Poem

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Her eyes grew even wider and bluer. “What do you mean, Jim?”

“Al was with me that night. A few of us guys went to the drive-in that night. We didn’t know anything about it until the next morning.”

“Jim — honest?” She had clasped his hand in both of hers.

“No kidding.”

“You mean...?”

“Yeah, must just have been a rumor. Sue Davis is always blowing something like that around.”

And Jim had thought that he’d never felt more unhappy in his life. It wouldn’t make any difference now. Oh, she’d probably have found out that Al hadn’t been one of the drunken rioters. But it might have been quite a while. Al might’ve lost interest in the meantime.

Diane had looked into Jim’s eyes, her hands still clasping his, resting on the cool table top. “I’m glad you told me, Jim.” And all of a sudden, Jim had been glad, too. She squeezed his hand and smiled.

—John Thomas, Ag. So.

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Poem

As a cobwed seemingly infinite end to end
Drifts aimlessly on a woodland breeze,
Time, since we met, has waved its flirting filament
Past the reach of four seasons (too elusive to seize).
Now as I enter the fields of another fall,
Like a soft silken whip it strikes my face,
And, looking back along the strand, I find it fastened —
That love has tied it down at this place.


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