Laureate

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He didn't hear the crash of the water-soaked board nor the faint gurgling twitter. He didn't hear his father yell, "Goddamn' rat!"

Davie lay there on the brush pile as his father carried the crushed rat to the garbage can and wondered what Moog was doing and felt the breeze that seemed like Rolfe's fur.

Cole Foster, Sc. & H. Sr.

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Laureate

A poet, long since dead,
mingles words and cocktails
at five o'clock meetings of civic heads.
Noisy wives with their docile males
crowd close in adulation:
Women who savor words from scarred lips
of outgrown agonies; men who station
themselves to eye the smooth hips
of his white-gloved petite companion.
He leans heavily on that white-gloved hand,
waves an ever empty glass and champions
phrases painfully won, but in his command.
Face flushed, giddy with charm;
a neatly pressed charcoal suit hides
what little discomfort he feels; the arm
is ever present. It lends what he needs.
Only a head over other heads,
the poet, long since dead,
stands with muddled gaze
embalming himself with their praise.

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