Drifting

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From a Chinese Print

By Hilde Kronsage

OLD, knowing, hard,
The yellow, wrinkled artist
Squats over his work.
He can see beauty with his black, slant eyes,
But he can see more.

Behind the blue twilights
Of the Orient—
Beyond the green dawns
Rising over the Chinese Bay
Famine stares and waits,
Waits behind the blue-green mists.
Then quietly without a sound
He moves,
Silently crushing the starved bodies
Slaving over empty fields.
Still the blue twilights
Hiding famine
Merge to green dawns
In the Orient.

Drifting

By Richard Trump

A thin white moon is sinking through the sky,
And the muffled river flows in soundless
Gloom—a gloom that is beautiful and boundless
In its depth of solitude. Wild and shy,
The voices of the night intensify
The silence of the air: dreary crickets
Chirping from beneath the shadowed thickets;
A solemn frog that croaks his deep reply
In philosophic strain; beyond the bend,
An owl hooting in melancholy tone;
The soft, infrequent warble of a bird
Too full of song . . . Now a silence, to end
With some strange hidden splash, the source unknown. . . .
Our boat drifts on. We dare not say a word.