saw three slender clouds like old-time quills
Laid low across the blue-grey twilight sky;
Perhaps mankind for this brief hour, thought I,
Is freed of all its black misdeeds and ills
And the three Recording Angels, with a sigh,
Laid pens aside to walk among the hills.