Just Good

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Abstract

It is just good ..... to wake up and see gray light coming in the window and know that it is morning...
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It is just good . . . .

to wake up and see gray light coming in the window and
know that it is morning.

to go to church and see small boys with choir robes and
lighted candles and still clear sweetness on their faces walk
proudly in, light the altar candles, and kneel . . . .

to come out of class into the spicy cold outside, walk
slowly for a ways, then, laughing, jerk your scarf off your
head and run very fast with the wind hitting your cheeks
and the scarf-fringe flying in your mouth, but slow down
when you get to the bridge, and stop to look at the water
that is crusty ice and bubbly like a foamy white malted milk.

to hear the grating sharp clank of the ugly mailbox on
the corner as you put a letter into it for home, and hold it
open for some other kids to put letters in, then walk on.

to look across the desk and see your roommate as she
grins and says, “Do you want an apple?”

to sit on the bathroom floor with your towel around you
and your legs propped up on the wall, and waiting for one
of the showers to be empty, lean your head way back and
sing.

to be washing the sink on Saturday, and look into the
mirror to see yourself and your room behind you, then
squeeze your hands together tight, take the rag and scrub
the sink harder.

to be skating at night, slow down and turn and sit down
on the ice, then lie down and look up at the sky, to lie there
just looking at the sky till the back of your jeans starts to
get wet, then get up, swinging your arms, and skate back to
the fire.

to go home at Thanksgiving and do things with your
brother, go get shelled corn, and help with chores, put glass-
cloth on the windows, and ride in the car with him. Or have
him come up behind you and jerk your hair and say, “Gee,
you have little ears.”

to drive down a gravel road in the car, with one arm
stuck out the window, going very fast with little pieces of gravel hitting your arm, and the radio up as high as it will go.

There are so many things . . . .
You can’t say why.
You don’t know why.

. . . . . they are just good.

Lonely Is the Soul

Lonely is the soul,
That is enbalmmed
In ancient fears.

Lonely is the soul
That breathes too slowly
of the enchanted air.

Lonely is the soul,
Like the cold tacit star,
Like the frozen brook,
Like the meadow lark
without a field.

Lonely, lonely, is the soul.
Even love with tenderness
Can not unlace the leather thongs
That bind it in its lonely space.

Only God’s grace can find
it a resting place.