Spring

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Abstract

When the last of the wood has been gathered in, And the stove shows rust where polish has been, The tightness of the door and windows begins To give me the feeling of being shut in...
by the placid water.

Bobby and George lay there beside the quiet water. Above the pond in an elm crotch was an old crow’s nest. A garden spider had set up his filmy trap in it and ate very well, sometimes mosquitoes filled with rich, red, squirrel blood. And skimmers flew across the pond's surface with the ease and speed of marathon skaters.

The sun was obscured directly overhead by an experienced old walnut tree as the two figures trudged up the railroad tracks toward home.

The Old Man met them at the door. “Oh, no. That stinking, wet mutt ain’t comin’ in here. The on’y way he’ll get in is over my dead body.”

“You been dead for ten years.”

The boy and dog walked in across the foot-beaten linoleum, and Bobby threw his rabbits in the sink.

His mother looked up, sweating, from the oven and said, “Three, huh? I’ll fix ’em tonight.”

—Cole Foster, Sc. Sr.

When the last of the wood has been gathered in,
And the stove shows rust where polish has been,
The tightness of the door and windows begins
To give me the feeling of being shut in.
By the calendar Spring is still a month away,
But the warmth of the sun at midday
Steams the black earth of the pathway
Between the woodshed and entryway.
Though in the fields snow clings in the draws,
And a wind from the west still blows raw;
From the river I hear the crows caw,
And the crack of ice in thaw.

—James Wickcliff, Sc. Grad.