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"It's a Dresser Burning"

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"It's a Dresser Burning"
by Barbara Pankow

There is a hallway in my home that we call "no mans land". It contains the bedrooms occupied by my sons, Mark 18, Rob 16, and Tim 13. Plus one collective bathroom.

I have been thinking of posting a warning to anyone foolish enough to venture into this area. One poor fellow did and was lost somewhere in the debris. We never found out if he made it out or not. About eight days after his disappearance we gave up the search.

On rare occasion I have gone in to try and remove at least some of the excess only to be turned back by the smell of sweat sox and the sight of strange things growing under the beds. It looks like someone dropped the atom bomb on my home and it only exploded in the boys bedrooms.

Now, this is hard on me because I'm a virgo, and a true one at that. I love everything to be neat, clean, and in its right place. However, I have almost completely given up on this particular venture.

In my search for things to eliminate, in order to reduce the clutter, I have come across a fantastic idea. A bonfire! Yes, a bonfire, and you are all invited. It's a dresser burning. The most useless piece of furniture a teenage boy can own. What do they put in it? Nothing! All the clean clothes are stacked on chairs and in corners, and all the dirty clothes take up the rest of the floor. (This I don't understand, because when I ask for dirty clothes to launder, I get a basket with five items in it.)

Just to make sure I was writing this on a true note, I went in and looked into one dresser drawer. There was one blue and white tube sock, a penlite with dead batteries, a yellow stocking cap that said MIDAS on it and some assorted lint. It took me ten minutes to find a dresser.

Someday, maybe I'll have the use of this end of my home again. But in the meantime you are all invited to my bonfire. . . . it's a dresser burning.

Pankow: "It's a Dresser Burning"

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THE SWIMMER
by Tammy Hardesty

Cast out into the black water
Cold and deep
The swimmer alone
Hard to keep sight of the shore
Hard to keep going
But keep going we must
In a sea of pain
Drowning,
Always drowning.

Cold and unreachable as they are,
The stars stare back in judgment
Through the ripples of confusion
They seem to weaver
The harder he fights,
The weaker they seem
Yet the stars do not care.

How many souls has this sea taken?
While people stand and watch
With cold fascination
The guilty and the innocent
Drown in pain
And call for help in vain

The swimmer is weaker now
Hope has vanished
Despair entangles his legs
And pulls him down
Not one voice is raised
Among the crowd that stares
The show is over now
And emptiness fills the air.

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT
by Barbara Pankow

I knew I was booked,
By those big blue eyes,
The first time I saw him.
He brought me such joy.
He brought me much pain.
But he was mine.
My whole self I would give,
To this person who entered my life.
I'd stay through the good times,
I'd stay through the bad.
I'd comfort and hold him,
When things were not right.
I'd laugh when he laughed,
And cry when he cried.
I wanted to share it all.
My devotion was his.
I wanted to grow with him.
I wanted there never to be a secret.
Many people would pass through his life,
But I would remain.
For it was love at first sight,
When I saw him,
My newborn son.



(Photo by Jill Gonyo)