Litha

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College of DuPage

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an arch of deep orange and crimson slips behind the landscape
and the boy steps out into the lush, green pseudo-prairie
the purplish clouds disperse into nothingness
as he rests his feet on the cracked, blue swing
and lays his head amongst the crickets and mosquitoes
he opens his crisp, new book and sets the sunflower seeds
next to his soiled shirt and dusty flip-flops
he hears birds and looks up at the twilight sky
a flock of birds pass over, and, for a second
cover up the sky
a robin lands next to him and feeds out of his bag
the boy reads until nightfall

-Jeff Nyman

pleasure, passion, pain

plunging deep, running low-
not knowing where
to hide, to go.
fits of rage, loves that kill-
touch the passion, feel
the thrill.
hurt my body, please my mind-
throbbing anger,
so unkind.
life is slipping, fading fast-
perished future,
burning past.

-Clint Thiele