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Writer's Workshop or A Poem By The Non-Poet In Class

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The Doctor

*When I remember Edward sick in bed,
I hear our mother shouting in anger.
"The doctor's seven minutes late!" she said.
I saw the doctor come in, no stranger
To our household. Another dinner cold
Lost its warmth on his table. No sleep
He took that night until he could unfold
The regimen for Edward's burden deep.*

*How I envied the doctor's healing hands.
His art expels disease and renders whole
Our stricken bodies sore as he stands
Between God and Man. Can he cure our soul?*

*I wish I could reach his medicine shelf.
And find the proper drug to cure myself.*

Francis Patrick Murphy

*Anything before me just didn't exist
and after, what I leave behind;
a mark or a shell or a rippleless pool,
is whatever I finally decide.*

*Thoughtless endeavors and hopeless whims
are the lesson we all learn in school,
and the person who thinks they are all they can be
is a lackluster shortsighted fool.*

*Age is a number, such meaningless wealth;
a harbor for ships still unmade,
painless adventure for riskless sport,
and undealt hands never played.*

*I gather my numbers and lay down my hand
I've so little to show for the years
but deep in my soul is a yearning unearned
— just one more prevailing fear.*

*He who's at one with is intermost thoughts
lay down all the rules of the game,
but he who has not reached into himself
— the game has yet to be played.*

*I step through a frame of pictureless glass
it's a face in reverse that I see;
he stares at my eyes with knowing surprise
and I stare back at him who is me.*

*If it's a staredown that you want from me
then it's a staredown you're gonna get
cuz if you can't stand to look in the mirror, man
— you just haven't found it yet.*

Tom Catalano
Chris Catalano

Writers' Workshop or A Poem By The Non-Poet In Class

*For weeks I've sat and listened
To the poems being read.
I've even made some comments,
Some better left unsaid.*

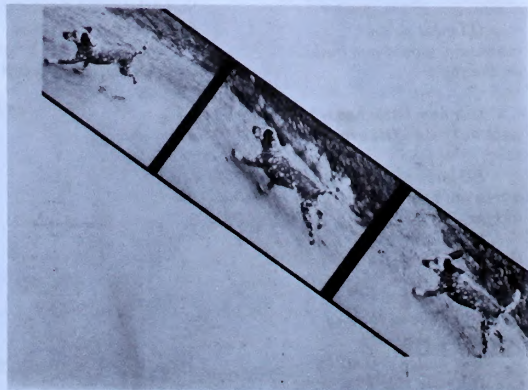
*For I'm sure they've shown my ignorance
And shallowness of mind
By missing the true quality
Of the ones that haven't rhymed.*

*And lately there've been moments
When I think I almost see
The elusive wisps of meaning
Behind the imagery.*

*I've learned to try and feel
The words, and not the pace.
It adds a new dimension
Of freedom, open space.*

*And so I'm going to try it.
And in the weeks to come,
I hope my poems will lose this damned
Da DUM, de DUM, de Dum!*

Patricia R. Wolff



Joe Oliver