The Church, Fall 1944

William Craig*

*Iowa State College

Copyright ©1944 by the authors. Sketch is produced by The Berkeley Electronic Press (bepress).
http://lib.dr.iastate.edu/sketch
Abstract

Red leaves splash grey stone...
FOUR O'CLOCK. I watched the sky from my window as far in the west the clouds gathered into a slow-awakening giant, which was advancing every minute.

Slowly the giant enveloped the sun, until only an eery half-light illuminated the paper I was reading. I felt my nerves tighten unconsciously, and I noticed myself sitting on edge. The humidity became greater, and my tension grew.

It was almost time now. The atmosphere was hot and ominous, charged with a spark of electric expectation and suspense. And then it came—the giant roared in triumph as it released great, gushing sheets of rain onto the waiting earth. Clouds of dust sprang up at the first few drops; and the dry, caked cracks of mud became small rivulets, widening into vast channels of rushing, eager water. Within a few moments the atmosphere, which had been electrocuted with an invisible, thin live-wire, had become impregnated with soothing moisture. The tension in the humidity disappeared.

I felt the taut muscles of my body relax. Sitting back contentedly on my chair, I idly watched through the window as the earth satisfied its thirst, and overhead on the roof I heard the cozy, monotonous pitter-patter of the rain.

The Church, Fall 1944

William Craig

Red leaves splash grey stone.
Blood spattered Earth!