

# The Prairie Light Review

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## Report #333333

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*College of DuPage*

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# 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 plop!"*

*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 #33333

*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