

Spring 1991

Dakotah Poesy (1991)

James Swanson
Dakota State University

W. A. Seaver
Dakota State University

Kelli Nemec
Dakota State University

Follow this and additional works at: <https://scholar.dsu.edu/newtricks>



Part of the [Fiction Commons](#), [Nonfiction Commons](#), and the [Poetry Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Swanson, James; Seaver, W. A.; and Nemec, Kelli, "Dakotah Poesy (1991)" (1991). *New Tricks*. 5.
<https://scholar.dsu.edu/newtricks/5>

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the College of Arts & Sciences at Beadle Scholar. It has been accepted for inclusion in New Tricks by an authorized administrator of Beadle Scholar. For more information, please contact repository@dsu.edu.

1990 - 91 DAKOTA

Poesy



DAKOTA STATE
UNIVERSITY

Madison, South Dakota 57042-1799

DAKOTAH POESY

*A literary magazine
presenting
the creative work of the
students, staff, and friends
of
Dakota State University*

*Professor James Swanson
Faculty Advisor
W.A. Seaver
Kelli Nemec
Editors*

*Dr. John Laffin
Layout*

To Life

O song our joy in every living thing;
The seal that blows seawater through its nose;
The rose that spreads aroma where it goes;
The ivy as it greens in early spring,
The leafing tree to which the squirrels cling;
The glowworm as it shows which way it goes;
The farmer as he sows his corn in rows;
The butterflies, and honeybees that bring
Their pollen home. All life deserves our song.
In sea or stream or pond, winging in air,
Or standing, crawling, leaping on the earth,
We celebrate the power that gave them birth.
With creature-kinds that breathe and feed and care,
We share a need to be, and to belong.

Keith Thompson

Starting Over

In the dead of the night
You awake, kicking and thrashing,
A head filled with sand—jerks—
Out of the numbing fog
Agonized, confused and anxious.
 What's going on?
The darkness gives no clues.
—You wait and listen while
The stupor oozes back,
Engulfing you once more
In a womb of blackness.

Brian Bargemann

Winter 1990

What a strange season:
Stopping by a few days at a time,
Taking us by surprise
As it interrupts beautiful spring-like days
It snows and blows.
The air feels so cold.
We complain...
"Where did the sunshine go?"
Then we remember it's winter.
It's supposed to be this way.
But if we wait a day or two,
The snow will disappear;
The warm days will return.

Mary Bickett

Number One

Walking home at the end of the day,
I stop at the bar along the way.
With all my frustrations about to burst,
I seek companionship, something to quench my thirst.
The bartender knows me by name;
He even understands why I came.
He draws a glass of my daily reward.
With eager anticipation I pull it toward
I drink of the ice cold beer—
My daily reason for stopping here.

Dan Tiezjen

Another Tequila Sunrise

The booming of the second hand,
as it ticks the 60-minute walk,
Clamors along the walls of my head
like hailstones on a tin roof.

Some demon has filtered a small stream
of morning sun through my curtains.
Madly it dances upon my throbbing eyelids,
which refuse to budge even a smidgen.

Someone has also exchanged my tongue
for an uncomfortably large wad of tissues.
As I swallow, pieces of it stick
along my throat, etching a downward path.

Along it creeps into woozy turmoil
and is tossed about between
What seems like 3 or 4 miniature prize fighters,
engaged in the battle of a lifetime.

Monica Forrest

It's a Steal

A physicist pulled off the perfect theft,
Stole time in a way we're of hope bereft,
He used all of his might.
Traveled faster than light,
And got back before he had even left.

Jim Janke

Party Animal

A phone call changed my life one day.
A soft voice on the line.
"A party for a friend?" it asked.
"Why not here?" said I.
So off down to the liquor store
My truck and I did roll.
I remember it quite fondly.
It was many kegs ago.
Person after person.
The party grew and grew.
Was there an end somewhere in sight?
No one really knew.
Some time ago the cops came.
"A noise complaint," they say.
Those bully brutes in black and white
Made everyone go away.
I sat there all alone a while,
With half a keg to drink.
The alcohol had drowned my brain,
And I began to think.
Those bully brutes in black and white
Ruined all my fun.
I've heard it said it's one for all,
But I was all for one.
Thought I would get those black and whites,
Like Rambo on a mission.
I should have simply gone to bed,
'Cause now I lay here wishin.
Wishin I'd have taken care,
To choose the proper door.
Then I wouldn't be here, skinned alive,
Upon the basement floor.

