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My Robe

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Moravec: My Robe

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

OIL, RIG

1982 summer season,
 Opens off shore
 Drilling.
 Public lands and areas leased to
 Big oil
 Buy Watts his name.
 Virgin bottoms and America's shores
 Exposed
 Wet appetite of environmental
 Rapists,
 Who take and take, till glut.
 Phony prophets motive,
 Freedom from oil dependence
 Silences screams.
 Anti-American oil independence?
 You must be for the Arabs,
 The conservation cry babies,
 Or your Red.
 We'll miss the birds
 And fish and fauna
 But we'll have platforms to name
 After disappearing species.

— J.B. Korwel

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
 at a
 man,
 alarmed
 that
 Both were reached out to and created by the same 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.
 — J.B. Korwel*

RAIN IN SPRING

*Seven A.M. April Ninth:
 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 clucking 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