Sketch

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Search for Perfection

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"You've made people seem—well—more human," confessed Marcella.

"Ah! 'Puppets Come to Life!' That'd make a good headline," grinned Norval.

With a half smile Marcella held out her hand. "Thank you, Norval. And do you suppose—if I try hard—that I might learn to be a human being, too?"

And Norval thought that she might.

Search for Perfection

By Dorothy Dunkelberg

Why stand on tiptoe, arms outstretched, your hands
With grasping fingers? Does that pearl entice
You as it smugly rests in golden bands,
The perfect sphere and setting so precise?
Your head is tilted back; you cannot see
The brilliant changing flash of sunlit snow,
Or graying streaks that avariciously
Creep in at night to smudge the twilight glow.

Your hands are clutching air; you cannot feel
The bark of walnut trees, or hard green balls
That hang from them in clusters, and conceal
The ripening fruit within their sticky walls.
Why let that globe of symmetry eclipse
The treasure lying at your fingertips?

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