Poem

Neva Wilson*

*Iowa State College

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Poem

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Abstract

Thistle and hardy brome Anchor me to the windy Iowa grasslands. This changeless, tradition-ruled scene Cradles cornstalks And workworn, tractor-driving conquerors...
Poem

by Neva Wilson


Thistle and hardy brome
Anchor me to the windy Iowa grasslands.
This changeless, tradition-ruled scene
Cradles cornstalks
And workworn, tractor-driving conquerors.
Gritty, unquestioning men and women,
They live as they must.
Their lifelong storm
Is mine.
Mine the thunder, the acid-etched sky.
Mine the victory. Mine the synthesis
Of storm and joy.