The Prairie Light Review

Volume 2 | Number 1

Article 41

Fall 12-10-1982



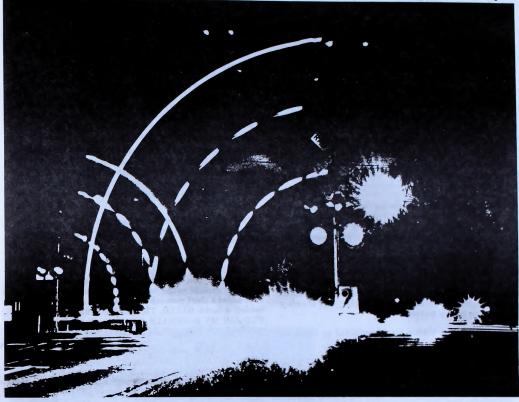
Mary R. Baker College of DuPage

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

Recommended Citation

Baker, Mary R. (1982) "So You Will Know," *The Prairie Light Review*: Vol. 2 : No. 1 , Article 41. Available at: https://dc.cod.edu/plr/vol2/iss1/41

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.



So You Will Know

Our lives become cluttered with deadlines and dates, While newspaper headlines tell of violence and hates.

We rush through each moment, a victim of time, Unaware of our folly, unaware of our crime.

We rush through our greetings - "Hi Bob' "How ya doin Sue?"

And before they can answer, we're gone from their view.

We lose sight of the things that affect us the most, We barely touch, yet of many friends we will boast.

If you are not careful, you may miss all that is dear, A smile or a wave is not enough to make your meaning clear.

The regret I felt when I heard that voice from my past, Has embedded a sadness I know will always last.

The crime was unforgiveable, the punishment dear, The words spoken were not those I expected to hear.

Take heed of this message, don't wait for "I never knew", By sharing these simple words, "I care about you".

Mary R. Baker



Lemming Fuse

Lemming fuse burn short the hot spot ralston on the brittle rock

Why does the herd jackknife pell and mell gleeful bounce seaward, pelly melly belly flop, belly flop flop on to the top of the sharp and lethal waves?

Crop of the best and the bright stuck in the rut of genetic clup trup and knows the whole marathon where the end lies. Phobic of heights and rocks is no remedy cause if ya gotta let go then ya gotta so go run little sisters run to the edge too fast to fold back run to the top too far to lean back little time bombs tick tock tack don't look back all in a pretty row the little time bombs try to outrace

their little fierce clocks shortlegs puff-huff to the end of their flat world seeking the blue midnight of Mother's ice bath break the sprung time timing spring snap fuse of the only world they knew.

Lee Kesselman