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Pastry

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Pastry

Kesselman: Pastry

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

Lee Kesselman

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. Simply, 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, emptiness should surely prevail. And alas, 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 having 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 ye 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 ye 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 pity not this one who dares to ask questions, for he is but a fool."

Published by DigitalCommons@COD, 1982 by Thomas L. Michaels

Sing praise to the power of coffee!
That oh-so-refreshing drink,
That clears 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 donuts 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

Essay

Reflections

Like the constant flow of a river, the hands of time continually 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 in harmony with time; for 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. Step 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 or 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 hockey, football, baseball, and an array 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 between night and day. The darkness, looms in every corner just waiting to swallow up the day. The night 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 morning 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 destruction 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 squeak and crack as they stretch out for another winter, while a monarch takes one last joyful flutter. He is confused for his time has come. Soon the proud, majestic oaks and their brothers, the birch and maples will be 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 a