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## In A Book On A Shelf

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*College of DuPage*

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Hardesty: In A Book On A Shelf

*Oak Tree Memorial*

by Judy Hatch

In the open field it rests and like the war hero's grave beside it, it is surrounded by a mist of glory and honor. Its winter branches, naked and rigid, grasp for the heavens and occasionally bend to look down upon the earth. Its limbs, strong and crusted with bark, reach out in every direction as if to seize a wandering soul and tell it a story of pride. For almost one hundred years it has stood there, its roots fingering their way through the earth to claim as much land as they can. Hoping perhaps, that once under its control, the earth would give reverence to dead-soldiers everywhere.



(Photo by Jan Houston)

*The Drowning*

by Kristine Montgomery

This time  
I won't care where the sand clings.  
When it cakes my toes,  
I will savor it.

I welcome the wind's disheveling —  
This time.  
Sifting, confusing and stretching each strand —  
Merciless Wind, you can pluck them.

Flesh and protuberance  
Harden and beg for warmth  
But are denied.  
This time I refuse to curl.  
Suffer, rigid wrapping.

The flesh shivers;  
The hair snaps.  
And all the while whimpering.  
Strength has forsaken thee this time,  
My spirit.  
Follow me into the water.

Deaf to angelic plea, I claim  
I fear life more than death.  
As Neptune drinks me in  
And swallows hard  
The final breath.

*In A Book On A Shelf*

by Tammy Hardesty

I'll reach out to you  
Take my hand  
We'll find a place to go to  
A distant carefree land

Over clouds and mountains we could fly  
Over seas and ridges  
Into the cold darkness of space  
I know of a place

On a planet far away  
In a book on a shelf  
White flower fields and skies turning grey  
I've been there myself

In a dream  
No one could invade  
Floating downstream  
Or in the shade  
Careless-

Careless-Carefree  
Only in a dream

Hide away in a room ten by ten  
Will you come visit me?  
I can't remember how long it's been  
Since I've seen reality.