Poem

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Poem

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Abstract

Someday through a silvery moonglow a voice will open a howl will scatter the stars, a shriek not entirely human will split the wavering spool of light...
our guns in the grass and exited as though we were barefooted and the Russian thistles were coming. We came up to the farmyard innocently from behind the house and looked. It was the feed man. The MoorMan's feed man. His name was Dick. He was our age. He was a buddy. If we had wanted help poaching a goose, we could have asked Dick. We stood there splattered with hog muck and felt foolish. When Dick noticed the geese flying away, Gary just said, "Yeah, been a good wet spring for 'em."

Poem

by

Deborah Fitzgerald

English 3

Someday
through a silvery moonglow
a voice will open
a howl will scatter
the stars,
a shriek not entirely human
will split
the wavering spool of light.

somewhere
the voice will swallow a language
trapped in teeth and tongue,
will pour the sounds
like dry bones
into the dark pulsing water—
watch the words go
clattering down.