Two Face

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Thomas Veith

My headlights are on but they don’t see much
It’s still hard to see
And I’ve managed to get my windshield fogged
Maybe it’ll help if I don’t breathe

It’s a dark, wet, warm winter night
Such a strange setting for Illinois
Snow is melting and rain is falling
In a soft parade of joy

The lines on the road fly by me
Ever so mockingly
As if they are thoughts I cannot escape
Forever stalking me

The stars serve as a constant reminder
That I’m probably wasting my time
I can curse their name or turn my eyes away
But they are still going to shine

As I reach home and step out of the car
I can see the moon through dead trees
The glistening branches look like Christmas lights
And there is beauty in everything


These Winds That Carry Me Away

Patricia Gangas

upon learning of my cancer diagnosis

For three days the full moon,
a white rose, sleeps in the black petal sky
and the birch sheds its overcoat of leaves…
a lonesome inscription for day’s end.
The garden gate creeks above swirling sprays
of twigs and dying daffodils
but, there are these winds that carry me away.

Clouds rise, heavy with dark delirium,
the northern stars stone-still hang overhead.
The tracks of my years run non-stop
as I shiver, in the evening’s gloom,
while leaves murmur, hinting of another world.
What distant journey pushes me towards darkness?
Will my winter come this year?

God, could You not find some use for me
for I am Your silent splendor
swept with Your voice that sears
like gypsy songs above the shadowy streets.
Even in these raw autumn days
I wish to look in human eyes forever,
but, that may not be just what You wish.

If not, then raise me up with You,
You, who first kindled love within my heart,
then send the angels to put out the sun,
and I, turning from this nameless dark, will go,
resisting not these winds that carry me away.