Coed

Anonymous*
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Abstract

She draws her knees beneath her chin to wait, There is a while yet, to meditate, A moment to measure and evaluate, without alarm...
reason for your being in college—you certainly don't seem to enjoy it or take part in any activities. I think if you wanted to attend college, your grades would be much better."

"My father wants me to get a degree, sir." Certainly Roger didn't care, and his mother had told him he was needed on the farm.

"Well, then, you'll have to decide. But I'm required to tell you that unless your grades improve, you'll have to be dismissed. I'm sorry, but those are the rules. You'll have the rest of the quarter. If you drop out now, no marks will be placed against your name."

"I understand, sir. Thank you, sir."

Roger backed out and shut the door. If he quit now, he could say he'd left because he wanted to. And the sooner he got back to the farm, the better. He might even get in on the fall plowing and the soybean harvest. It was only 10 in the morning. Maybe he could pack his stuff and ride the bus home by milking time. His father wouldn't like it, but his mother would stand by him. He could explain better to them why he didn't need to go to college, now that he had been there. The bus would leave around 11. Maybe he could pack in time. He broke into a run. Already he could smell the musty odor of the barn.

**The coed**

She draws her knees beneath her chin to wait,
There is a while, yet, to meditate,
A moment to measure and evaluate, without alarm,
To pause with books beneath her arm,
There is time, yet,
To drowse a little, sleep a little,
Wink with a slow liquid eye,
Languidly exact a toll
Of pretty jewelled pins, perhaps,
Or of a clumsy heart.
She moves with a rhythmic gait,
Catching the eyes of boys upon the walk,
Speculative eyes of men,
She moves coyly to the classroom,
Shimmers slowly down the walk,
There are many men, there is much time.