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The Executive Farmer

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

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

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

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