The first step was a doosey.
I took it without care.
Uniqueness is not what it seems,
When you have flesh-lined stairs.
I lay here at the bottom.
I should be wrenched with pain.
I wish I had my keg with me,
To keep my liquored brain.
I'm not concened with hangovers,
That used to pound my head.
I surely do not need one now.
I have bumps instead.
I have to sober up sometime.
I grimace at the thought.
Then I think of all the fun I had,
And all the booze I bought.
I reach for my checkbook,
But my pocket's torn away.
I see it on the second step.
The night has turned to day.
I suppose I'll take this broken bod,
Beaten, skinned and scarred,
To the top of Mount Stairway.
Give it a chance to heal.
A day, a week, a whole damn year,
Or at least until I can feel.
Then suddenly the phone rings!
"Party?" did they say?
Never mind. Save me a beer!
I am on my way!

Tom Cummins

Trip the Wire

Poe, in his feverish, alcohol-driven mood
battled himself, but not enough
to save himself—creature that he was!—
before his salvation could do him in.
He couldn't trip the wire

The real gen trips the wire.

176 keys and 13 circuits trip the wire.

I can feel your skin, your hair,
your lips brushing softly against my cheek.
Come here, come closer, maybe we can
trip the wire.

In an upstairs study, my minds babble on
in a search for Vietnam and an endless argument
amongst themselves that goes nowhere except for maybe
a wild brothel shop on lower tenth street and the
place where e.e. cummings hid his capital letters.
They're tripping the wire.

W.A. Seaver

A Step Back

At times when I feel overwhelmed by life
I turn my back to my problems
And take a quiet walk—
All alone I explore the expanses
Of the Lord's beautiful Earth.
A good chance to push back and contemplate
The problems that have bubbled
To the surface of my brain.

Slowly I think and walk along the grass-
Trodden deer trail, through a shelterbelt
Of spreading cottonwoods—
And suddenly an explosion—
Of air—dust—and feathers
As a wily rooster takes flight,
Cackling through the air until
He lights in the safety of a nearby draw.
And I suddenly realize how trivial
My bubbling troubles really are.

As I emerge from the shelterbelt,
The crimson sun sinks slowly beneath
The horizon, and paints a sultry portrait
In hues of orange, lavender and gold.
While I marvel at this beautiful sight
Nature recharges me and seems to carry away
My bubbles on the whispers of the wind through the
corn fields.

Troy Sturgeon

Somewhat Like Sex

Sweet, runny
Makes your mouth
Happy
Sometimes gives you headaches

Funny, creamy
Always makes a
Grin
Eat it very fast

Soothing, tasty
Leaves a nice
Taste
Often in a dish

Ice cream

Korrie Wenzel

Smiles

Smiles of glee from ice cream.
Clapping of hands at the sight of a clown.
Tears of disappointment from
The rain falling in the park.
Dandelions, pennies, and rocks
Are all precious treasures
To precious little children.

Amy Serfling

Dover Beach II

Dover's cliffs of chalk
boil away as smoky fizz
in the acid rain.

W.A. Seaver

Watching Waves Near Seabrook Nuclear Plant, Mass.

The waves are tinged green
From the algae bloom of late
As the wave breaks
Flecks of green
Mix with the foam
Of the now impotent
Wave
Another forms to take
Its place
And mete out its own
Doom
My eyes wander to the
Unfinished concrete shell,
Vanguard against the past
And oceans to a present
State of unfinishedness
And onward to the future
With progress yet to come

Steve Reinart

She Was

She was impatient—impetuous—imperfect
And very much alive.

While she danced down the corridors of time,
All we did was survive.

She'd often see the obstacles
That tripped the rest of us
She swerved in time to miss
What often got the best of us.

She never seemed to tire of life—
And always reached for more.
While she ignited the fire of life,
We melted in the war.

When asked about her ceaseless source
Of joy and hope and strength
She'd pause and smile, lift up her eyes—
And say "'Tis hard to sight;
I hope you see my god in me
His love brings me my light."

And then, before we'd ask for more
She'd brook no more delay.
And off she'd roll to warm each soul
That God let pass her way.

