

Sketch

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Poem

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Poem

James Wickliff

Abstract

Somewhere in a corner of the universe A mighty bowhand drew and loosed; And man, the gaudy feathered missile that he is, Leaped skyward, above the tree-tops, Reaching for the white clouds...

and come in. He said he was going to take a crack at the outpost all by his lonesome." The Sergeant shrugged his shoulders. "What the hell could I do?"

"Do you still want Lieutenant Wilson's patrol to go out, sir?" spoke a captain standing at the Colonel's side.

"Of course. If Max couldn't take that position with twelve men, he sure as hell can't take it all by himself. Tell Lieutenant Wilson that this job has to be done and done as soon as possible. I want no botching this time."

"Yes, sir." The captain saluted and walked toward a group of men standing a short distance away.

"Why don't you leave it on for a while?" The congressman beamed at Max's father, "Your son would have wanted you to."

"I would," said Max's father, licking his lips and looking over the President's shoulder at the cocktails being prepared for the award spectators and the press, "I would, but it's heavy."

He reached up and finished taking the Medal of Honor from around his neck. He folded it neatly into the felt lining of its case, wondering why the medal should weigh so heavily around his neck.

— *Robert D. Crook, S. Fr.*

Somewhere in a corner of the universe
 A mighty bowhand drew and loosed;
 And man, the gaudy feathered missile that he is,
 Leaped skyward, above the tree-tops,
 Reaching for the white clouds.
 But finding them too pure and vague to be grasped,
 He turned earthward, plunging himself into the trees.

The bowman picked up the tattered shaft,
 Gently straightened its feathers,
 And replaced it in his quiver.

— *James Wickliff, Sc. Grad.*