Bed Of Life

Jan Powell
College of DuPage

Follow this and additional works at: https://dc.cod.edu/plr

Recommended Citation
Available at: https://dc.cod.edu/plr/vol13/iss2/72

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 orenick@cod.edu.
She Eagle

Carmen Manly

She eagle traces circles, hunting high above canyon walls, unencumbered with spread wings hugging the sky. Carefree calls to the riding clouds, breezy and sleek she skims above puny manipulating two-legged creatures, always in a hurry upright, upright creatures, scurrying around the brown earth below.

A chain of flat sage covered mesas trailing a rutted cactus road, ends at the ribbon of glinting water inviting She Eagle down from smoky clouds. Down close to the muddy river bottom where with one fell-swoop, white head searching all around the craggy canyon walls, She Eagle quickly drinks unsure of the trees, the dense brush...listening.

Better to soar up high again; up, up the sheer sandstone walls, to were the ancient ones once slept and roamed. To the place where their pueblos lay crumpled by the lip of the darkened cave. To the place where their strange etchings still blackened the cave walls. A perfect hiding place for her nest. No hunters will find her little ones within those steep stones.

She climbs higher, higher still. Feeling smooth and giddy with the heady knowledge of what humans refuse to learn. That they are but part of a long, archaic chain still evolving towards infinity. The craggy canyon walls have stood longer. Yet humans are bent on destroying them.

But not the old, sunbrown sheepherder who peacefully immerses his canteen, eyeing his woolly four-legged flock, keeping them safe from the sheer precipice. While over the next canyon the wild horses roam and paw the rocky shore and stop and dip, stirring the rocky bottom, sating their powerful thirst. Until the rough cowboys ride dust into the herd, and lead them away.

From her gnarled branch, She Eagle sees the taming of nature and wonders once again at the meanings of those strange etchings back, back, at the back of the black cave, were nearby her fragile nest rests, just outside the blackened cave wall.

Bed Of Life

Jan Powell

Buried beneath the fertile, I struggle
Push upward then break through
Like an arrow shooting from the depth
Soaring above and beyond the bed of life
Another has arrived before me
Standing proud, straight and tall
As if no one or anyone can see
The loneliness of this single stalk
Each day I push, I pull, I strain

Reaching heights of the lonely one
The bright strengthens my stem
Like a light buried within
Drops moisten my small leaves
Like a flood of tears gently caressing
Petals flutter as I acknowledge
The forlorn, desolate, lone bloom
Side by side we stand erasing the separation
The earth supports our stance