A Dream of Today

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fered from a feeling much bigger, one which years afterward I found described in a psychology. I cannot quote it verbatim, but the gist of it is that over and above the loss of the intrinsic value of a thing, one experiences a sense of self-shrinkage.

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By George Woster

One midnight, weary with the same old strife
That barely earned necessities of life,
A life of late grown more and more depressed,
I tossed upon my cot and tried to rest.
Then in my dreams I wandered through a maze
Of forests where the trees were dismal days
That bore no fruit; where flowers, their bloom denied,
Became rank weeds with thorns on every side;
There in the gloom came sounds of heavy tread;
A demon spoke and filled the earth with dread:

"Behold Depression!" cried the mighty voice;
"Born of men's minds, they wither in my grasp
And spread my plague by crying out my name;
Now on this day all nations pay me tribute;
Beneath my feet I crush both young and old;
In bitterness of heart some shall become
Inhuman men, who, preaching hellish gospels,
Shall swell my power and keep the Devil's Cross
Of idleness and hate and endless waiting
On shoulders bowed to earth beneath their own."

Sound ceased, and I went onward through the maze
Of forests where the trees were dismal days.
It may have been a baby's cooing cries,
A smile, half-hidden in a woman's eyes,
The early morning carol of a bird,
Or kindness in a simple greeting word,
That broke the spell; and there, close by my side,
Appeared the vision of a fairy guide;
A child-like form and face; her golden hair
Showered a springtime sweetness on the air.

"I am Eternal Hope," the fairy whispered;
"From Fallen Angels fled, now I abide
Within the hearts of men; there I remain
To guide their efforts, to strengthen them in trials,
To that last day when they shall need me most.
Come, follow me; my ways are ways of laughter
Warm with the joys of life; my magic power
Shall heal the scars of bitterness and gloom,
And, opening wide all eyes to earth's green beauty,
Shall lead through cheerful days to better times."

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Fog

By Benjamin H. Burma

SURELY there is nothing so beautiful as a fog. Not the soot-laden, smoke-congested fog of the city, but the dense, white nothingness such as lingers over a river at dawn, the transfigured miasma of the night. Under its magic touch all things become indistinct, transient, lovely. The commonplace tree becomes a cloudy emerald submerged in a sea of living, swirling, motionless, deathless white. Forms loom into the foreground, and silently pass by like the phantasms they are. Birds, unseen, cry overhead, voices crying from nothing unto nothing. A deep peace steals over me; cares grow indistinct and vanish. I am plucked from Earth and whirled into the bright immensities of space—Infinity seems real, and Reality but the shadow.