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A Bit of a Bent

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A Bit of a Bent

by Dave Waller

Now I am human and being
That way, you know, I tend
To dream, perhaps to dwell upon
(Perhaps a bit too much)
 The April fields and walking
 And sledding in December;
To note too much
 The chill-burnt leaves in fall
 And willow trees in summer;
To carp too much
 At Christmas ads and fireworks,
 Dime cokes and ice cream bars;
To recollect too much
 A doe that waded in a lake
 And flying necklaces of geese;
To call to mind too much
 Soft sounds from a softer mouth
 And blackest hair, most black and scented, soft:
I even sigh at daisies.

And then of course being that way,
Human, you know, I tend
To approve, perhaps to advocate
(Perhaps a bit too much)
 The welfare programs for the aged
 A super-race and brotherhood;
To want too much
 A furnished home and brand-new car,
 A steady job with honors;
To brood too much
 About a war and overcrowding,
 The nation's debt and education;
To analyze too much
 The good and evil acts of men
 And what a cat might think;

To mull too much
 Just why things are just so
 And where we all are headed, where and why:
I even read the Bible.

This way, of course, I tend
To pass the days, end on end,
With fore- and backward seeing.
You probably can't see just how
I have time left for here and now.
But then this way I tend
(Perhaps a bit too much)
To be a human being.

Night of Winter II

by Bruce Butterfield

Is it warm inside? And does the blood still course
 Within the complex, tawny, golden brain
So long concealed beneath the gray and dun?

And gray and dun so deeply inlaid
 With bright patines of clotted blood
 That earth cannot receive the flood
Of added gore that mankind made.

But is it warm? Can I expect to lie
 In proper cosmic heat? And will the cold
I lie in now dissolve and thaw me free?

O tawny, golden brain and hand,
 I come to join you there inside.
 Absurdity of self I'll hide
In warmth. Good-bye, fast-frozen land.