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## Frigidare

Scott Barnard  
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## Frigidare

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

## 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 eccentriclike.  
 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

## To. A. L. R. (No. 7)

You make me shine  
 when the sun is behind the clouds  
 or asleep for the night.  
 You make me shine  
 like the brightest star  
 that glows in a sea of millions.  
 You make me shine  
 with the flames of new fire  
 that you have set in my heart.  
 Oh, yes —  
 you make me shine!

Paula B. Helfrich

## "Alone"

Loneliness  
 What words can describe it?  
 None.  
 The cigarettes  
 The alcohol  
 All are a part of  
 I wish for one  
 Some that I know  
 Just some talk,  
 Some idle gibberish  
 with a friend.  
 They certainly are  
 few.  
 To relate to someone  
 out of the past,  
 To rehash some long  
 forgotten event over and over.  
 Loneliness  
 A harbinger of pain,  
 of sorrow  
 of want.

J. Reed Anderson

## risk it

walking through A hallways  
 is a flowering trip of triumph  
 suburban lovelies and young heroes  
 gathered in common passage  
 graduating to higher class  
 touching eyes  
 unbearable tease  
 I know that person from somewhere.

under, over, around and through A hallways  
 is a sense of quality education  
 with modern motivation  
 sex, drugs, and rocknroll, of course but  
 love and political awareness much more so  
 wanting to talk to you, smile  
 going to give you a degree  
 make you royally high  
 let you free.

stepping through A hallways  
 is a solemn trip of meaning  
 here we are, CD, 1982  
 a place and time of triumph  
 moving on, partying down, singing love song eternal  
 on the rise, in the work, giving strength magnified  
 yea, last night was so fine  
 yea, good to see you today  
 yea, we will do it again tomorrow.

## Youth

we all have dreams  
 of saving the world.  
 we all have hopes  
 of higher heights.  
 we all have strength  
 of new age unity.  
 we all have love  
 to share for ever.  
 we all have the power  
 to let everyone see true.  
 for when you are young  
 life is eternal adventure.

Edward Happel

## The Coward

This man,  
 his mercenary soul  
 Afraid to give of love  
 for fear, of being trapped.  
 For Fear  
 Of Fear  
 By Fear  
 is he entombed.  
 impenetrable  
 And after all, is conquered.  
 inconsolable.  
 I will cry forever.

Carin Wiseman