Haiku

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Abstract

The flower sends its fragrance Into the spring night A sidewalk cafe...
Sketch

has little strength. She sinks back into the pain, cursing hollowly. "God! God! Damned! Me! I hate God! I hate! God won't help! Me!"

Death comes noiselessly, scientifically. The heart stops, the lungs deflate, the eyes sink, and the tongue falls back in the mouth allowing only a dry, unfinished breath to rattle out. No climax, no blinding flash of light as her soul flies to eternal haven. She dies like all the rest, caught up only in omnipotent pain.

But the churchiness lingers. The plasma bottle still swings with an aluminum cross. The white line never moves, but "abide with me" echoes in the neoned cathedral. The sheet lies torn in two, so I can't even cover her face. Abide with me, abide with me, abide with me and on and on until the siren sings in time, the chandelier flickers to the syllables and the plasma bottle swings in rhythm. I can't get rid of the atmosphere. It grows with each moment.

A bluish mist clouds my glasses. But the fog can't be cleared away. There must be an explanation, a cause for every effect. For every action there is an equal and opposite reaction. I look at the nearly empty plasma bottle. Take it down, get rid of it, it is finished.

The old lady's hand drops from the sheet and brushes my knee. Gravity! The force of gravity pulls all objects to its bosom. Why does the plasma bottle holder still swing? The bumps keep it swinging to "abide with me." No, I'm singing to the sway of the bottle support. Science explains all. The flicker in the light. Neon gas will cause a flicker effect when it is nearly gone from the tube. Must replace it along with the sheet she ruined. This ambulance is dirty. Scrub the whole damned thing down. Get this creepy feeling out of here.

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