

the look in your eyes when Alec brought in our landing net from the car.”

Alec laughed when I blushed and patted my arm reassuringly. “Don’t worry about old Bill. He’s come a long way since then. He’s as good a fisherman as his Dad or me now, and he damn near shot as many birds as I did last fall.”

It was good to be accepted by the veterans — warm and exciting, so warm in fact that I hardly noticed the cold sheets as I climbed in bed a while later, thinking about the time Alec hit two ducks that had skyrocketed out of gun range as they flew the shoot at the south end of the lake.

— *William Postma, Sci. Sr.*



Loneliness

Here in our little clearing of reality,
Surrounded by a forest of confusion,
We huddle close to the campfire of companionship,
And tell ourselves in the dimming light,
That with our pile of firewood beside us
(Cords cut and selected to burn long and bright),
We fear little of the cat-like restlessness,
In the timbered shadows of the night.

And as we sacrifice the last to the fire
And the ash pile only glows,
A shadow slinks in with the cold and darkness,
Growing bolder as we doze
Till it pounces and devours us;
And we are alone.

— *James Wickliff, Sci. Jr.*

“Loneliness” won honorable mention in the recent Iowa Poetry Association contest. Another poem by Mr. Wickliff, “Portrait of an Old Man,” won first place in the contest and has previously appeared in *Sketch*.