No Fragile Thing

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Finally, there is a very special kind of love for a little sister. She gave me some idea how parents must feel toward their children. When she sleeps, speaks, laughs, gets up cheerfully after a hard fall—then I feel a flood of tenderness toward the charm and innocence of childhood.

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No Fragile Thing

By Agda Gronbech, '38

LOVE is no fragile thing—but northern wind
That sweeps across a plain and brings a snow
To bite into your face, and make you know
The cruel power of beauty. Love is not kind
When you are northern-bound and cannot turn.
Yet stand a moment! Yonder bare-limbed strength
Of tamarack tree that does not stoop, at length
Will find an April beauty. Only learn:

That love, though beauty, carries stinging pain;
That through its blowing drifts there comes a light
Of candle in a window—For the trail
Which pointed northward must lead home again.
I only know that love this winter night
Has faced its biting wind and did not fail.