Silence

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with it all. Babs suddenly swallowed and said, "See how he fits in the picture there," but Don was gone.

SLOWLY she got to her feet and sluggishly sauntered toward the wheat field. The hoppers rose in waves for her, too, and she passed on. The edges of the field looked sparse now. Many plump heads of wheat were now lying between the rows, almost hiding the sandy colored soil. Many headless stalks looked emptily toward the sky.

Babs hardly saw it. Instead she saw a rich silvery-yellow harvest field with the wind bending heavy heads so that the field was like a sea of waves with the crest of each wave catching and holding for a moment the lazy sunlight, and far beyond, a strip of brown earth—plenty of earth breathing deep with time. Babs breathed deeply. "It's—it's good wheat anyway," she said softly, and somehow the thought seemed to smooth away the ache as she stood there close by her father. "Sorry—Babs," Dad said, so slowly it didn't hang together. "Maybe next year."

Babs glanced up and caught the steady flicker of his eyes. "Yeh," she said and looked back at the field.

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Silence

Mary Lyon
H. Ec. '39

At dusk I stood watching the horizon,
A vague union of heaven and earth
With a frail crescent moon and a lone bright star
Reflected in the lake below.
Cliff and cloud were blended in dusky smoothness
And leaves traced in pattern against the sky.
I caught my breath
In the presence of intense beauty.

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