Senior Year

Anonymous*
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Abstract

I will go now, when the campus light is dim, In the fresh fall wind of September, I will go now and remove the writing from the wall...
Senior year

I will go now, when the campus light is dim,
In the fresh fall wind of September,
I will go now and remove the writing from the wall,
Remove the chatter inscribed upon the wall
Three Septembers ago.
Erase all that is left of that which drew me here,
That surging hope of sightless years,
The challenge that flowed around me, and was gone,
Like the rush of tears,
And I will write in its place what I have learned—
   To form a face for any time, any place,
   The shaping of a smile to cordially beguile
defenseless minds,
   A haughty air,
   A sure defense in arrogance,
I will write this up and leave it,
Write it up in dim light,
In the sorrowed blue-mood night.
And now what will be my fare?
What is it that I must bear—
   A voice that is mute in a silent valley,
   A song like the rattle of a paper sack
Echoed down an empty alley.

The old timer

JOE FISCHER'S car backed away from the gate at the end of the Kennedy barnyard and went up the hill. Clayton and Johnnie sat in the toolshed throwing cobs at each other and watched to see what their old man was going to do. He came back from the gate after he had talked to Joe Fischer, and the look on his face was absorbed and knotted. The boys knew he was going to get the car.

They stopped throwing the soft, silkly, red cobs and walked along with him to where the car was parked beneath the big cottonwood behind the toolshed.

"Can we go 'long, Pa?" Clayton asked.

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