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Untitled

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A Drive

I drove a country road
Fields of corn
On rolling hills
How I yearned
To stop
The old farmer
sitting high on his tractor
"Excuse me, sir," I would say.
"But could I hop on?"
and pretend
He would look amazed, no doubt
As I would have too
But I would explain
that it had been a long time
Since I rode, open faced to the wind,
Down a bumpy dirt road
Edging comfortably
a green field of corn
But I drove past
the farmer
and his fields
And turned back to home
Knowing I left the country
Loving it as always
Remembering when a patch of it was mine.

Louise Kolakovich

Power And Direction

I will always remember
the roads I’ve traveled.
The eyes looked into,
the minds seen through.
Grounds that I’ve stood on,
horizons drawn upon.
Bridges that I’ve crossed,
jeans that I’ve tossed.
Mountains climbed,
deserts with endless sunshine.
I will always remember
the roads
I’ve traveled.
For they have taken the
badlands of my memory
and formed new roads to travel.
Where now, I could never
get lost.
Only find another way.

Joan Leindecker

Slow Circle

It’s a slow circle: this world of Earth.
If only the wrestling grasses could feel its turn.
If only the changing tides could yearn.
Similar to myself, this confused search;
Turning in days and living to find,
What questions? What answers? Truth:
If only I were a blade in the grasses,
If only I were a wave lost in tide,
no doubts, questions, worries, or truths.

Lawrence Scott Kees

A Writing Rule of Thumb:
The verbosity of any writer is inversely proportional to
his understanding of the subject matter.

George A. Whittington