The Past Dies

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The rhinoceros was just returning to his starting spot when a small stir of dust appeared on the next hill. The cloud came nearer and in the center of it, a small Land Rover drove toward the rhinoceros. But he didn't notice as he was furiously throwing dust with his two front feet. This time he tore from his spot and charged the tree with every bit of speed that he could find. The tree swayed several feet at the top. Without even a pause, he wheeled back toward the starting place. He was just turning as the shot broke the scalding air. The rhinoceros started, jumped, and landed on his side. He attempted to get up but couldn't quite roll to his stomach. With an agonizing bellow he fought the ground which held him but lost the battle. He collapsed on his side. A little brown bird flew from the tree and landed on the cheek of the fallen rhinoceros. The immense eye of the animal stared up at the tic-bird, unseeing.

The Past Dies

by Neil Nelson

my life . . . a cobweb;
strong to sustain
bright dew of morning
and following rain.

my life . . . a poem;
with beginning and end.
the rhythm is natural
and likewise . . . the blend.

spinning the cobweb,
writing the poem;
i destroy my creation
looking dimly
. . . ahead.