Haiku

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Abstract

Old idealist Re-named the cynic, cries for His lost illusions
everywhere. It was the kind of snow that clings to every shrub and tree and creates a kind of hush over everything. He could look out the window and watch the snow and sink into that hush as though it, too, were a physical thing, like sinking into a cloud, yet being supported by it. The only sound was the purr of the heater fan. Brian put his arm around Nancy and pulled her tightly against him. He turned and looked at her face. It was shadowed in the dim light. She raised her head to be kissed, and he touched his mouth to hers. He kissed her tenderly, softly, not with hard passion, but with love and understanding. He held her to him and put his cheek against her hair.

“Nancy, did you have a good time here?” The girl pulled away and stared at him with puzzled eyes.

“Of course I did. I had a wonderful time. Can’t you tell?”

“That’s not what I mean, exactly. I mean did you like Chicago? Did you feel that it was a part of you and you of it? Did you walk down the streets and feel so overwhelmed by it that you wanted to cry? Did you fall in love with it?”

“Of course I liked it. There are so many things to do here. There’s so much excitement. It’s a wonderful place to visit.”

Visit, he thought. Visit. His eyes filled and then drained. He turned his head and looked out over his lake. Visit . . .

It was starting to snow again.

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by George Hopkins

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Re-named the cynic, cries for
His lost illusions.