Sunspell

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As he stepped from the shop, he heard the roaring motor of the Chicago bus—coming in two hours late. "To-morrow," he thought happily, "I'll be on one of them—and before very long, I'll be driving one—west."

Sunspell

By Rosemae Johnson

I'm a figurine of Midas.
Prone upon the copper shore
As the frantic monarch left me,
    In a dawn,
    Ages gone,
Sleeping on his garden floor.

On my folded forearms pillowed
I forget the treasured cave,
Cold society of diamonds,
    Ocean's chill!
    Deep and still,
Pirate's galley, hungry wave.

Now across my salty shoulders
Swaths of warm wind wipe me dry.
Now my golden atoms kindle,
    Pulse and flow,
    And I glow,
Wrapped around by sun and sky.

Once my Attic curls, foam yellow,
Sprang against the morning air.
Now a mass of molten ringlets,
    Polished curls
    Like walnut burls
Fleece the fused-gold cap I wear.
Iridescent drops, slow flowing,
Sultry, particled with light,
Gild my back and breast and fingers.
    Bright and still,
    Soft fires fill,
Burnish my recumbent height.

Deep cast in a conscious slumber,
Though I smile I do not dream,
Only know the rhythmic impulse
    Of the breeze,
    Breath of trees—
Verdant islands in its stream.

I shall sun to saturation,
Until solar alchemy
Warms my heart to tranquil motion,
    Draws my hand
    Through the sand,
Stirs me to vitality.

To a Mirror

By Marjorie Countryman

O MIRROR!
    You are cold and cruelhearted.
Do you really mean to be
    So truthful, and so tactless?

Don't you sometimes wish that you
Could remodel just a few
Of the people you inspect?
Or do you think that you would falter
If you had the power to alter
All the faces you reflect?