To Vicky (In Memory of Victoria Urbatch)

Wanda Molsberry*

*Iowa State College

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To Vicky

(In Memory of Victoria Urbatch)

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H. Ec. '38

It's too late now. There is no way
To tell you how we feel today.
Across the hall there is no light.
We're missing you so much tonight.
It cannot be you've gone to stay.

For there were things I'd meant to say
Before the year had slipped away.—
This paper blurs.—My throat is tight.
It's too late now.

I liked to watch your fingers play
With twists of hair. Your eyes, blue-gray,
Could speak when lips were still. I write
Of all these things; and, though I might
Have told you only yesterday,
It's too late now.