Haiku

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Abstract

Early sunset rests on children’s faces and hands, measuring their dreams...
Meri Lynn and I squatted on the curb a safe distance from the squirming mass while the man with the Africa pants shoveled several loads of sand and worms into the rear of the truck. I had never seen so many worms at one time in my short life and I asked the man how he had found this mass of sticky bodies so easily.

"Practice," he answered, "after a while you know where to find 'em."

"You mean you hunt for worms?" Meri Lynn asked.

He hesitated for a moment, then replied, "Yep, I'd say . . ." He was interrupted by our mother calling us for lunch, but neither of us moved. We sat waiting for this pied piper of worms to finish exposing his thoughts. "I'd say that I'm probably one of the most dedicated worm hunters in town," he continued proudly. The drain was almost clear of sand when the order for dinner was clearly repeated. "Nope," he said to no one, "just can't miss a worm." He lifted his Al Capone hat and wiped the sweat from his forehead with a greasy red handkerchief.

As my sister turned to leave for lunch, I paused for a moment. "What do you have for lunch?"

The old man replaced his Al Capone hat on his head and leaned thoughtfully on his shovel. The wind wrestled with the skin-tone map of Africa on his pant leg. "Oh, . . . a worm sandwich," he said.

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by Earl Keyser

English Graduate

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