Prelude

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Prelude

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Abstract

Bare branches reach upward in silent symphony of grace to web ashen sky with delicate pattern and I, friend of trees lover of browned, smudged, thawing earth believer in eternal rising of orange-paled sun
lodgings on her knees and in the folds of her playsuit. *Trees.* Tracy reached over and pinched two sprigs of the butterfly bush to set outside the castle door.

"Hi, Tracy, what you doing?" yelled Billy, slamming the back screen door.

"Look, Billy, come and see my castle. I made it all by myself," Tracy called happily while bending over to plant the trees.

Billy ran to the sandbox to look at Tracy's creation. He scrambled around the sides critically examining all views.

"See the castle towers. Here's the window and the door," said Tracy pointing out the fancy touches to Billy.

Billy, summoning up the wisdom of two years more experience, broke in, "Castles don't have doors, Tracy. They have drawbridges."

Tracy turned her back on the castle. The weakening sand bottom had dried out and the sandcastle crumbled as she climbed out of the sandbox.

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**Prelude**  
*by Ann Baumann*  
*Child Development, Soph.*

Bare branches reach upward  
in silent symphony of grace  
to web ashen sky  
with delicate pattern  
and I, friend of trees  
lover of browned, smudged, thawing earth  
believer in eternal  
rising of orange-paled sun
wander in vague circles
around swollen, cracked streams
and splitting, chapped walkways
that lead nowhere and are endless,
waiting for the maelstrom of thought
to pull me into purpose
to draw me into belief
and cast me into sureness.

Bare branches reach upward
in silent symphony of grace
and I see your self
among their shadows.
	You have arisen and shed one life
	and now poise balanced between old and new
	one day you shall fall, or leap,	one day you shall deny, or discover.

My hope for you is apparent
and is strengthened by your words;
do not refute small joys
which come with the wind and are gone
and what remains, you will find alone
through the eyes and minds of others
and together, yet separate
we shall reach the carved path

that leads through trees
and mist and darkness
to single, washed light
of one candle.