The Prairie Light Review

Volume 1 | Number 1 Article 10

Fall 1-14-1982

Untitled

Bob Powell College of DuPage

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

Recommended Citation

Powell, Bob (1982) "Untitled," *The Prairie Light Review*: Vol. 1: No. 1, Article 10. Available at: https://dc.cod.edu/plr/vol1/iss1/10

This Selection is brought to you for free and open access by the College Publications at Digital Commons @COD. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Prairie Light Review by an authorized editor of Digital Commons @COD. For more information, please contact orenick @cod.edu.

Powell: Untitled

Once there was a man who was tall and strong and held his ideals in a tightly clenched fist.

Once there was a woman who saw this man and when their eyes met they quickly turned away.

But it was too late —
their souls had spoken.
They started to circle one another
— big ones at first
then they got smaller
and smaller
till one day
late at night
they reached out
and gently held hands.

At just that moment a tiny little star came floating down from the sky and landed in their hands. — They looked in each other's eyes and this time they didn't turn away.

This man and this woman shared their dreams and secrets and they played and laughed and loved until she got busy and he grew tired and he got busier and she grew weary and they stopped playing and didn't dream so much anymore—and their precious little star grew dim.

The man shouted, "Look what happened!" but he was tired and heavy and wanted to lay down their star.

The woman woke up and cried, "No!" she wanted to protect it
— cup it gently in their hands till it grew strong again.

But the man said, "No, we must watch it from a distance to see if it comes back to us."

The woman was scared and she cried.

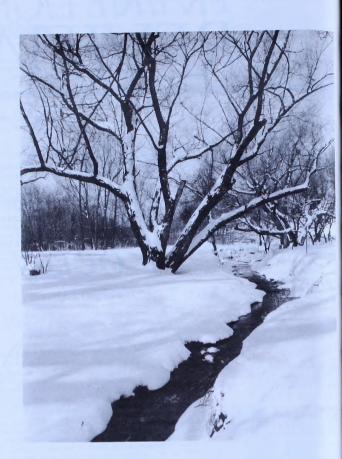
The star never returned to the man and the woman — it fluttered a few times but it eventually burned out — and the whole universe grew dimmer without the light of that one tiny little star

Annette Selsavage

Love is great. Devotion is greater. Surrender is greatest.

The object of love need only be seen. The object of devotion must be touched. The object of surrender must be embodied as one.

Love is a passive reaction. Devotion is an active relation. Surrender is solitary.



James Meredith Watkins

LIGHT

My house is built of Alabaster, wine and gold The halls of ebony, Of half formed clouds With vast rooms of old sun-light Hoary oaks and furred velvets

I walk upon a path of Brilliants Of winter waters And reflections of blinding white In a heaven not very far, in my sight

And grasping out and taking in A handful of this living light I fling it into neverness and There is born new life