Question

Maurine Park*

*Iowa State College

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Then she rinses off her hands
In clearest blue,
And gently touches them
To flower and tree.

She throws a dipperful upon the hill,
And, laughing, watches it run down
In little streams.

She tosses friendly handfuls
On the street,
For little bare-foot boys.

She soaks the fields;
Where farmers stand and watch
With anxious eyes.

She moves, with earnest sympathy,
Along the cemeteries bleak,
And washes white each earth-framed stone,
Mixing her teardrops with their soil . . .

Then, satisfied, she lets her washtub
Drain into the sea,
And strings her suds in graceful arc
Across the sky—
Where they reflect each color of the sun.

The rain is a washer-woman.

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**Question**

*Maurine Park*

H. Ec. Sr.

Oh, how can I explain
The sound of aspen leaves?—
Like quick, soft summer rain
Tinning on roofs and eaves?
Or the dry, delicate clatter
Of gossipy goblin chatter?

*March, 1940*