Winter 1957

I Am Alone

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There something wrong because I don’t like baseball and the boy scouts? At least Miss Steward thinks there is—and she made Mom and Dad think so. She told them I was moody too. I’m not—anyway I don’t think I am. But I like wondering about things. It’s fun. I do it mostly when I’m fishing. Lots of times it’s more fun than catching fish. And I discover new things—well, new to me. It’s funny how you can get a different slant on things that way. Like the time I saw two squirrels playing together—having fun chasing each other up and down a tree and through the grass. One of them bit the other, but they were back playing in a little while—and I knew they forgot easy. I realized then for the first time that squirrels don’t have wars and kill each other. And I wished I was a squirrel. But as I watched I saw them spend most of their time looking for food—and I worried whether they would have a warm place to live in the winter. They didn’t have time to wonder (maybe dream)—like I did. And they didn’t do things for the fun of doing them—or for the feeling of knowing you can. They couldn’t be very happy! And I was glad I wasn’t a squirrel.—I’m happy. I don’t know how I can tell except I feel quiet. I like everybody, and everything seems so pretty—like sunshine and blue sky and green—especially faces, even when they’re not smiling. This hill always makes me feel this way. I’m glad I came. It’s so high and I can see so much and so far—the tops of trees barely hiding the houses beneath, further back the town with it’s tall buildings, and above it all the dying sky. It makes me seem small in size but big in seeing.

I better get home now.

* * * * *

“I’m getting tired of getting notes about Dick. When are you going to do something about him? He’s going to have to learn sometime he can’t do as he pleases all his life. It’s about time he realizes there are other things in this world besides himself. Why can’t he be like Johnnie?”

I Am Alone . . .

In a world of knowing
winks
And little jokes and
pastimes
Made for two
I am alone!

. . . Shirley Havice