The Branch

Deborah P. Young*

*Iowa State College

Copyright ©1971 by the authors. Sketch is produced by The Berkeley Electronic Press (bepress).
http://lib.dr.iastate.edu/sketch
The Branch
Deborah P. Young

Abstract

glistening in clear shine encircled by a solo sparrow’s feet dormant all the winter nights...
said helplessly. "I mean I want to be." The small soft hands hung down at his sides. His light brown hair tipped forward, the cowlick sticking upward. The soup boiled over onto the heating element a second time. There was a pungent smell.

We ate without tasting. "You know Daddy's adopted. He thinks it's good," I said.

"Well how come Shelley . . . ?" His words burned. I tried to finish my sandwich. It was dry and hard to swallow.

"Shall we go down and see if Duch has any more puppies?"

"I'm goin' outside." He got out his boots and hunted for his mittens.

"I think your mittens are on the register," I offered without being asked. "I laid them there to dry. Shall I tie your cap?" He did not turn. The front door closed, not all the way. It pulled hard over the carpet.

I followed his steps to the open door. He was wading in snow as high as his waist. There were four hours until Dad would be home, and his other friend was becoming a mother.

---

The Branch

by Deborah Pui Young

Child Development, Soph.

glistening in clear shine
encircled by a solo sparrow's feet
dormant all the winter nights