Credo For The Seasons

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Credo For The Seasons

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Abstract

I would write with the wind in my hand: I would smash with foamy fists of waves At the fracturing ice of spring. And lift the mallows in the marsh;...
Several men ran over and took the rope from Millie’s hands and Jim caught her as she dropped to the ground, crying and shaking all over.

“Honey, why did you go in there?”

“Well, he was mooing so, and I couldn’t let him just burn up.”

“But you...”

“Oh, Jim, I had to do it. I just had to,” she sobbed as the north end of the barn collapsed.

Credo For The Seasons

by James Wickliff

I would write with the wind in my hand:

I would smash with foamy fists of waves
At the fracturing ice of spring,
And lift the mallows in the marsh;

I would smooth the golden-grain wrinkles
From the fluttering skirts of summer,
And carry her home from the fields;

I would ruffle the multi-glow of autumn
With smoke scented mornings, and wait
Where the bent corn lures vees of geese to earth;

I would scratch virgin lines on frosted glass,
And write of winter in black and white
With the restless fingers of trees;

My hand would be one with the wind.