

Winter 3-1-1996

## Windowsill

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### Recommended Citation

Hockett, Judy (1996) "Windowsill," *The Prairie Light Review*: Vol. 16 : No. 1 , Article 40.  
Available at: <https://dc.cod.edu/plr/vol16/iss1/40>

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## Wasted to Wasteless

Ponder, ponder, ponder, pondering,  
This seems to be my life, as it is now striving.  
nontrivialious times that thee does seek,  
Yet so mysterious and greatly mystique.  
A joke as I was once told,  
To be brave, to get damaged, crinkley, and oh so very old.  
To my every surprise as a new day progresses,  
Very scared to find your younger brother in girls' dresses.  
To seek, to search, in hopes that you'll find,  
Too bad, too sad, searching for nothing, you must be blind.  
Happy, humorous and oh so sweet,  
Wouldn't like to get one of life's finer treat(s).  
Glass, sheer beauty in itself,  
Too bad it's false, so much like yourself.  
Great stringings of pain will come in time,  
Just write it now, cuz later it won't rhyme.  
Cautious, aware, too quick to react, stumble,  
Life is just a great hill, tumble after tumble.  
Age of reason is lost and forgotten,  
No instead all we want is Armageddon.  
Fight, kill, go a little faster,  
No kill is to bing-bang, Blast-Her!!  
What kind of life is that useless and tasteless,  
Only time can tell what is bad from good, good from good, and wasted to wasteless

-Dan Berner



"Windowsill"  
-Judy Hockett