

The Prairie Light Review

Volume 13
Number 1 *The Dreaming Tree*

Article 17

Winter 3-1-1994

Anticipation

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College of DuPage

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Recommended Citation

Pachaly, Jeanne (1994) "Anticipation," *The Prairie Light Review*: Vol. 13 : No. 1 , Article 17.
Available at: <https://dc.cod.edu/plr/vol13/iss1/17>

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Anticipation

by Jeanne Pachaly

When I fly over the trees in my dreams I feel a breath
of bouyancy that comes from an unknwon place.
And I am suspended there, moving my arms like butterfly wings,
sensing the filmy softness of my being.

My dreams take wild turns.

This time, with loud jostling, a crowd ascends a ramp. I am
breathless to escape their chase and awake exhausted and
tense.

With abandon the odd dreams flow.

Now the rooms are many and of usual design. Unknown forms
engage in strange activities. I search in vain for a
recognizable involvement with creatures that resemble
myself.

But always my cosmic dream recurs - never quite the same -
although always with butterfly wings, celestial lightness,
and ethereal limitlessness.

When I awake I am surprised to find I am still the same earthly
mortal as before.

And then I, who has always seemed quite level headed, await the
excitement of the next nocturnal adventure.

Enlightenment

by Maureen Simmerman

An indiscernible brightening,
on the edge of your mind.
Unable to recognize,
but perceived all the same.
Like a sideways glance,
of lightning at twilight.