The Creator

James Wickliff*

*Iowa State College

Copyright ©1960 by the authors. Sketch is produced by The Berkeley Electronic Press (bepress).
http://lib.dr.iastate.edu/sketch
The Creator

James Wickliff

Abstract

The Creator chipped at the marble And kneaded and shaped the clay; He molded the heart of the image That posed from him day after day...
spend the night in that place, but at four a.m. the owner will close the bar and throw out the stragglers. The little man's stomach will not be so full or warm again until a more familiar sensation in the pit of that stomach persuades him to spend another night working in Les Halles. When the wine-collecting is good, as it was this day, the sensation does not come.

The little man sat in his corner, gazing at nothing, unconscious of the few passers-by in the shadowy street. The clicking heels of a prostitute with a poodle on a leash went swiftly by on the opposite side of the street. She finds her business up along the Boulevard, not on the deserted sidestreet. The little man did not see her. There was a time when he desired, might have hoped to afford, the lady's services, but that time was gone. There was a time, too, when he may have thought to work every night in Les Halles, to have a family, to live in one of the apartments above the shops along a wider street, but that time, too, was long gone. Now, there was time to doze in the corner, to empty today's rewards from the bottle, and not to work tonight, and tomorrow to go collecting, and perhaps tomorrow night to work in the market.

The Creator

_by James Wickliff_

The Creator chipped at the marble
And kneaded and shaped the clay;
He molded the heart of the image
That posed for him day after day.

The woman posed by the window
Where her beauty reflected the light;
The Creator warmed with desire
And died in her arms that night.

The Creator lies on his deathbed
In the corner against the dark wall:
The woman has cut off his hair
And her husband has bashed in his skull.