Sonnet

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“It weren’t no comedy fer him. That’s a cinch,” chuckled the smith.

“Where did it happen?”

“Right out in front of this shop.”

“Well, I must say you don’t seem very concerned over it,” accused Bert. “Who did it?”

The smith’s razor hovered over Bert’s Adam’s apple. “I done so,” he drawled.

The conversation lagged from then on.

Sonnet

By Agda Gronbech

TODAY at dusk I saw a broken kite
   Entwined among the branches of the tree
Above me where I walked dejectedly,
All heavy, too, and weary of the flight.
Once both of us, aloft, looked down to hills,
And felt the golden wind that Aprils blow
Along the tops of clouds. Tonight I know
The drops of pain that happiness distills.

But, like a kite, again in ecstasy
I’ll quiver toward the blue to fall again,
To see the farthest depths and heights as one
And thus to know there is a plan: That we
In minor music, harmony of pain,
Find hidden there our destiny begun.