

Spring 6-3-1983

## Coup: For Mom, Apple Pie, Etc.

J. B. Korwel  
*College of DuPage*

Follow this and additional works at: <https://dc.cod.edu/plr>

---

### Recommended Citation

Korwel, J. B. (1983) "Coup: For Mom, Apple Pie, Etc.," *The Prairie Light Review*: Vol. 2 : No. 3 , Article 40.  
Available at: <https://dc.cod.edu/plr/vol2/iss3/40>

This Selection is brought to you for free and open access by the College Publications at DigitalCommons@COD. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Prairie Light Review by an authorized editor of DigitalCommons@COD. For more information, please contact [orenick@cod.edu](mailto:orenick@cod.edu).

Korwel: Coup: For MOM, APPLE PIE, ETC.

COUP: FOR MOM, APPLE PIE, ETC.

Back then  
We liked Ike.  
Such winners. We never  
lost. Then Dien Bien Phu, still they were  
just French.

Carefree  
and young, drafted.

Patriotic you serve.  
Viet-Nam, a mere quick tour. Then  
home dead.

Mama  
she mourns for you  
'till she has no tears left.  
Should she be proud? You learned to  
play coup?

Pleiku  
's a town ma,  
like Chicago, I guess.  
Somewhere in Asia we had to  
protect.

He died  
'cause we asked him.  
To protect us from Reds.  
We went there to win. We never  
lost. Then

— J.B. Korwel

A FELINE MADE SPORT OF ME

The cat upon the piano keys  
did bang

The leaped to start her dash  
across the rug and through  
the open door

This siamese cat So Smug  
Had planned it all so well  
To startle me and have some fun

At this she did succeed  
For as she turned in haste  
to glance at me  
I swear she had a smirk  
upon her face.

— Richard Hay, Sr.

It was just one lone kiss, no more, that's all  
What could it hurt? I wanted something to recall  
when I would no longer have your face before me.

If I could give it willingly, and ask for nothing more,  
Could you not take it as a gift, and allow me through the  
door?

Without the hurt, with no regret, to leave you happily,  
Without the guilt, without the threat of what would have to  
be?

But you a man of honour high, would pay the price as well  
as I.

You could not let me have my momentary reverie.  
Our lips had barely parted when you uttered your regret,  
"Thus endeth the relationship, don't look surprised!", you  
said.

The computer you spewed forth the words, making sure I  
understood,

What had just transpired twixt thee and me was anything  
but good.

I had to know the human-you, computers cannot feel!  
Was it so wretched that you fell from your near-perfect  
pedestal?

I saw the look of agony upon your face — the cost was much  
too great!

I did not count the cost of you — I should have known — too  
late.

That a man of your morality, and extremely high integrity  
could not forfeit all for what he'd call a momentary pleasure.  
Though I could take the loss in lieu of that which I would  
treasure.

For I'll remember every second of that sensual experi-  
ence.

I've implanted it all, step by step, so I can call it hence.

Indeed, I have the memory of your hand upon my hip,  
The softness of your mustache as it grazed my upper lip,  
The thickness of your lower lip that pushed against mine  
gently,

Two pair of lips that moved as one and opened in synchrony.

I know the very second that you seemed to lose control,  
It's imprinted on my every sense as well as on my soul.

Tongue of fire flew in my mouth and searched its contents  
wildly.

To say you gave me "sweet surprise" would be putting it  
quite mildly.

Your fingers struggled on my back, but still they would not  
stray.

It seemed your honour would be saved for yet another day—  
It was exactly then you felt regret, and had to step away.

Oh, I will not forget your words and anguished looks that  
battered me,

Though I would not allow them steal my pleasure from  
me quickly,

I've felt their lash a thousand times, within my memory!

I know that I cannot return, that is part of the price,  
But it helps to know that part of you is fire as well as ice.

I wanted most of all to give what you had first giv'n me,  
But I did not count the greater cost, the one I could not see,  
Though my desire was to give, instead I took from thee.

Yet ask me, would I take it back, this object of my agony?  
And I would have to say, "Oh no! It seems it was my  
destiny—

to prove you right, and to fulfill my self-fulfilling  
prophecy!"

— Anonymous