Pastry

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College of DuPage

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Pastry

Roll the sour cream of history
into the flour of my own life.
Undeflylog of preserves;
slice against the grain
like the log bark
of Family's tree.

Lee Kesselman

Kesselman: Pastry

Sing praise to the power of coffee!
Thai oh-so-refreshing drink,
That clarifies early morning cobwebs,
Enabling the mind to think.
Were it not for this wonderful beverage
How tired, how droopy I'd be.
It gives a dependable leverage
'Gainst the sluggishness plaguing me.

A daily excuse for a work-break,
and the donus we all consume
This medium for friendship and gossip
adds warm fragrance to any room.
So, sing out the glories of coffee!
Let your pancreas do what it may —
There's no better swill, say what you will
to help me through the day.

Judy Hess

Haiku In 4/4.

Seventeen syllables.
Can I say anything worthwhile?
I doubt it.

Staccato profundity
Or spastic pretension?
Who gives a damn?

Let's give it a shot.
Try to fill up the void.
I'm ready if you are.

"The girl smiled and handed me a weasel sandwich."
"Haiku."
"You're welcome."

by Tammy Wyenott

Good Bye

There I stood in my white uniform, trying to retain all the
knowledge I had learned from one year of college. A young man
of thirty-two was lying on the examining table tightly gripping my
hand. I told him everything was going to be alright, as I wanted it
to be with all my heart, but mentally I could already foresee what
was to come.

He kept gripping my hand tighter and telling me about the
awful pain in his chest and in his left arm. He wanted to know
what was happening. Did I know? Yes, I knew, but instead of
saying anything I just stood there, just feeling helpless. For I
didn't want to believe what was happening, he was too young.

I found his hand growing sweaty in mine, as I closed my eyes
and gritted my teeth and prayed to God not to let this man die.
Thoughts dashed quickly through my mind, as tears swelled in
my eyes, and my heart felt as if it was being torn from my chest,
when I felt that his last grip on life slowly loosen in my hand.
Limply, his hand fell to his side, never to move again.

by Sue Steigmeyer

The Battle of an Endless Night

It was the anger that caused the storm. Am I learned or am I
beat? Have the words that have been read over and over finally
come to rest in my head? Do my eyes grow tired when a blow is
delivered? Yes, yes, the anger is gone and so is the sorrow, em-
piness should surely prevail. And also, many times it does and my
sight grows dim and the night goes on forever without dreams
and the days turn endless. Yes, a thousand times yes; onward I do
travel these misfortunate roads forever hoping to feel the likes of
my unworthy feet on their trails. Am I happy by just telling
myself over and over to be happy? Is this the only inner strength
I am to feel? For this is surely all I am doing. Yes, I learn, I feel
emptiness inside so I fill it with joy. But what of joy. Is there not
a greater joy to feel? The voices tell me that he who looketh for
darkness shall see only darkness and yet how do I shut out the
echoes from the walls of my soul as they resound in their
self-made darkness? I feel as a fool does, tossed about by a displeased
village. I smile when slapped by fate, I walk with fire 'neath my
feet. I pace restlessly in the wake of a sleeping city, unnoticed by
those who know me. I am lost in my room yet I know the city
well. To wait is to not think about the waiting. Is it not seek and
yes shall find? Ask and shouldn't we be told? But I know the
stillness that surrounds me is only broken by my voice alone. "Oh
piety not this one who dares to ask questions, for he is but a fool."

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Reflections

Like the constant flow of a river, the hands of time con-
tinually turn. Time is always changing and aging our world, just
as a river erodes and changes its banks. Like a leaf trapped in a
whirlpool, man is trapped in time. Some men speak of the current
being too swift, while others just as sadly proclaim it too slow.
The man who accepts fate can change it by wrestling with the time,
like water, is both life-giving, and life-taking. Man must
learn to gracefully flow with time. The true test of this comes
when there is so little of what used to be plentiful. Please take
your last drop of life just as you gulp your youth. Stop aside and
let it all be. Your river is gone now, and so are you.

Like a river flowing on and on, the hands of time continually
turn without any apparent difference between day and night. You
are constantly challenged day and night. There are people born
and people dying both day and night. We look the same day and
night. Our personalities are similar no matter what half of the
chronological sphere we are in. Surely some live by day and some
by night. One can play football, hockey, baseball, and an army
of other sports during the day or night. Sleep in the day? Why
not then sleep in the night? What is it that separates them so? Could
it be the simplicity of sun and moon? Is the darkness evil and
sunlight good? Why would you say, "Who is there?", with fright
in your voice at three am and blindly open the door for a
midafternoon delivery. There is most definitely a difference be-
tween night and day. The darkness, looms in every corner just
waiting for you. The day is for doing those things you wish not
to be caught for. Who, I ask you, in his right mind
would steal a car battery in broad daylight? The night is a time
for doubt and superstition. A time to cuddle and hold, to
lock and look. The night hides and for this we do not trust it. The
day, however, tells all and we believe it. Until our liberation at dawn
the night holds all of us captive in chains made of our own fear.

Upon awakening, I was startled, for I found myself in
another world. The only clue as to the time of day was the morn-
ing haze, still suspended above the tree tops. Then I became
aware that I was the only witness to a slow battle, the battle
between man and nature.

Nature is desperately trying to overcome the ruthless destruc-
tion of man. Here and there were treeless voids, like blackholes of
eternity. Nature's own lookouts were chattering in a code not
meant for my comprehension. The leaves signaled by flashing
their different sides in a spectacular pattern. The warm sun
and cool breeze were at intense conflict. They seem to have held
the confrontation in limbo. The branches were stepping from side
to side in perfect unison, like a thousand marching soldiers. Trees
were firing off their cannons of red, orange and brown, as all
vegetation sent out its bombs of seed to earth, with a smell so
sweet and righteous. The commander-in-chief directing it all, sent
one last message, "Its time for a rest." The old men squawk
and crack as they stretch out for another winter, while a monkey
takes one last joyful fluster. He is confused for his time has come
and the proud, majestic oaks and their brothers, the maples
are stripped naked. Here so close and yet so remote.

I am completely severed from other men. I must step back, for my
opponent is far too awesome. He is as powerful and subtle as