Poem

David Schrader*

*Iowa State University

Copyright ©1974 by the authors. Sketch is produced by The Berkeley Electronic Press (bepress).
http://lib.dr.iastate.edu/sketch
Poem

by David Schrader
English and Speech, Senior

The lights in the house are cold. 
The crows call out a warning.

Mother’s eyes were sparkling—
With the help of a tear—sparkling. 
And Father’s eyes were hard—
With the question ‘‘Why?’’—hard.  
No answer—a shrug—a bowed head.

I’m home.  
A nameless mailbox, an open gate,  
No path through the snow. 
Only the silence of the whispering wind. 
I do not listen to the wind,  
Or hear the crows.  
But the dogs, I hear the dogs,  
And the dogs—they only bark at strangers.