Soul

George Bickford*

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drive the rest of the way,” I said. “It’s only two miles, but take it easy because I don’t think the brakes are much good.”

“Why in hell do you wake me up to drive two miles?” he growled. Puffing rapidly on a cigarette, I crawled shakily into the sleeper.

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**Soul**

*George Bickford*

Arch. E. '38

**WHAT** is this thing which can’t be fed
By spoken word or earthly bread?—
Which gains its strength from solitude
And calm repose in quiet mood
Of soft light through these leaded panes?
This gray-gowned choir with sweet refrains?
The murmur of a hymn which floats
On these deep-throated organ notes?
These quiet shadows in the room?
These candles glowing through the gloom?
It is the soul which can’t be fed
By spoken word or earthly bread.

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