Innocence

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Abstract

On his sand-heap in the desert The bearded hermit sat, When suddenly a foreign wind raged down upon him And tore at his very soul...
On his sand-heap in the desert
The bearded hermit sat,
When suddenly a foreign wind raged down upon him
And tore at his very soul.
The wind chased frozen sand into his face,
And he felt fright, for the wind was strange.
His body shivered from the cold of the wind,
And his soul shivered from fear!
"Why have you come?"
And he shook pitifully.
The wind raged down upon him
And tore at him, but ignored the question, which
sank into the sand.
"What do you seek?"
The wind howled in a crescendo of cold,
But the grains greedily buried the words.
The hoary sand clutched at the hermit’s beard
And ripped at his tangled hair and face
Until his jaws froze shut and he could no longer speak.
The foreign wind laughed itself away from the sand-heap,
But the desert sun had fallen
And had forsaken the whitened mute;
No warmth came to release the jaws.
The stilled and silenced frame stared unblinking
At dents in the sand
Where questions had been sucked under.