The Burning of Winter

Lynn Thorp*

*Iowa State University

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"She wouldn't hurt him," the woman in white told her. She went over to Agatha.

"You said she was insane!" the woman in the bathrobe screamed.

"She has merely lost contact with reality."
The woman in white took Agatha toward the path.

"Are ya goin' to yer star now?" Jimmy asked.

Agatha turned to him and smiled. "No, but I'll come back some day and then we'll both go."

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The Burning of Winter

_by Lynn Thorp_

_English, Sr._

We're burning today,
Igniting great clumps of the dead undermulch,
Now raked into heaps.
Twined, tangled, grayed leaves and wound weeds in clogged spiderweb nets
Explode into flame,
Recoiling—now rancidly filling the air with dull smoke.

Laugh! Let them be gone!
Expectant and eager we wait for the spring's Awakening stir:
Virility coupled with beauty and feminine color:
Each violet bloom,
Soft catkin, swift bird-sweep, bee's buzzing, and tempting green grass. . . .