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Untitled

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"SUSPICIOUS"

the doctor says,
"Could be nothing,
but there’s a possibility..."
The Big C? Not I.

I pray
over breakfast cereal,
under a sickle moon at midnight.
Never prayed this much.
God might not love a hypocrite.

I walk the dog
beside the river.
Never noticed that fallen tree
or the duck that limps behind the others.
Down a side street an old man yells,
“Don’t let your dog piss on my grass!”
“Life’s too short to...” I begin,
He slams his door.

I apologize

to tailgaters I blocked,
dawdlers whose shopping carts I rammed,
those I cut down with my words.

“Possibilities” swarm in my mind.
In the end I’ll probably die
from over-scheduling:
hairstyle, manicure, books to buy
before the hospital,
letters to write, bills to pay,
and all those poems to send out,
to give me immortality.

— Constance Vogel

UNTITLED

Love is a catalyst,
when it’s in your heart
it opens your eyes.
Love is a catalyst,
when it’s gone
you become
a little less
sound of
mind.

— Greg Brace