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## Power And Direction

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*College of DuPage*

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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

**A Writing Rule of Thumb:**

The verbosity of any writer is inversely proportional to his understanding of the subject matter.

George A. Whittington

**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

