Old Man’s Song

Frances Foster*
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Chem. T. Sr.

The flying winds beat on the door of my house.
It is crumbling clay—
I shall not be here tomorrow
If they should come back this way.
I must go down thru the shadows
And open the door today.

Gramp
Robert Hetherington
E. E. Jr.

"IT WON'T work. Betcha a hunerd dollars," said Gramp as he spat upon the ground. Pulling out his tobacco, he bit off another chew as viciously as he could with his three remaining teeth. The stone silence that returned Gramp's remark didn't seem to trouble him in the least. Nothing ever seemed to bother him; he was always around and always chewin'. His thin, wrinkled body with the pale blue oversized coat was as expected on the farm as the crops were. His utility had long ago vanished, but he hadn't. There wasn't a whole lot left of him though; he was like a gunny sack half full of corn cobs. His once large frame, now slightly stooped and a little wasted, seemed to be far too small for his skin that wrinkled over it. Because of his lack of teeth, his jaws seemed to close too far and kind of lap over. This made his face seem too short and made his faded damp eyes look more squinted. His hands were no longer real hands but more like cramped bone-like hooks. About the only time his hands left his deep set pockets was to take another chew.

"Crack." The small bar snapped.

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