Oil Rig

J. B. Korwel

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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 belted 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 starry and uncomfortably trim, it will take many months 'til 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
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 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