Integration

Joe Franko*

*Iowa State University

Copyright ©1970 by the authors. Sketch is produced by The Berkeley Electronic Press (bepress).
http://lib.dr.iastate.edu/sketch
And though, for tenderness, he would not grip things with his teeth,
He would not press his lips to us (they judged) from his timidity.
But (he knew) their nests were overwarm,
And though he liked to hear their songs,
Their shackles he despised and would not wear.
So as you try him, Deeds-Accomplished Judges,
Ignore the lack of merit in his files,
And remember, in a age when hearts and ears were blind,
He was an accomplished listener.

Integration

by Joe Franko

English & Speech, Soph.

Wet ground
Around the sandstone slab
Falls, sighing, to its lower level;
Gathering the water
Falling off the vine and down
To merge itself with grass, new cut,
Into the brown wine, green wine, pools
Above your head,
The cemetery workers in
Cover-alls, pressed and dry,
Will meet here soon
With the living sun
And run the bones above you
For a seven or eleven,
As silently you smile without lips,
And your tombstone,
Huge and Important,
Will cover-up their fun from
Bossing white eyes.
The black dots sit
Upon the ivory bones.