The Awakening

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and went back into the house. He put the gun back over the door where he had gotten it.

His mother called from the kitchen. “What were you shooting at?”

“That old tom that always sits on the fence down there,” he answered, walking into the kitchen. The room smelled of fried potatoes and cooked meat.

She turned and looked at him, but he was too tired to care. She blew the graying hair out of her eyes, started to say something, stopped, and turned back to the browning potatoes. “Never cared much for that one, anyway,” she said, starting to turn the potatoes. He left to wash.

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**The Awakening**

*by Dave Thomas*

Out of the drum beat darkness
A figure waking
In the land of sleep
Stirs, rouses itself
Rises in the thickening
Grey-green shadow
And joins the naked men, the small men
Who slept so long

New night sounds splinter
The flickering shadows—
The shriek of a woman
The cry of a child; then
Silence at sunrise
And a ribbon of acrid
Smoke. The small man sleeps
But the world learns
Of his awakening