(No title)

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She paused long enough to moisten her lips. “But, if you do go, take all your things with you.”

Throwing her head up, Myrtle turned and marched into her bedroom. She sat on the edge of the bed, her head cocked, waiting to hear Jane’s apologetic knock. An hour later she heard the scraping of boxes on the porch as Jane cleared her things out.

Opening the door a crack, she yelled out, “Don’t knock my end tables!” She waited to hear Jane’s reply. Hearing none, she slammed the door shut and sat down again.

She didn’t have to wait long. The dull clang of keys on the formica-topped kitchen table told her that Jane was about to leave. Then she heard the creaking of the back door as it was opened and shut.

She got out to the kitchen in time to see Jane get into her Chevy and drive away. Grabbing a hunk of pie she gobbled it down, all the while staring at the keys on the table.

Well, good riddance. I’m glad I found out her real nature before I gave her all those lovely Christmas gifts. Guess I’ll just have to use them myself.

She scooped out another wedge of pie, stuffed it into her mouth, and headed toward the bulging shopping bag of gifts.

Words stop as I push
against invisible walls
with impotent force

—Earl Keyser

English, Grad.