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Untitled

Judy Hess
College of DuPage

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The Achievement of Love

Hess: Untitled

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

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

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 eccentric/lee.

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

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

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

O men of science, please find a placebo,
Sedation for an overworked libido,
A wonder drug to heal a wounded ego,
Dream up an unrequested — love injection,
A cue not a cold but 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 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