Ears

Richard F. Trump*

*Iowa State College

Copyright ©1936 by the authors. Sketch is produced by The Berkeley Electronic Press (bepress).
http://lib.dr.iastate.edu/sketch
Ears

By Richard F. Trump

Ears, ears, ears—
Ears that hide on shaggy heads,
And ears that squint from under frizzled hair;
Little boys' ears, much too large for their heads,
And ears that protrude like wings from a bald crown;
Shapely ears and those that ride
Like a long-legged girl on a plow-horse;
Patient ears, waiting like an old man by the fire,
And ears that reach out with long fingers after sound;
Grandmother's ears as she sits quietly
Looking out of the window,
And the pink ears of a baby crying for its mother.

And then, there are wrestlers' ears—
Cauliflower growing on hard soil;
Matched and unmatched ears,
And those too long exposed to January air;
Ears smothered under a checkered wool muffler,
And those hesitating rather uncertainly
Under a black derby hat;
Ears that are confident, those that are bold,
And shy ears that always wait to be spoken to;
Tired store-keepers' ears
Holding long yellow pencils aslant,
And ears advertised by dime-store decorations;

Ears that understand
And ears that are sleepy;
Scoured ears, and those waiting for last week's washing;
Ears that like saxophones, classical ears,
And ears preferring silence;

Ears—

Ears—

Ears—