A Spinster’s Song

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Abstract

I pass by Love And she cares not for me. What matter if the moon dips low...
the door, as though he had not seen him come in. Carl stood in the doorway, the bottle in one hand, the red tie hanging limp from its wet wrapper in the other. Two men in white came from the bedroom, and then the doctor. He looked at Carl with contempt.

"Maybe this will sober you up a little," the doctor said, lighting a cigarette, "Your wife is dead."

The tie slipped from Carl's hand. His mouth worked but no sound came.

"And you have a seven-pound son."

Carl's voice came then and he began to laugh. His voice mounted until the room shook, great gasping sounds that rolled out into the wet night. The doctor walked across the room and with all his strength, slapped Carl.

"Better give him a hypo," he said to the men.

On the way out, the doctor kicked the package and it rolled along the floor. Lauren lifted his eyes from the door, then, and sat staring at the brilliant red bow tie.

—Dick Ellis, E. E., Jr.

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**A Spinster's Song**

I pass by Love
And she cares not for me.
What matter if the moon dips low
And trails her slender figure in the sea?
She does not lead the heart, I know—
It is just the tide she has in tow.