

Spring 5-1-1996

## pleasure, passion, pain

Clint Thiele  
*College of DuPage*

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

---

### Recommended Citation

Thiele, Clint (1996) "pleasure, passion, pain," *The Prairie Light Review*: Vol. 16 : No. 2 , Article 46.  
Available at: <http://dc.cod.edu/plr/vol16/iss2/46>

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 editor of DigitalCommons@COD. For more information, please contact [koteles@cod.edu](mailto:koteles@cod.edu).

## Litha

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