Peace

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on over muddy feet. The quiet dusk trod softly in and
Tony shivered a little, exchanging his placid expression
for one of rock-like apathy.
"Ton."
"Yeah?"
"I don't think I'd want to have a shell like a clam.
Clams can't see."

Cole Foster, Ag. Jr.

Peace

And there is peace —
The peace of a man alone.

The peace of a man alone with his rod.
life pauses, waits — the whip of the rod,
a muffled splash, the silent circle grows.

The peace of a man alone with his dog.
over the plow-tossed earth, along the contorted creek,
his matted rug beside the chair — before the fireplace.

The peace of a man alone with his boat.
the steady pull of the sheet, the billow of the sail,
the refreshing discomfort, the nourishing strain.

The peace of a man alone with his art.
the soft hum of the lathe, the scratch of the pen or
dab of the brush,
the clumsy creativity that satisfies.

The peace of a man alone with his God.
the calm communication, the frank evaluation,
the sober resolution.

This is peace — the peace of a man alone.

Tom Irish, Sci. Sr.