(No Title)

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Abstract

A halo, Unlike a hat, Is more becoming, When not in style...
ing his pipe, and the tobacco smells brought back memories of other times and younger faces. It was the hollow-and-hungry-for-dinner hour, the time to head for the smoky comfort of the kitchen at home. Dr. Holman knew he could find the corner to turn at, and the white house with the wooden fence would be at the end of the street. A wisp of breeze whispered through the maple leaves on the side streets, stirred around him and became a part of his breath.

The main street stillness was broken by a shrill blast from the direction of the track. For a moment it had no meaning to James David Holman. Then, he turned and walked slowly toward the depot.

"We's ready to go, Doctah Ho'man," the Negro porter shouted. "We get ya to yo speech yet." He reached out a dark hand to help Dr. Holman into the darker coach.

"That's fine, Archie," Dr. Holman said quietly. The Negro closed the door and the latch caught with a metallic click.

Dr. Holman slumped down into his seat as the train shuddered and lurched away from the station. A thousand faces waited, and he would speak. He watched as the depot and its platform disappeared in the growing darkness. Tonight he would tell all he knew of rock formation in America, and continue to wonder if he could know satisfaction on the whirling stone on which he lived.

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