Come The Fall

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ously. He had tricked the shopkeeper into paying him a fortune for a worthless piece of junk and had gotten pliers thrown in with the deal. Each of the others now sought for an identical painting which they too could sell for a high price.

For a week Mr. Wilson was elated. Then something happened to disturb him. He was helping a boy with a bundle of newspapers when his eye caught a picture of what looked to be the same painting he had sold. There was a man in the picture with a suit on who was taking the picture from the second-hand dealer who also had a suit on. There was a large price quoted in the caption, but Wilson couldn't make it out. He called Peaches over, and Peaches looked. He understood that the picture must be worth more than Wilson sold it for, and he laughed. They figured that picture was probably worth almost twenty dollars, and Wilson lost a little status that day.

come the fall

by mary-lynn barker

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in this tumbletimed world

the space to spread your arms

around a birch

or a chance to wait for

sultry sunsets

shrinks to neitherness and none.

our ever-watching secondhands

crowd treasure into tremble

silver into sullen

rapport into rattle

and we are left barren

with the fall—

no spring's to come.