

# *Sonnet Scroll*

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## **Dire**

By Bruce Bennett

It was the Fall of 1957.  
I was a college freshman, in my room  
with others. We were gathered there to listen  
to news that was momentous. No one spoke.  
The radio was all—and only—Sputnik,  
the satellite the Russians had just launched  
that now was circling earth. The news was dire,  
it seemed, though no one quite knew what it meant.

We all were silent afterwards. Our looks  
conveyed our worry. Would there be a war?  
Would we be called to go? Or, even worse,  
would we not have that chance? Would we be bombed?  
It was the Fall of 1957.  
The world has changed since then, but not that much.