As Rivers Flow

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As Rivers Flow

By Richard F. Trump

Who can love that river?
Who has lived with it, And felt it throb with the pulse of life?
Who has known its timelessness Where ages live, And who has known its silence Where voices speak?

They who have watched The surging torrents of the flood Tumbling and rolling toward the sea, And have seen its glassy surface Where willows are reflected, Etching lacy patterns from the shore; They who have felt the cold grey wind Sweeping its cold grey waste, And have known how the sun burns white Out of summer skies, And they who have waited in darkness, Drifting with its shadowy forms in the cool night— Where shapes, familiar in the day, Look strange, mysterious in the dark; They who have breathed its calm peace, And have seen how the grey gulls Appear from nowhere, Dipping and gliding above the storm-ridden whirl; They who with aching backs and swollen hands Have bent an oar to the unrelenting sweep;

They who with sad eyes Have known its sad monotony, And with glad hearts Have known its ever-changing face;
They who have watched its sun
Coming out of mist,
Stealing into the pale dawn,
And have wondered at its moon
Rising above clouds piled low along the edge of earth,
And have lain beneath its star-swept sky
And listened to its breathing;

They who have sung with it—
They who have dreamed . . .

Who can love my river?

Two Sketches
By George Adamson

Hands

Harry stood on the back porch watching a few of the fellows pitching horseshoes in the back yard, moving slowly in the almost deep dusk. He looked at them, a vacant expression on his face, wondering if dinner were ready and occasionally giving his sleek black hair a protective pat.

Harry was very proud of his hair, which matched his olive skin so well, making him, as a few girls had told him, look like a romantic Spaniard. Harry secretly thought so too, and made every effort to be sleek and romantic; he knew he was dark and handsome.

The fact is, if it hadn’t been for his hands, he would have been more successful with his day dreams about his romantic