Self-Awareness

Joan Leindecker

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Poetry

Fantasy

Come with me sweet stranger to a far and distant land, We shall ride the unicorns across the silver sand.

On winged’ stallions we shall fly above a purple mist and land within a sheltered grove that only sunlight kissed. The dawn will see us lying there upon our clover bed, The sky and gentle morning sky will find us Eros-fed.

Our exchanged world of dreams will know not guilt nor pain, we shall walk barefoot through these hills, and run naked through the rain.

Reggie Murphy

A Capital Idea

Idaho, where Execution is a natural right, Can’t afford a permanent structure, so look for a cattle shed or a mobile home to do them in

Lee Kesselman

Self-Awareness

Lately, there’s been an empty chair next to me. And for some reason I smile at it as if there was someone there. To tell you the truth there has been. A real good friend of mine.

Joan Leindecker

Introspection

I am searching the corridors of my mind; searching for answers that may be difficult to find. The corridors darken,

The corridors darken, for fear of what an open door might reveal. Even more obscured, then, is what a closed door does conceal... Darkness results from fear.

Darkness results from fear. Locks and hinges begin rusting, too. Illumination occurs with courage, as open doors likewise do.

I am searching for answers that may be difficult to find; searching behind doors throughout corridors, obscured by my own mind.

Joan Leindecker

Stormin

A sudden summer storm, And I lay safe and warm. My thoughts caressing you — Wherever you may be.

For so long, I’ve sung my love song Of me and you; of something borrowed, Something blue.

I smile now, Feeling the warmth of your love somehow. A summer storm, and I — So very, very warm.

Jerome A. Atkinson

Laura’s Eyes

When after a soft kiss or embrace, I look up and see your face. I’m taken in by what I see, those eyes that look back at me.

Not only are they too good to be true, but they are the most amazing blue.

How I long to hold you close, so I can see what I miss most.

The color stolen from the sky, and placed so gently in each eye.

Christopher R. Dorris

A Dream

How do you bury a dream? Banish it from heart and mind and say, “Begone.”

Were it a sudden fancy or a whim, it’s demise would be sure and swift.

But too long my heart has nurtured it.

My dream like a kite has flown heavenward, for prayers keep earnest dreams alive.

“Just cut the string” is your advice?

I’ll do just that — but it’s my heart-strings that hold it tight.

Mae R. Mortensen

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