Lost Dolls

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College of DuPage

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**LOST DOLLS**

Scuffed, dusty, 
mud-spattered and forlorn, 
a lonely doll lay helpless in the roadside cinders, 
arms and legs raised 
imploring — 
longing for a little heart 
and mind 
to bring her back to life.

Tossed from a car by a vengeful sibling, 
accidentally dropped 
in a feat of dolly-derring-do, 
or set down and forgotten 
in a neglectful moment 
as daddy pulled away from the curb.

All along the road — 
teddy bears, 
toy trucks, 
bent bicycles, 
and beat-up baseball mitts.

Tears flow 
as children grow 
and dollies daily die.

— *Ron Edison*

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**LET'S DANCE**

Shall we dance, World? 
Whose music shall we provide? 
Too strange is your tune. 
We’ll put that aside. 
This one I know. 
Here’s how it goes.

Why do you hop 
when the music is soft? 
Why do you leap 
when it glides peacefully? 
Watch what I do. 
I’ll repeat it for you.

Take hands, World. 
Be light on your feet! 
(but how can we dance 
when you don’t feel the beat.)

— *Jeanne Pachaly*