I ask so Little for Happiness

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SEVERAL weeks later, Gerald Evans—young, married, and flat-chested—laid down his special, automatic, adjustable, muscle-making outfit and looked into the mirror. He flexed his skinny arm, forcing a fierce scowl on his face—a scowl just like Cyr's. Then he smiled. He had made the choice.

I Ask So Little for Happiness
By Edna L. Shultz

I ask so little for happiness:
A sonnet sequence, a soft-sung tune,
The lilt of living, a murmuring moon,
The sharpened sickle of crescent moon,

A lisp and whisper of rustling silk,
The mellow sheen of polished brass,
To read of pixies and youth and fate,
A silver tinkle of rare old glass,

The whir of wings, a waltz of Brahms,
Light through old bottles, a thin-drawn line,
The pulse of loneliness, hands and eyes,
The subtle grace of a listening pine—

So sweet the ecstasy born today
Of little things! Oh, if one could stay!