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Untitled

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SEASONS

by Dean Monti

The months between December and February are often referred to as "winter" by those of us who have learned words with more than one syllable. January is a time when we particularly feel winter's bite. Very often we will experience an excess of snow and ice, in which case we have an overbite. If winter overbites too far, it will flip back upright on all four paws and stand upright. This is called "spring."

As Spring approaches we stand back a bit for a fear of getting sprung in the face. The climate of spring is dependant on the scientific principle know as "groundhog day." If the groundhog sees his shadow, we will have six more weeks of winter. If on the other hand, he sees a man from IRS, it means your income tax forms will be filed three days too late. If the groundhog doesn't come out at all, it means that he had died of frostbite, and you can expect quite a cold spring indeed. In fact, if you can feel the cold springs, it probably means it's too late to recover, and you had better get a new couch.

Next come the days that vary between unbearable and sweltering, called "summer" (literally, "some are", as some are" hot, and "some are" very hot). This is a time when less important work is set aside, and you get down to the issues that really matter, like peeling dead skin off your back.

By the time these days are over, you have probably spent most of your time gazing upward, be it from inside a convertible or lounging on inflatable pool furniture which you will slide off of because you have put too much oil of Parkay or some similar overpriced balm on your body. In any event, when you finally look downward, you will see that an enormous amount of work has piled up on your desk at the office, and the calendar is weeks behind, as are your charge accounts. It's necessary at this time to savagely rip the calendar pages off and drop them into the wastebasket. This is called "fall." If you have a desk calendar it will probably be a short fall, but if you have a wall calendar it may be quite a long fall.

When things fall just about as far as they can go, we have winter's overbite again, and the whole process goes on ad infinitum. Even if you take out the "ad" you will still have the "infinitum" and taking out the ad will cost you three dollars per line anyway, so don't bother.

While all this is going on, the ducks are getting sick and tired of flying from north to south and vice-versa. The ducks fly in formation for no other reason than so that you will point and say "look at those ducks flying in formation." A leader duck stays out in front and goads the rest on. This works the same for goats, with the leader goat goading the other goads on. But back to ducks, who all follow one duck in the lead who is the coach. If, however, the ducks are a few bills ahead, they can fly first class instead of coach.

When the sun crosses over the plane of the earth's equator, we have nights and days of equal length, and the ducks realize that the bars will be open longer on week-ends. This incites in them a desire for a refreshing drink and we are experiencing either the autumnal or vernal egginox, which is very good with nutmeg sprinkled on top. Conversely, when the sun is furthest from the equator, the ducks need more than a drink and we have either summer or winter solstoast, very often with butter or marmalade.

When the ducks have had their fill of eggs and toast, the blamed thing starts all over again. Even weathermen are powerless over this awesome phenomena, yet they get paid more than you or I because they appear to understand it. And even though we know fairly well what the weather will be just be knowing what month it is, or by making the extreme effort of opening the blinds in the morning, we still watch weathermen in their loud jackets and let them decide for us whether we should wear our fuzzy slippers when we go outside to get the morning paper which, if the paperboy has brought the paper at all, will be wrapped in brown paper and will be invisible on the green lawn. But I disgress.

The real point is that, whether you like it or not, winter follows fall, fall follows summer, summer follows spring, spring follows winter and someone is following me, I just

*My heroes are all gone. It shouldn't be so.
Why must always the best ones go?*

*My education is through. I've been in school so long.
Now what do I do? It kind of seems wrong.*

*My parents have moved away. I wasn't quite ready.
My money was gone. I just wasn't steady.*

*All my girlfriends dissappeared. It's all much too fast.
Things change to quick. Why can't they last?*

*Soon all the world will be gone. Why do I bother?
To live on, have kids, be a father.*

*'cause the sad thing is, after you've traveled your life,
Been up and down the hills of strife,
And the road finally opens wide, and you've found all life's
treasures,
But it's much to late. 'cause the song of your life has played
its last measure.*

— Larry Friedman

*Soft reflections
Rocking so softly
on waves of sea
Soft as a lullaby
sung sweetly to me
Waves would lap
so softly against the
hull
Soft as the down
on a baby seagull
The breeze
would blow softly and
billow the sail
Pushing us off
on the sun golden trail*

— Loren McCarthy

A TREATISE ON THE WISDOM TO BE FOUND IN THE VERY PURPOSE OF EXISTENCE

*UNITED IN ETERNAL LOVE
SACRIFICING ALL
TO THE FLAME OF ETERNAL LOVE
ECSTASY*

— Reed Johnson