I Scream Your Name

David Konitzer*

*Iowa State University

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I Scream Your Name

I sit in my divided garden, slumped in my worn orange lawn chair, and take a sort of inventory. The spinach is near dried to death at my left but the Supersonic V tomatoes, though all still green, are growing like they’re getting paid. They’ll grow straight through to Hell or somewhere else unless I cut them off. But they’re on the north side. The south side’s shaded by this ugly tree I can’t identify. No matter how hard I try I can’t identify this tree. I’ve looked for its leaves in books and magazines but haven’t found anything. It shades half my garden to death. It is a shade tree. I stand. I stand and stare at the zucchini, half shadowed, half sunned, then dive for one of those big yellow flowers and grab it like a microphone and scream your name, your name. I scream your name until the sun sets, until my garden becomes one garden in the dark.

— David Konitzer