Haiku

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Haiku

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Abstract

Across the dark sky, T h e rain drizzles quietly. Filling my footprints..
turning doorknob. When the door didn’t open, there was
the loud banging of little fists pounding, and feet kicking at
the wood. The boy walked to the stereo, put on a record
and turned up the volume. The window opened as he tugged
on it, and he slipped his body through it onto the garage roof.
He jumped down and ran, leaving his screaming stepmother
and the stereo to fight it out.

John manages to create the image of the pathetic child-man caught be­
fore the authority of the immature adult. The story has a problem in back­
ground character development. The situation has been congealing over
months and is forced into a single episode. This causes John to stuff some
rather strained dialogue into the stepmother’s and the boy’s mouths, pre­
cipitating action for which I was not quite prepared. However, the story
does move well and is adequately developed within the constraints of a one­
time, one-place narrative.—E.B.

Haiku

by Gary Hatcher

Sociology, Sophomore

Across the dark sky,
The rain drizzles quietly.
Filling my footprints.