Sketch

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Perhaps

Morgan Hewitt*
The lunch line was opening when she returned to her room. She deposited her books and coat and went down to eat with some girls she hardly knew. During the meal she digested only bits torn from their conversation.

After lunch she washed her hair, set it and secured the pink plastic cloud of the hair dryer about her head. The mechanism when switched on “high” obliterated all other noise; she read her lit assignment.

(The moment, Gabriel Marcel, concentrate on the moment, on the now. Yes, Gabriel, yes to your neat darkly-bound volumes emily-posting philosophical niceties.)

She clicked off the dryer’s somniferous breath, removed the headpiece and shook the rollers out of her hair. She brushed her hair behind her ears, tying it back with a flaccid length of tarnished cord.

She waited until 1:30—two cigarettes, four songs and a newscast—for no one in particular, then took a nap.

She dreamt of the train again.

Perhaps
by Morgan Hewitt

Elementary Education, Jr.

The fruit was mellow,
The sky uncovered.
Dust of music
Settled in the sunshine
And the rye straw
Had grown yellow.
It was there
That my adamant never
Turned to quiet perhaps
And I sang with the grasses.