What Price, A Kiss?

Anonymous.  
*College of DuPage*

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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?

Plekik
'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 gaze at me
I swear she had a smirk
upon her face.

— Richard Hay, Sr.