Terminus

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explanation, but there was only silence and the cold November wind.

He started again to walk slowly toward the house, trying to reason out what had happened that morning. He did not understand. He did not understand old man Fisher sitting crippled in his rocker, nor Sadie, big and motionless, with a voice like music standing in the dark hallway. He did not understand what it was to violate the cow or anyone else, nor why the veterinarian with his fat hands cried because he could not help the cow. He did not understand any of these things, nor did he understand why it hurt him so to see the small sparrow lying still in the dry brown leaves.

He stepped slowly up onto the back porch of his house as the sun broke through the clouds. It was high in the sky now, and brighter than it had been that morning. He wished, standing alone on the porch and remembering the morning, that he had not begun the day.

DIANA SCHELLENBERG

Terminus

Where have I walked? In a fearsome wood
Where briared, gnarled giants stood
In dreary twilight solitude,
    Dying without the sun;

A mountain wasteland, blackened, scarred,
A land so desolate and marred
It offered not the scant reward
    Of even a sweet bird song.

Unearthly cries in the deadened air
Rode each chill wind that touched me there
And tangled round me like a snare:
    "Come, die with us here!"