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Two Sketches

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Two Sketches

The worm of life. A problem. It slinks out on wet days to appear before me. Not wanting to step on it I detour. In my detour I find another worm, perhaps it is longer, perhaps shorter. Again I detour until I am on the grass. But on the grass is like hating the darkness and suddenly waking up in the back of a cave. I must get light. In the process of getting on the sidewalk I step on a worm. My foot slides as a wet frog slips out of a moist hand. I don't like the feeling, it's slimy. Sometimes it's necessary to step on a worm. I can't always avoid them. It does hamper the walking though, and it takes longer to weave a checked pattern rather than a plain one. But it's worth it if I can keep myself from feeling the squish. Some days I don't expect worms. My head held high, thinking of love, and how can it rain when there is love, then squish.

Liz Dettmer

I've never been to Dallas, San Francisco, Paris, Vienna, Moscow, or Rome. But if you want to talk about Hickory Corners, Pippa's Pass, Yio, Crayola, Fairy, or Sand, I'll be right with you. Now these are the places you can really say something about. You "liked" the Golden Gate Bridge and say. Well, I'm just real glad. And you were impressed with the Eiffel Tower. That's nice.

Guess I don't know much about all those famous things. But I do know the man that opened the first frozen food locker in Kalamazoo County. And I shook hands with the mayor of Sand, Kentucky; and he gave me one of his prize petunias.

Julie Maxson