Songs

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Abstract

April, Its spent blossoms Blown in drifts on the lawn, Lifts its many promised fingers To May...
quilt, embroidered with two large dragons fighting for a fire ball, lies neatly on the bed. The dresser on the side of it is stained black. Taking a closer look at it, I can see it is beautifully carved all around with country scenes, and with the noses of the cows used as knobs. What I like most is the mirror. It makes me look fat and skinny when I move from side to side. Grandma undresses me and carries me into the round wooden tub bound together by bamboo slips. “Ouch! The water is too hot!” She just presses me into the sitting position without saying a word — splatter — splatter —
“Can I go and feed the fishes after this?”
“No! We are going to have supper!”
Oh, well! That was a good try anyway!

—Kuang Chung Wong, Sc. Sr.

Songs

April,
Its spent blossoms
Blown in drifts on the lawn,
Lifts its many promised fingers
To May.
The wind,
A singing girl,
Runs barefoot in warm fields
Of heavy-headed tarnished grain
That waits.
Autumn,
Bony fingers
Groping the jewelled air,
Clutches at a sliver of moon
And dies.
Brittle
Dry grass is swayed
By a sharp, winter scythe
In haste to harvest empty husks
For Spring.

— James Wickcliff, Sc. Grad.