He Told A Tree

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didn't seem too interested. They were all trying billiards, so I just talked some and watched out the winder! Everybody outside was busy havin' quite a day today bustlin' up and down. I saw the —"

"C'mon for supper," Mom's voice hollered from the kitchen. "Dad's home. Come on, you people, I've called you three times already. Do you want cold pork chops?"

Uncle Norman's eyes dropped. His smile faded away as he laid down his cards. "Well, that's that, but leave'em; we might find a minute afterwards—that is, if you won't be runnin' right off. That's what's the matter with this world. Everybody's runnin' here, runnin' there. Now if you was like me, ya wouldn't have to worry. My legs ain't like they used to be. I just go as far as I kin go, an' then quit. That's what ya gotta do, Jerry boy. Just do what ya kin do, and don't gripe about what is — let's eat."

Jerry looked around the table. He caught his mother's glance flitting from Uncle Norman's plate to his Dad's understanding eyes. He could just hear her. "Honestly, what are we going to do? He eats enough to feed five or six horses. That's only his third pork chop. It wouldn't be so bad, except he eats like a horse. Sawing at his meat—as if my pork chops weren't ready to fall off the bone already. And why must he always put that silly napkin in his collar; although, heaven only knows, he does need a bib." Jerry's gaze reached his Uncle Norman. His face was radiant as he stabbed at another piece of juicy porkchop and popped it into his mouth.

He Told A Tree

by John C. N. Smith

He told a tree his secrets,
And I told the wind of his
Vain effort.