My Robe

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MY ROBE

Moravec: My Robe

Perhaps you’ve got a robe like mine, whose beauty has faded
by the passing of time
It hangs behind the bathroom door, and I guess has become a
real eye sore
When new it was perky all fluffy and quilted, now it hangs on
a hook all lifeless and wilted
Its backside thinning and dangerously worn, a few buttons
missing, and a pocket it torn
But I think of it as a real good friend, whose ease and comfort
and warmth does lend
It’s shapeless and beltless and looks quite forlorn, it wraps
‘round my body and just fits my form
To hand onto this robe is really quite silly, as I have other
ones that are pretty and frilly
And the day will soon come when I’ll lay it to rest, and take
the pretty one out of the chest.
All stiff and starchy and uncomfortably trim, it will take
many months till this robe is broke in
It will see me through breakfasts and times when I’m ill
And on cool winter evenings will ward off the chill
And just as all friendships that weather the storm, it will
always be waiting, loving and warm

— Shirley Moravec

ON SHADOWS A DEATH

From a distance in silhouette, a big buck deer or a
Moose
Looks
Like a man with his arms outstretched to his
God.
From
a distance in silhouette, a big buck deer or
A
Moose
Looks at a man with his arms outstretched to his God.
From a distance in silhouette
a
big
Buck deer or a moose looks
on
as an
armed man, reaches out, shoots
and sends Bullwinkle to meet his God.

Both were reached out to and created by the same God.

— J.B. Korwel

RAIN IN SPRING

Seven A.M. April Nineth:
Rain splatters my window
The rain came to Earth
makes things fine
To give new birth
The Earth dines
on the beautiful feast
Least-wise I chuckle softly to myself
It’s good weather for the ducks
whose clacking sound wonderful
Rain makes us seemingly sleep and dream
or move toward gleaming twinkling stars
I choose to return to slumber: the rain
will keep
The brain needs to rest too: to function
anew and at its best
The rain is an uninvited guest:
it can come back another day;
It appears that I shall hear rain
as music to my ears.

— Linda Carol Wilko