

Spring 5-1-2014

On Lower Wacker Drive, Chicago

Wilda Morris
College of DuPage

Follow this and additional works at: <http://dc.cod.edu/plr>

Recommended Citation

Morris, Wilda (2014) "On Lower Wacker Drive, Chicago," *The Prairie Light Review*: Vol. 36: No. 2, Article 73.
Available at: <http://dc.cod.edu/plr/vol36/iss2/73>

This Selection is brought to you for free and open access by the College Publications at DigitalCommons@COD. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Prairie Light Review by an authorized administrator of DigitalCommons@COD. For more information, please contact koteles@cod.edu.

One afternoon in the Miracle of the Workers, Wacker Drive, Chicago
I stood with a crowd of others
in front of my favorite bookstore.
We waited to hear this woman
whose writing I had read,
whose voice I had heard,
speak.
She stepped out of a limo,
dressed in a simple blouse and skirt.
The wind blew her blonde, shoulder-length hair
across her face.
She laughed loud and free.
We heard this woman,
Gloria Steinem,
share her views on women's rights.
With every word, I stood taller and prouder
about being a woman.
The grown ups must have been wrong.

ON LOWER WACKER DRIVE, CHICAGO

Wilda Morris

See that grey-haired woman
huddled against the wall,
cheeks red and tough as leather,
natty grey scarf over her matted hair?

That coat looks thirty years old.
Who knows when those buttons
popped off? Those old grey sweat pants,
ragged at the bottom, stick out
under her old-fashioned skirt.
And those shoes! She's stuffed
newspapers in men's shoes
to make them fit and fill the holes.

Many of her teeth are rotted out.
She's half-blind without glasses
she can't afford. See how arthritis
has gnarled the fingers holding out
the cup for coins.

That's me as I might be
had my grandparents not taken us in,
Mother, Dorinda and I,
kept the monster beast of poverty
from striking its fist harder
into our bellies, beating us