Broken Willon

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Abstract

The willow shoots grow tall, Smooth and slim, with silver-backed leaves, Graceful, patterned...
Broken Willow

Lorraine Midlang

The willow shoots grow tall,
Smooth and slim, with silver-backed leaves,
Graceful, patterned.

I climb—hand over hand.
The thin green, pungent, presses cool,
Stains my legs and hands.

The leaves tremble;
I sway exultantly, feel the reluctance
Of the breaking.

It bows down too slowly . . .
I am impatient to make it touch
Spring-warm ground.

The leaves lie in the dust.
The slippery, white wood has torn the green—
Bones through twisted flesh.

I was stronger than you
And made you bend and break.
My hands and heart are sure,
Drinking sweet power.

I wish you were straight again—
Curved leaves against the sky.
But you must understand—
I cannot be sorry.