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## Reunion

Patricia Hiscock  
*College of DuPage*

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# Poetry Contest Selections

## First Place

### Reunion

Run Child. Run.  
Across the morning meadows  
Frozen in my mind...  
Where skinned knees and  
Bruised elbows are healed  
With a kiss. Where  
Hearts don't bleed.

Come back to me  
With your treasured crown  
Of laurel leaves.  
Don't you know  
You ran too soon. Too far.  
Before I even got to know you.

Run Child! Run!  
Across the surface  
Of some forgotten time  
Before the darkness comes  
Before you trip over  
The one smooth stone  
They will place  
In your path.

Patricia Hiscock

### The Executive Farmer

His garden retreat...  
Where the silent sounds  
Of cabbages growing  
Soak up all the telephones and trains  
Where aphids and beetles  
Are enemies out in the open  
Not disguised as friends  
In tailored suits and Florsheim shoes  
Where dirt is dirt and weeds are weeds  
Where he is but a tall, worn man  
Standing taller still while stooping  
In a simple garden plot  
That stretches like a tiny path  
Through the middle years of life.

Patricia Hiscock

### The Tree You Ordered

Arrived  
Two weeks after you left.  
Dormant roots  
Seeking water. Space.  
I didn't have the heart  
To plant it  
Nor the heart  
To watch it die.

It reminded me  
Of us.

Patricia Hiscock

### Analysis

You took my thoughts,  
twisted and wrinkled they were,  
and ironed them—steam—on hot.

Took the streaks and folds out  
and left me with my statements  
crisp, sane  
without flaw—starched, cold  
but laundry—new, nonetheless.

You need to know  
in time, wrinkles return.

Julie Kurns

## Second Place

### On Reading "Double Image"

by Anne Sexton

I read again your poem "Double Image"  
and see reflections of my self — my life.  
Women with children, a daughter, asking  
for definition — wandering through vital years  
we may not know again.  
Women whose mothers are no longer gods  
but human — frail, growing old, searching too.  
Our yellowing portraits cherished because  
what we paint now is too painful to discern.

I also remember summers of corridors and walls,  
making trivets and key holders,  
but little more than that.

My heart and eyes and head swell  
as I know you chose your calendars end —  
turning abruptly from a mirror  
that no longer contained a 'double image'.

Julie Kurns

### Your Voice

Soft, resonant, whipped with cream  
broken by cigarette puffs and  
deep laughter,  
lulling, cajoling, you tease me.

I hear each breath you take;  
feel your sensuality.  
I picture you and am consumed —

Swallowed up again  
by  
your voice.

Julie Kurns