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The Thing

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Wedekind's The Thing

PRAIRIE LIGHT REVIEW

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*O fly to the prairie, sweet maiden with me,
'Tis as green and as wild and as wide as the sea,
O'er its emerald bosom the summer winds glide,
And waves the wild grass like the vanishing tide.*

—Anonymous
(German Lutheran pioneer of the DuPage
County prairie, 1860's)

THE THING

*It was three feet long
and covered with slime.
As I watched,
it began to climb.*

*It climbed the wall
about halfway.
Its middle was dripping
and it started to sway.*

*It continued its trip
up to the top;
slipped somewhere,
came down "ker plopl!"*

*I sat and watched
this piece of gore
as it started anew
across the floor.*

*It came at me,
the crawling sludge.
That's what I get
for making fudge.*

Tim Wedekind

NEBULA

*Veils of dust and gas
Excited by a central star
Become*

*A source of light within
A bejeweled nebula.*

*Like verses are these threads of gas and dust.
Contracting, increasing in density, painfully shaping.
Yet becoming unraveled in an auroraed wind.*

Marie Ford

Poetry

REPORT #333333

*submerged in study
focused into deeper detail
analyzing more and more, more, more
ten times more homework than expected
to thoroughly comprehend the subject of course
yet still excelling into yes understanding
as the plot thickens
the opera intensifies
the grades accumulate
school progresses*

*continuing entertainment develops,
while political involvement tempts.
socially excitable preppies preside,
while totally together moderns subdue.
personality conflicts turn, more bitter,
style the relationships of love enhance.*

*submerged in study
classroom strategies, turning
glances into all nighters
scienterrific essay type
struggling through midterm blues
rocknrolling into sunbright
realizing purpose matters most
lousy grades motivating effort
into winning the best grade
the best grade.*

Steven R. Jones

THE CONFERENCE TABLE

*The poker-faced assemblers
nod in recognition.
Each monogrammed in his
own sameness takes position
on shiny leather talked-out
chairs.
Serious events hang heavy
on single words;
A glance at the oak grained
table may harvest an idea —
So simple a rite to forecast
fates.*

Ann Krischon

PSYCHOLOGY 101

*Professor, learned professor:
Take me to the concrete lab
Of freezing metal men,
And sing a song of jumbled jargon
To confuse us all, and then
Try to change the men into rats
Or convert the rats into men.*

Doug Adams

DEATH

*So here we are, my worthy adversary.
We have done battle many times.
And now the victory is yours. . .
How still and sweet is my defeat.
For you have spared me further life's sorrows
Quietly I lie in an earthly bosom
While flowers dance about my head.
So, children, as you pass my way, pluck a flower; make a wish;
And go off to play.*

Connie Bové