Art

Barb Sakala*

*Iowa State University

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can turn it into a new fashion craze. Take care of yourself, Jean. This is Doormat Mark signing off."

Jean's eyes were riveted on the ring lying on the phone cradle. That ring had encircled the same finger for twenty-one years. Once a sparkling gold—their bold, brash color of making love in the afternoon or splurging tightly budgeted grocery money on an antique mirror—"perfect for the living room"—the color was now aged. Where once had been delicate beading around the top and bottom there was now smoothness, buffed plain by years of wear. Rounded and not very wide, only about one eighth of an inch, it was beginning to thin in back.

She flicked it onto the desk.

"You mean I've been talking to the walls?"

Suddenly she snatched up her height days and you'll stop smoking water filter that she'd been using for two months and shoved in a Virginia Slim. The filter broke and a shower of quick tears cascaded down her grey velour.

"Damn you, Mark, I'll make my own plane reser-

vation."
by

Rosie Moffitt
Psychology 3

She picked them
like dandelion flowers
in spring
Collecting radiant flowers
Leaving behind savaged stem
and root
Throwing weathered blossoms
when she died
Contorting stems into chains
Feeling no remorse as she blew
seeds away
Pity they were so common
She might have loved if
they were rare