Drought

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Abstract

The midsummer sun burns white at high noon...
draught from the beer and sent the bottle spinning across the floor. It crashed against the stone fireplace. Then she seemed to get herself under control again. But her hand still trembled as she wiped the white flecks of foam from her pinched lips. The hardness in her eyes softened suddenly and she sagged deeper into the chair. The look of harsh independence gave way to one of lonely dejection.

"Then he is dead." A single tear crept slowly down her weathered cheek.


Drouth

The midsummer sun burns white at high noon.
June has passed, and the Thunder Moon.
A drouth lies over the blue-hazed land.
And the green water sleeps on the burning sand.
The wind blows hot through the brittle grass.
That whispers in the sun like fragile-speared glass.
It sighs in the apple-studded orchard trees
And drowns the droning of the honeybees.
It lifts the maple's silver-bright leaves
Where a dust-drab turtledove sadly grieves.
The sun parched earth lies heavy in dust,
With zigzag cracks slashing sun-baked crust.
The sun-beaten, wind-driven, green-leaved corn
Bows on stunted stalks, shredded and torn,
And thrusts its roots in the hollow ground
Searching for rain with a dying sound.
Grasshoppers leap in the sizzling heat
And a field sparrow trills in a voice honey-sweet.
Cicades shrill on paper-thin wings,
Legs like a bow on the fiddle strings.
White clouds laugh high in the blue-blue sky
As the brown earth prays while its children die.

—Ruth Knuths, H. Ec, Fr.