Retribution

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Abstract

A Little Boy: There’s an old, old man lives on our street, And his hair is white, like winter’s snow. He walks bent over, like his back is broke....
fluence of the environment have gone on to build and shape the destiny of man. The peoples of the earth have destroyed beasts of prey, built cities, produced clothing and food, and provided comforts for themselves; but men like Spinoza, Christ, and Leonardo have looked beyond Homo sapiens as he appears to his fellows, with the idea that this simple, fumbling creature called man might have divine possibilities. All the real progress of civilization has been made by such men, though we all bask in its glory. Many have provided the pericarp, but the seed of civilized thought is small and fine.

* * *

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A Little Boy:
There's an old, old man lives on our street,
And his hair is white, like winter's snow.
He walks bent over, like his back is broke,
And he talks to himself in a voice so low
That ya scarce can hear when he passes by,
(Us kids know, 'cause we always try)
But when we see his scarred-up face, we run,
• 'cause it scares us so.

A House Wife:
There's an old, old man lives on our street,
And I certainly think it's a crime
How some folks will let their relations go
To rags, as if they hadn't a dime
To give them, if they're hungry or cold;
And this man seems so very old
That even a heart of stone would melt, after
  a little time.

An Old Man:
There's an old, old man lives on our street,
Older than I with my eighty years.
His face is a mirror of hardship and trial;
His eyes seem to harbor vague fears,  
And his back to be bowed with the burden of age,  
With his suffering and grief. He seems paying the wage  
Of some youthful sin which in his soul still sears.

The Old, Old Man, Himself:  
I keep to myself as much as I can;  
And I try to stay off the street  
For the curious eyes of everyone  
Are worse than the Japs were to meet.  
They think that I'm drunk when I stagger,  
Yet the time was when I really could swagger  
In my dress blues; I sure 'nuff looked neat!

But the Nips fixed me on Kwajalein.  
In an afternoon my black hair turned white,  
And a flame-thrower made of my face one scar.  
God, that was really a fight!  
And now I have quiet and peace and rest,  
Yet alone, still standing the endless test  
With these scars, one payment for triumph of right.

 Survivors in  
The North Sea  
Darwin E. Gubser

THE North Sea was a massive inferno of cold, black, raging torrents. Earlier a venomous German torpedo had broken our destroyer escort F. C. Davis in two, and the battle was on. Frigid rain violently stung our faces as we manned our guns and