Springtime Comes, After

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Abstract

In the first year of peace, the springtime sun shone long on a wintry scene, but naturally no one complained, and the winter’s heavy quiet was wholly undisturbed...
he thought, he liked to hear her talk. She knew something, she wasn't like all the rest of the dunderheads around here. But she talked strangely, like something secret occupied her thoughts. Didn't look like there was any fighting it. He left, not understanding, maybe he wouldn't even understand later, if she was lucky, but he left.

She had been just about to leave when he'd come. Now she picked up her dark orange sweater and started for town. *It will not do to keep the good doctor waiting. There's another war effort man, but I don't think he would get a medal for his work either. We all fight our wars, yes, wars and wars, wars for wars, wars against wars.*

She would come home after the examination with the best her old friend could do for her—another bottle of the brown-yellow fluid. And he would be discreet. They each fought their own battles, and some together. "Potassium iodide," the pharmacists' manual read, "prepared in liquid form; sometimes used in the treatment of neurosyphilis and . . . ."

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**Springtime Comes,**

**After**

*by Paul Kratoska*

In the first year of peace, the springtime sun
Shone long on a wintry scene, but naturally
No one complained, and the winter's heavy quiet
Was wholly undisturbed. For once the world,
Perhaps prefering ice to the touch of fire,
Seemed quite content to prolong the winter's passing.
Then, because spring is an act of God and quite
Beyond control, the snow did finally yield
To her gentle, warming touch, though passing slowly,
As if reluctant to reveal the peaceful,
Cindered earth to summer's brooding eye.