**Sketch**

Volume 8, Number 1 1941 Article 5

I Am No Poem For Paper

Richard N. Mason*

*Iowa State College

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I Am No Poem For Paper

Richard N. Mason
Sci. Sr.

I am no subtle tome of wisdom.
I am not meant for the dusty shelves of a library.
I am the open door, the worn tables, the dirty floor.

I am a song,
A song without notes or bars,
Screaming high in an eagle's screech
And gurgling softly in a muddy river.
I am the basso profundo of a thunderhead.
I am the swish of a pine forest.
I am the quiescence of a twilight rain.
I am the knock on a harlot’s window—
“Hello, there, honey,” with open hand.
I am the ecclesiastical chant of hypocrisy—
“Good morning, Mr. So and So,” with open hand.
I am the metallic scrape of brakes, the police whistles,
The roar of the crosstown L, the clumping scuffle of a crowd on cement.
I am the clicking sing of cash registers,
Millions of cash registers, clicking, singing,
Millions of open hands.
May, 1941

I am the comfortable clunk of four bits on a counter:
"Gimme ham and eggs and coffee."
I am the discordant smash of a high school band.
I am the smoky laughter of a country tavern.
I am a love song of two kids in a parked car.
I am the rooster's crowing, the hungry lowing of cattle.
I am the silent weeping of dead people.

I am no subtle tome of wisdom
But a song—for hearts,
A song of hope, a song of faith.
I'm enlisting tomorrow, sure, but I'm not scared.
I'm the knock on a harlot's window, an ecclesiastical chant.
I'm the clicking zing-zing of cash registers.
I'm a mother's lullaby, a baby's squall.
I can be as coarse and blatant as an auto horn,
Or I can be as quiet as the drift of a butterfly.

They can't kill me, for I can't die.

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Soliloquy

Irving A. Spaulding
Sci. Sr.

I have a century to share
With Time and a Dream and a Why.
Time is long,
The Dream—fair,
And I am perplexed by the Why.

I have a tomorrow to share—
To share with Time and a Dream.
Time is long,
The Dream—fair.

I have but a night to share—
A night to share with Time.
Time is long.