Spring Thunder

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Thirst

By Richard F. Trump

All through the burned monotony of cloudless sky and locust song we knew tomorrow Rain would recreate the deathful, shroudless earth, parched and cracking, where even sorrow Wasted away in thirst and left us peering into the desert winds, watching the sun Go red behind the hills, hoping, fearing—while endless days were passing one by one.

Now in this day of deeper, lonelier thirst, after the rain has filled the weedy streams And softened the dusty locust song and burst the crusted shells of dormant seed, our dreams return to an unforgotten day where numb sad hearts repeat, "tomorrow rain will come."

Spring Thunder

By Robert Beresford

I like the muttering bumping of the thunder in the spring, the cracking, bounding grumble like ten giant kettle drums. It growls off in the distance and grunts around the skyline as if an oaken block rolled down the crazy stairs of heaven; and with uneasy thumping and a hollow rumbling murmur it fades away to nothing—leaving rushing wind and rain.

I love spring thunder—grunting and grumbling, uneasily rumbling, far away—closer, cracking and bounding, hollow, it's sounding—rolling and bumping, nervously thumping, expectant I'm waiting—I love spring thunder.