Rain In Spring

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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. 
Its shapeless and beltless and looks quite forlorn, it wraps 'round my body and just fits my form. 
To hang 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.

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