Poet

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Abstract

Today I found a pelican dead in the seawashed sand With rivulets of foam and amber water streaming From soggy tail and wingtips...
Today I found a pelican dead in the seawashed sand
With rivulets of foam and amber water streaming
From soggy tail and wingtips.
Its weird long neck twisted bent along its breast
The fold of skin of its huge beak all wetly gray.
And it was awkward even in death—graceless and ugly.
A dead gull is a wet black shadow on the sand
But the pelican is ludicrous—pathetic and ludicrous.
Death gives no beauty to the ugly,
No fame to the despised.
And the meek shall not inherit the earth—
The earth belongs to the living,
And the meek are dead even as they breathe.
The vibrant live in the vibrancy of the earth
And I would rather my wings be broken in flight
Than I had never soared.

—Margaret Leveson, H. Ec. Sr.

ANYBODY want another?" . . . "Yes, I'll have one."
. . . "Me, too."
Chuck Sherwood collected the glasses and went into the kitchen.
"—and then Professor Tripp, head of the English department, you know, said to me, he said—"
"Oh, I think Pollack really has something. Such imagination."
"Really?—I dislike him intensely, but I think Grandma Moses is simply charming."
Chuck stopped short in the doorway to the kitchen, the liquid in the tall glasses on the tray he was holding slopping over the rims. My God, I promised H. G. I'd give him a memorandum in the morning—that report from the Schlink and Company people. A frown creased his forehead as he went into the living room.