Highway

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Abstract

Twisting and turning recklessly It staggers out of the mountains, And, straightening, stretches out across the plain,...
"That's better, Baby. Let's go."

The lobby was bright after the gloomy other-world dimness of the theater. Left-over tears ran down damp paths from the corners of Mary Lou's eyes. "Excuse me a minute, Donovan." She didn't look at anything but his white shoes, sniffed, and left.

* * *

"My, you look like you're having a terrific time," she said to the face in the mirror . . . "Well, I'm not; the whole idea of being out with this boy is ghastly. It's only 9:30. I've got to stand him for three more hours. You can stand it, Mary Lou Hallett.

No, I don't have to. I'll say I have a headache—then go home and write a letter.

Now listen, don't be so dramatic.

Who's being dramatic? I hate him and his drunken brawls.

Be normal. You're out with a fabulous wheel. This is your chance to try for more than a one-weekend stand. The thought of it makes me ill."

She replaced the lipstick she'd swallowed during the death scene. "Deathly ill!"

Out the door, putting on her red gloves (over bare wrists), past the chained-with-a-velvet-chain balcony stairs, humming an unusually tuneless melody.

Up to the long, tweedy overcoat with the Adam's apple at the top that jerked as it downed a quick coke. "Hot to go, Baby?"

"Sure am, Don. Only drop me off at Kirk Hall a minute, will you? I forgot to wear a bracelet."

**Highway**

Twisting and turning recklessly
It staggers out of the mountains,
And, straightening, stretches out across the plain,
Rushes past fences, poles and rusty buildings
Pauses in the shadow of a prairie skyscraper
Then leaps out, racing a railed cousin
Till, out of breath, it loses itself in the maze of a city.