Fall 11-19-1982

Haiku In 4/4

Tammy Wyenott
College of DuPage

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

Recommended Citation
Available at: https://dc.cod.edu/plr/vol2/iss0/11

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 Achievement of Love

Begin with people, laugh, dance, music in the air.
Eyes upon eyes, ears upon ears, and feet upon feet.
Minds intertwine, hearts mingle, sound collide.
Talk arosses, feelings exercise, hands touch.
Life begins, activity increases, joy mounts.
Days upon days go by, the rain becomes the sun,
The weeds into flowers, and like into love.
End with people, laugh, dance, music in the air.

Two bodies into one soul,
The spirit of love upon love, joy upon joy,
and beauty upon beauty.
And again it begins, a new beginning at each dawn of a new sun.
The love becomes the circle, the joy into the high,
and the beauty into the ecstasy.

Deborah Thomas

ONCE CONDUCTOR

Frank, the craggy skin-stretched skull
who is all arms, brain veins,
and a bundle of ageless nerves.
A portrait of mine own,
most eccentricklee.
The conductor, in 50 years, I will be.
Timing every anthem,
checking off every item
on the master rehearsal plan
as the symphonic chorale of 6 wonders.

“...All right, now, people, you see, watch me, up here, you see, for the phrasing and don’t taper off . . .”
The flail with a powerful full handed tremolo
and the necessary delusions to proceed.
And still rasping,
50 years from now,
at the 4 altos, 1 bass
and one experimenter,
and a young eye and ear at the keyboard.
I will be free, you see, to proceed.
And not taper off.

Lee Kesselman

Haiku In 4/4

Seventeen syllables,
Can I say anything worthwhile?
I doubt it.

Staccato profundity
Or spastic pretension?
Who gives a damn?

Let’s give it a shot.
Try to fill up the void.
I’m ready if you are.

“The girl smiled and handed me a weasel sandwich.
‘’Haiku.’
‘’You’re welcome.’”

by Tammy Wyenott

Frigidare

I opened your door with tenderness
Pulled at it with style
Anticipating all the while
To find within your hold
The fruits for which my labor’s sold
Soothing wine to quench my thirst
Food for which my hunger cursed
Light to guide my hand within
Power to let my life begin
The feast I sought
The one I miss
Only to find cold dark emptiness

Scott Barnard

Greek Gods — Roman ones too
Mythological creatures encompass you
Startled from perception
Agony will flee
Danced with confusion
Of how you are thee
Triggers the force within
Captures the moment you can win
Dare say you not believe
Seek truth and perceive
Know thine own self true
Be as those who made you

Joan Bingham

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 bat cold rejection,
An antidote against man’s non-affection,
Forget the smearproof lipsticks, soothing lotions.
Invent, instead some good face-saving potions,
Unguents and oils to smooth disturbed emotions.

Come, boys, concoct a cooling balm
To guarantee platonics calm,
A numbing shot of anesthesia
To offset masculine amnesia,
A vaccine 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