

Spring 6-7-1982

A Writing Rule of Thumb:

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Recommended Citation

Whittington, George A. (1982) "A Writing Rule of Thumb:," *The Prairie Light Review*: Vol. 1 : No. 3 , Article 31.
Available at: <https://dc.cod.edu/plr/vol1/iss3/31>

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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

