Morning

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Abstract

Drops of dreams have almost dried out. All have been counted and counted In foggy waitings with benumbed limbs,...
I was drawn back to the summer, fascinated, unable to resist. The air was sticky and hazy with dust that night. It was difficult to remain still. People chased breezes about the town and out into the country. Those who remained at home, bound by the job tomorrow at seven, dozed fitfully in musty bed. . . .

All four had graduated that spring. Linda had a car of her own. She was not to drive it while her mother and father were away on vacation. But they would never know and she hadn't seen Donna, Jan or Janice for some time now. And it was so hot anyway.

It is great to go fast, so much like flying. It is exciting to have complete command of life . . . No one saw the other car approaching from the side street . . . until the command was no longer Linda's.

The newspaper faithfully blurted out the next day the anatomical account of Linda's multilation . . . and set the musty people talking about "those crazy kids." . . . "But isn't the humidity high, though?"

The girl in the booth laughed through lips that shriveled in my brain . . . smiling, alive . . . closed like a book.

—Dennis Ruffcorn, Ch. T., Fr.

Morning

Drops of dreams have almost dried out.
All have been counted and counted
In foggy waitings with benumbed limbs,
In tilt of dreams heaped up
Between ear-laps and black sockets.
The day has just risen on briars tips.
I am the sleepy ant which descends
In sinking sands toward the myrmeleon's mouth.

—Michele DeBenedictis, Econ.