A Peace

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Abstract

Back from the shore a certain place lies rustling quietly, Alive in the night, While the waters of the ocean slap loudly in the distance...
hand unused to any tenderness. “That’s all right, now, don’t cry, honey, please don’t.”

She straightened up and wiped her eyes.

“Well,” he said, “Well.” He got up quickly, rubbing his hands on his knees and turning away from her. “They’ll be here any minute, we better get this bag down there.”

She could almost see him gathering the broken pieces of his shell around himself, trying to get back to his usual brusqueness. She could hear Mom calling, “Ann, they’re here.”

He picked up the bag, cleared his throat and said, “You ready?”

“I’m ready, Dad.”

—Polly Weiss, Sci., Soph., ’55–’56

A Peace

Back from the shore a certain place lies rustling quietly,
Alive in the night,
While the waters of the ocean slap loudly in the distance.
Cool, soft grasses overlap the edge of liquid warm and fresh to moving air.
A slippery boulder waits
While beautifully veiled trees swish in the darkness to an undirected breeze.
A low moon lies silver on shimmering diamond-black water
As the stars play games.
Peace is darkness set with twinkling lights.
Peace is the sound of moving branches, of distant waves, of the sea rising and falling nearby, a rhythmic breathing.
Peace is the warmth of air; it is cool stone; it is crushed grass.
Nothing follows peace.

—Ron Christensen, E.E., Jr.