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Frigidare

Scott Barnard
College of DuPage

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The Achievement of Love

Barnard: Frigidare

Begin with people, laugh, dance, music in the air.
 Eyes upon eyes, ears upon ears, and feet upon feet.
 Minds intertwine, hearts mingle, souls collide.
 Talk arouses, feelings excite, 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.

freebird

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 eccentriclike.

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

Sing praise to the power of coffee!
 That oh-so-refreshing drink,
 That clears early morning cobwebs,
 Enabling the mind to think.

Were it not for this wonderful beverage
 How tired, how droopy I'd be.
 It gives a dependable leverage
 'Gainst the sluggishness plaguing me.

A daily excuse for a work-break,
 and the donuts we all consume
 This medium for friendship and gossip
 adds warm fragrance to any room.

So, sing out the glories of coffee!
 Let your pancreas do what it may —
 There's no better swill, say what you will
 to help me through the day.

Judy Hess

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 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