Listen, Thorgus

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bones of dead men, of the dust of strange worlds, of fire drawn from the farthest corners of space. Yet I was in the beginning of time, and I shall see the last star fade, for I am space, and time, and the fading star. My finger rests on the pulse of changing, flowing worlds, and all eternity is my home.

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**Listen, Thorgus**

*Robert B. Wallace*

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Thorgus, you are deaf.  
Once when you were very young  
God spoke gently to you,  
And Thorgus, you responded joyfully.  
But now you are smothered  
By the foul husk of iniquity.  
God whispers to you still,  
But what you hear are Satanic perversions.  
Thorgus, you didn't hear today  
The jubilant carol of the hermit thrush.  
I mourn for you.

Thorgus, you are blind.  
Once when you were still young  
A wave of hate, conceived  
In teeming flats, in the smut of society,  
Flung an ugly cataract  
Over your eyes and reduced  
Your vision to Satanic fractions.  
Thorgus, you didn't see today  
The flashing redbird in the flowering dogwood.  
I weep for you.

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