

Fall 1-14-1982

Scientific Challenge

Kathy Schmidt
College of DuPage

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

Recommended Citation

Schmidt, Kathy (1982) "Scientific Challenge," *The Prairie Light Review*: Vol. 1 : No. 1 , Article 17.
Available at: <https://dc.cod.edu/plr/vol1/iss1/17>

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.

"My spirit doth reside in a melancholy humour,

'Twixt the dark shadows of the night
And the gloom of a foggy day."

Where do you go when the party is over,
And no one is left to laugh?

Do you entertain the kitty,

Hoping to spot a charming smile upon his indifferent face?

Or perhaps you turn on the tube,

That brain-stunning inanities may,
For a while,

Numb the loneliness that engulfed you like a swamp

When seeing your guests to the door.

Each in a loving pair.

Or maybe even a quarrelling pair.

But a pair.

Alone.

What a horrible word.

If they remove the word from the dictionary

The meaning will disappear.

Let's cast the word and the deed into the void.

It's worth a try, don't you think?

Or do you slink into your car and escape by driving

Away from the misery?

But you didn't escape the loneliness.

There he is,

Smiling at you with rotting cordiality

In the empty passenger seat.

"I'll fix the son of a bitch," you think,

And drive into a tree.

"My spirit doth reside in a melancholy humour,

'Twixt the dark shadows of the night

And the gloom of a foggy day."

Where do you go when the party is over,

And no one is left to laugh?

Craig Gustafson

Schmidt: Scientific Challenge

Across burnished floor,
abused mirror pieces spread
far, still reflecting.

Kim Kyp

SIGHT

When fire and love and mind
submit themselves,
sounding the threefold word,
there comes a response.

The One enunciates
a word
which drowns the triple sound.
Sight.

The form responds.

The new One stands forth,

a man remade;

the form rebuilt;

the house prepared.

The fires unite,

and great the light that shines:

the three emerge

with the One

and through the blaze:

Life.

John Masters

IN THE WIDE HORIZON

Glaring, the sun deepened

into the sky's pocket.

Its brilliant glows back-dropped

the jade hills.

Pine skeletons crocheted

a mirrored pond —

then a dark-coated mare

stole its place . . .

Ann Krischon



Even in the star —
less(wishless) darkness there lies
a lucid shadow.

Kim Kyp

SCIENTIFIC CHALLENGE

O men of science, please find a placebo,
Sedation for an overworked libido,
A wonder drug to heal a wounded ego,
Dream up an unrequited — love injection,
A cue not a cold but cold rejection,
An antidote against man's non-affection,
Forget the smearproof lipsticks, smoothing lotions.
Invent, instead some good face-saving potions,
Unguents and oils to smooth disturbed emotions.

Come, boys, concoct a cooling balm
To guarantee platonic calm,
A numbing shot of anesthesia
To offset masculine amnesia,
Vaccines that might inoculate us
Against the male who would deflate us.
To counteract a potent lack
. . . and anti-aphrodisiac.

Get with it, friends, and give us, for a start
A tranquilizer for the troubled heart.'

Kathy Schmidt