Survival

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A SECOND LOOK

I never really looked at flowers
 till now
With one hand on my brow
 I sit here wondering how

The roses set before me
 Seem so special now

They surely weren't arranged
 Somehow I find it strange

All but one have bloomed
 That lone bud will open soon

— Richard Hay, Sr.

IT ISN'T A FAIRYTALE, BUT IT'S NICE

It isn't a fairytale.
 Did we ever court?
 It can’t be a wedding,
 the guest list is too abbreviated.
 Yet today I will take you,
 nearly for wife,
 perhaps for most of our lives.

Linger awhile,
 we've special moments ahead,
 memories to create,
 and courses to set.
 Material moderation,
 no lace gown, no church.
 Just we essentials,
 and a speck, even rented,
 peaceful, our somewhere on earth.
 We are each others burden,
 to be carried in bliss,
 as light as true caring,
 eased upward by trust.
 Forever is long,
 longer than I can know.
 Let’s deal in tomorrows,
 look
 one’s already here!
 So today I will take you,
 nearly for wife,
 for friend, intimate and lover,
 perhaps for most of our lives.
 Did I tell you that yesterday?
 Have we already shared?
 We will encore tomorrow,
 should both of us so yearn.
 We fill each others void well,
 and though no fairytale this,
 to trust, trust completely
 is a treasure from youth.

— J.B. Korwel

Corra: Survival

TOMORROWS BATTLE

The Indian and the Trooper
 had been friends for many a year

Today they met in secret
 and discussed the coming battle

Both were fluent in each others
 tongue

They argued the outcome
 of tomorrow’s fray

The Indian bragged of his fearless
 allies

And in his turn so did the Trooper

So proud was each
 one of his General
 the other of his chief

As night drew near
 they wished each other
 luck and reaffirmed
 their eternal friendship

Both were killed the following day

— Richard Hay, Sr.

SURVIVAL

For millions
 of years
 you have
 stripped our
 matriarchal systems
to the bone,
discarding us
 like Jews
 thrown into open
 graves,
 trying to bury us.
 But it is
difficult
 isn’t it?
The blood keeps
 rising
to the surface.
The voice
 continues
to speak.
 Like a roach
 our tolerance
 grows stronger
 with each
 new application
 of your
 insecticidal fears.

— Kathy Corra

SOLO

I arrive at the open green field where she waits for me.
The bright rays of the summer can reflect off her skin.
She says not a word as I move my hands over her smooth
body.
I enter her and take control.
Her every movement is by my command.
We leave the constrictions of the earth as we take to the sky.
It’s only the two of us among the clouds of white,
and the skies of blue.
We climb and fall, we move in and out, up and down,
speed and glide, we are one.
Our only restriction finds us, it is time of light.
We have used our day’s quota and to earth we glide.
I release my gentle hold on her as we descend to the cold
darkened earth.
I leave her now, across the field of light I once knew
to let her sleep on in night’s hand.
Off I go, to dream of the time when we’ll be together again.

— Brian Murphy