Shadows

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“I be waiting.” This time Lars was speaking from the road where he had moved in order to get away from the window.

The man stalked out the door and through the snow to a point on the road about six feet from Lars, and, crouching and moving from one foot to the other, he started a stream of invectives. “I’m the meanest, toughest, unhoilest, nastiest fighter this side of Hell and I’m gonna rip you apart and stomp you and mangle and tear you limb from . . .” The two-by-four caught him on the left temple, ringing out and echoing back in the clear night air. His feet came up off the ground and he lit on his side, skidding to a stop against a snow bank. Joe and his wife gasped from the doorway. O L a r s walked over and jabbing the two-by-four into the snow bank, leaned on it and looked down at the man. “He be choosing wrong fellow that time.” In the distance the approaching bus could be heard.

Andrew Tidemann, Engr. Sr.

Shadows

Bowel-less voices talk
Of damned society
While I plan my escape.
Malice, hatred, war all walk
Arm in arm with the brotherhood that binds me.
Across the Freudian landscape,
Elastic shadows stalk
My brittle sanity.

James Sage, Sc. & H. Sr.