Speed

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FORD SMITH, twenty-one years of age and admittedly one of the fastest drivers in the country awoke with a start. A sigh of relief came to his lips as he stared into the darkness. Boy, what a dream that had been. He recalled it vaguely now. Getting the car from his Dad, whistling to Alice and heading out toward the golf links. Then coming back, trying to see what the old bus would do. Sixty-five the speedometer had said when he swung out to pass that truck—square into the path of that team and wagon. Alice sitting snuggled up to him, her lips laughing, had given a little whimper—then the crash. Well, never again would he be so darned foolish. He could learn by experience—even dream experience.

SUDDENLY, as he lay there on the bed, he heard the sound of motor cars over by Alice's house. Wonder who that could be—at this time of night especially? Gee, he hoped nothing was wrong. Alice was such a swell kid. They'd planned some day to—. Perhaps he'd better take a look. If anything was wrong, he could help.

Throwing the bed covers off he turned to get out of bed. Firm hands pressed him back, and his mother's sweet voice broke the silence, "What do you want, son?"

Suddenly, for the first time since he had been a little lad, Ford was afraid—of that awful darkness. He heard a voice then; it must have been his own, and he hated it, "Mother, what time is it?"
There was a moment's silence. Then, "Two o'clock, son."
"Morning?" Another moment of awful silence. Then, "Afternoon, son."
"But it isn't this dark in the after—" Suddenly, he knew. That dream was real. He was blind. A sob, the sob of a little boy came to his lips, but he choked it back. Alice wasn't going to see him cry. There wasn't any doubt in his mind but that she was there in the darkness. He wished she would hold his hand.

.... From over by Alice's house came the renewed sound of automobile engines. Then one car pulled away—a big, long, gray car it was, and moved slowly up the shady street. Others followed it at a respectful distance.

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The Engineer in Love

B. Maurice Kirby

AND here I sweat,
Scouring my sullen brain for pretty words,
(A noun to rhyme with "met") . . .
Bright, warbling phrases that will soar like birds,
Or fly swift to her heart—("I love you yet"?)
Lithe, airy bits to tinkle on her tongue
And make her laugh that crystal, bell-like laugh.
—How she can laugh! . . . and sing! She must have sung
Among the Seraphim. But this is chaff;
There must be words for what I want to say,
—Soft, lacy rhymes to clothe my passion's throb
As thinly as her frock of yesterday
Veiled her trim figure from the admiring mob.

("My love for you . . .")
Three hours I sat and gazed at vacant walls,
As poets do,