Stars

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the street, he placed the object under a small tuft of sod and gently patted it back in place. He then withdrew to the sidewalk again and steadily walked in the direction from which he had originally come.

The boy's actions aroused my curiosity and caused me to leave the comfort of the shade in order to search for the hidden treasure. I approached the opposite side of the street and sought the cache with success. I lifted the tuft to reveal the object just as the bus approached the stop by the opposite side.

I have often wondered about the small, lifeless, black bug I saw lying in the dirt under the grass that day, and my thoughts about a youngster and his loving care as I rode the bus to the steaming, hot, busy city in my private silence.

Stars

by Kurt Godden

English, Senior

The concentrating universal brow
of God is brimmed with gleaming speckles of sweat.
The chessboard Earth below awaits the master's
touch. Anxiously, bishops and knights direct
their gaping stares aloft and quaver with greed.
While seminal hate of slaver dribbles in streams
upon their chins, they are poised like phalli hot
with ravenous lust to rape the enemy's queen.
A glistening droplet of sweat beads up and plummets
into the indecisive player's board.
The chessmen attack "An omen," they cry "a signal!"
But the battle ends in premature defeat
for the zealous suicidal toys of God.