Shadows

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Abstract

In a distant land, under a sweet, soft moon, guitars are softly sighing...
truth-seekers; I challenge the stars and curse them; I try to destroy this world.

The minister says that sin is doing "Thou shalt nots;" but the truth-seeker says that the only wrong I can do is that of scrambling back toward the ape, the dinosaur, the amoeba.

Where I am going, I don't know. At the end of my own life I may sing in a heavenly city or crumble into soil or merge with the wind and stars. Why should I ponder the end of "I"? "I" is a word, a chicken-track in spinning dust; "I" is a balloon pinpricked by death.

But I am the first paragraph of a story. I cannot believe that only by chance the sun bore a world, that only by chance I inched out of an amoeba. I am a pinpoint, but I am the mother of tomorrow.

This, then, may well be the purpose of my wandering, painful years: to live for the child tomorrow. I sought an ultimate value; I can find it in her glory.

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In a distant land, under a sweet, soft moon, guitars are softly sighing.
In another land, under that same moon, many men are dying.
And as I walk the silver sand, and listen to guitars, I see the dead and dying gaze, unseeing, at the stars.