The Tide

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Abstract

The tide is out, And halfway across the bay The silver-brown mud Sucks its stinking mouths At the wind...
Quietly the boy stepped behind her. She rocked back in her chair. He threw his arm around her neck, catching it in the crook of his elbow. If she had been able to speak, he could not have done it, but he squeezed hard, with all his strength. Suddenly it was over and he stepped back out of breath. He couldn't cry then but he wanted to. He went stealthily back up the stairs and lay quietly in his bed. He could hear the first drops of rain on the leaves of the trees.

— R. A. Upham, Sc. '58

The Tide

The tide is out,
And halfway across the bay
The silver-brown mud
Sucks its stinking mouths
At the wind.

(It is not the time for stately herons
To stand in the reedy shallows
Spearing the placid water for mirrored minnows.)

Crows flock noisily to the beach
And strut upon the mud
And glut themselves on a bloated turtle;

Above the bay an eagle beats the air
From farther horizons to her high place
Far over the stinking mud,
And feeds silent fledglings
With freshly stilled prey.