Prisoner Sun

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Abstract

She sat alone, Reposed against the rusty brick, Her hair a silky warp and woof Falling through the fingers of the undulating breeze....
clay. Eric lifted the Springfield to his shoulder, watching the wolf through the 'scope. The animal looked like a large white dog, hazy in the dusk. The rifle seemed harder and heavier now, and the trigger was cold and stiff. Finally a resounding crack split the quiet air. Custer dropped, rolling down the slope in a flurry of dust.

Eric crashed out of the cedars and stumbled over the rocks and through the brush on stiff, sleeping legs. He scrambled up the opposite side, slowing as he approached the wolf.

Custer lay against a grass clump on a rocky ledge which had stopped his fall. Eric stood over him, his heart thumping in his ears. The animal kicked convulsively, whining and lunging. Blood still gushed from the hole in his chest, and flowed thickly through the coarse, gray-white hair. His breath bubbled from his mouth in a red foam.

Eric watched the renegade for a few minutes after it died. "The Custer Wolf," he pronounced. He felt sick. Turning, he strode back across the draw, his legs weak, the rifle bouncing against his thigh.


Prisoner Sun

She sat alone,
Reposed against the rusty brick,
Her hair a silky warp and woof
Falling through the fingers of the undulating breeze,
Weaving to an airy coverlet,
Dissolving —
Finest, softly golden meal
Sifting past her eyes;
Softest, childspun loomthreads
Misting past her sleeping eyes.

—Larry Syndergaard, Ag. Sr.