

Winter 3-1-1996

Untitled

Chris Hield
College of DuPage

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Shelter

My father was a shelter from the storm

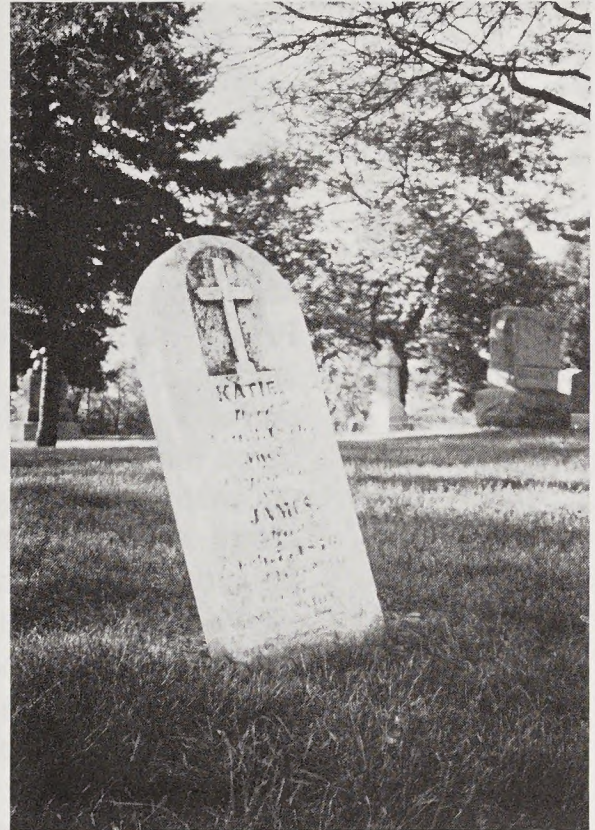
A stoic man
 Sometimes uncomfortable with relationships
 Easy to anger
 Easy to forgive
 A demanding perfectionist
 A deeply loving parent

I loved him and I hated him
 But mostly since he has passed on
 I understand him, I miss him

He was always rock solid steady, in a storm
 He was like an old oak beamed house
 With a warm fire burning within
 He was an unwavering provider
 He was grounded
 He was dependable

I mostly remember strong hands
 A warm side to lay against
 A soft understanding voice.

-Paul Sorenson



"Untitled"

-Chris Hield

COFFEE BEAN WIFE

YOU'RE MY COFFEE, I SIP OF YOU
 TASTE YOUR SWEETNESS, BITTERNESS TOO
 ADDICTION SO STRONG, I KNOW I CAN'T BREAK
 THE RUSH THAT I GET, ONLY YOU MAKE
 YOUR CAFFEINE BLOOD, PUMPS THROUGH MY VEINS
 I'M HIGH AS A CLOUD, TIED UP IN YOUR CHAINS
 A DOUBLE ESPRESSO WITHOUT SUGAR OR CREAM
 I'M DRUNK OFF YOUR POISON, DRUNK OFF YOUR BEAN
 THE CUP THAT YOU FILL, 'S MY TEMPLE OF LIFE
 AND THUS I BECOME, YOUR COFFEE BEAN WIFE

- KAT ZEMAN