Haiku

David Ryder*

*Iowa State College

Copyright ©1967 by the authors. Sketch is produced by The Berkeley Electronic Press (bepress). http://lib.dr.iastate.edu/sketch
Haiku

David Ryder

Abstract

A morning dewdrop Tumbling from a waxy leaf And vanishing . . . gone?
and stood there, looking right through his only defense.

"Don't you ever do anything like that again . . . do you hear me?" Not waiting for an answer, she continued, "and where did you learn that word?"

"I heard it, Mommy."

"Do you know what it means?"

His eyes were wide, and fixed on his mother. One big tear broke free and traced a path down his smooth cheek, and his shrugged shoulders answered.

"Well, you're going to forget it right now . . . I'll see to that."

"Yes, Mommy."

"Yes Mommy nothing. We're just going to have to wash your dirty mouth along with the rest of you."

Aghast, he stepped back until his back butted against the bathtub. He began to sob—little catching gasps that shook his whole little body, and big, frightened tears began to flow.

"No, Mommy, Please. I won't say it any more . . . Never, I promise . . . ."

She ignored his pleading and moved toward him.

I found myself smiling vacantly, my eyes dry from staring at the wall. That taste was there in my mouth again, but now I knew what it was. And that stinging soap-taste was proof enough that this was a real memory.

---

**Haiku**

*by David Ryder*

*Pre-med, Fr.*

A morning dewdrop
Tumbling from a waxy leaf
And vanishing . . . gone?