Of You I Sing

Donald Watkins*

*Iowa State University

Copyright ©1962 by the authors. Sketch is produced by The Berkeley Electronic Press (bepress).
http://lib.dr.iastate.edu/sketch
Tick — tock — tick — tock.
Without a breath, she turned to the clock and opened the face-cover. Just a touch, and the pendulum stopped. Mr. McGlynn would never know the difference.

**Of You I Sing**

*by Donald Watkins*

I sing of you in the night
whose greatest darkness
stands in polite rows of
listening, listening;
flowing nowhere to adjust a star's shadow,
there disappearing in the smile of the moon.
I dote on an incomparable melody,
one whose sharp smooth striking
shatters the brittleness
of a glass
called
I
sing,
unsure of the song whose least truth has crumbled glass.