A Poet

James Wickliff*

*Iowa State College

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Abstract

A poet is a man lost. Ragged, torn by that within him, Haunted by those around him, He stumbles endlessly in circles...
a manure pile in Utopia. Sinclair started to run towards Birtle just as the officers walked up to the barracks door.

"Birtle, you stupid son of a ........."

"HUT-TENSHUN!!!" The man at the door had dissipated all his lung power in that one magnificent yell. All the men froze at rigid attention, Birtle not quite so rigid as the rest, but still rigid. The inspection of the barracks had started and nobody would move until it was over.

Sinclair saluted Captain Billy, "Third Platoon ready for inspection, Sir." He was trembling with rage.


### A Poet

A poet is a man lost.

Ragged, torn by that within him,
Haunted by those around him,
He stumbles endlessly in circles.

With his dry throat and cracked tongue
He mumbles incoherent prayers
Of hope and bitterness
As the mirage appears and fades.
Sometimes he rouses and screams in desperation at the buzzards,
But mostly he croaks quietly to his ever-leading shadow.

Those who search the erratic trail
May find him
In time to lead him back,
Though often only a few scattered bones
Mark his reabsorption into the wild.