Fall 14-1982

Nebula

Marie Ford
College of DuPage

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

Recommended Citation
Available at: https://dc.cod.edu/plr/vol1/iss1/6

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.
THE THING
It was three feet long
and covered with slime.
As I watched,
it began to climb.
it climbed the wall
about halfway.
it's middle was dripping
and it started to sway.
it continued its trip
up to the top;
dipped somewhere,
and 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

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
scienterific essay type
struggling through midterms blues
rockrolling into sunbright
realizing purpose matters most
lousy grades motivating effort
into winning the best grade
the best grade.

Steven R. Jones

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 auroral wind.

Marie Ford

THE CONFERENCE TABLE
The poker-faced assembler
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