Mary McQueen

The Sea

Bright sun striking the sea shore
Light glistening off pure white seashells.
Clean morning air (fresh and pure)
Pure as plants growing in the forest—
Plants covered with sparkling droplets of dew
O sweet rain! O tender moon!
Droplets of dew glistening in the moonlight.
As the piercing moon warmed my soul,
The showering rain cooled my heart.
Sweet, sultry, rose-perfumed air
Filled my mind with beautiful
Thoughts of past loves.
Roses gently kiss the earth with their petals.
Moon-rays hug the earth's wholeness.
O sweet rain! O sweet, tender moon!

Amy Serfling

Night Watch

Clipper ship on strong winds borne,
Racing winter 'round Cape Horn,
Moonless night so eyes count naught,
Just the sounds of ship are caught.

Snap of rope 'gainst canvas spread,
Creak of beam and plank 'neath tread,
Slap of waves and shush of wake,
Only sounds on night opaque.

Jim Janke

Rain

The rain slowly cooled,
covering cars, trees and sidewalks.
Just as plastic wrap
Clings to bowls.
To scrape the windshield
Would be like rubbing
The scraper across bumpy smooth plastic.
Sliding on the surface
Was like skateboarding on
Solid concrete.
As people stepped on gravel that
Was put out to help keep them from slipping,
They sounded like big hungry dogs
Crunching on bones.
It was the rain that did this.
Instead of wetting everthing, it cooled
And clung to all objects,
Forcing us to know its solid form.

D.Crawford

Beauty

Nature's beauty surrounds us
Like the arms of our loving mothers.
The grass blanketing the earth
The mountains reaching for the heavens.
Each creature, tree, and land formation.
The creation of the almighty.

Valerie Schlump

Peter Fred

There was a little dwarf man,
His name was Peter Fred
His brother was a bully
And beat him on the head.
Peter Fred got angry,
And tried to punch his bro...
Brother didn't seem so big
Just a week ago.
It's hard to be a tough guy
When you're only two feet tall.
There's only one advantage,
You don't have far to fall.
Peter Fred got punched this time,
Right smack in the eye.
He bit his tongue and screamed,
"By God, I'm sure not going to cry."
But soon his tears were falling,
Falling, falling down.
An inch or two much shorter,
They say he would have drowned.
He got back up, determined
That the next time he would win.
He grabbed a hold of brother's leg
And beaver-gnawed his shin.
So let this be a lesson,
To all men good and wise.
Don't ever pick on dwarf men,
Cause they'll chew you down to size.

Tom Cummins

Michael

Michael's suicidal
Inside filled with strife
Michael's suicidal
Wants to take his life.
Depressed in this moment of time
He can't seem to make things rhyme
Michael's suicidal
Wants to take his life
Suicidal Michael
Inside filled with strife
Suicidal Michael
Went and took his life
Depressed in that moment of time
He couldn't seem to make things rhyme
Suicidal Michael
Went and took his life.

Rick L. Janssen

Maggie

Warm and furry,
Soft and cuddly.
Always glad to see me.
Loves to run in the fields.
Loves to sit by my side.
The best confidante ever there was.
All she requires is love,
What more could one
Ask for, in a friend.

Melissa Clarke

The Middle of Nowhere

Hauling across the Badlands on a stormy June night,
heat fuming from the engine, wind blasting in the
windows
Two cramped, tired bodies pushing for home.

The sultry sky, crowded with oil-smoke clouds,
the tarnished silver moon-skull,
a feeble echo of light on a rough, murky water.

Lightning, stabbing at the dry, helpless sod,
then erupting back from the ground
like neon blood spurting from a severed artery.

I would imagine there were others watching,
somewhere
because it really was a beautiful experience.

Brian Bargemann

Nervousness

A chameleon could never keep up
With the number of changes my body goes through
When I get nervous.
My sweaty, sticky palms
Feel like a horse's neck on a hot day.
Yet my hands are cold.
Like a snake coiled up tightly,
My muscles tense and are ready for action,
If anything should happen.
My head becomes as light as air.
Like an eagle soars way up in the sky,
But I don't feel graceful.
A mouse can hide just as fast
As my nervous feelings can disappear—somewhere—
And I feel much better.

D. Crawford

Wild Geese

Dawn of a mid-October morn,
Wrapped in a last warm summer sigh,
Dim and diffuse in stillness born,
Pierced by the cry of wild geese high.

Sharp and distinct 'gainst leaden sky,
Confident flock and leader bold,
Steadfast in purpose southward fly,
Far from the snow and winter cold.

Jim Janke

Life, Musically

Life is like music
lounds and softs
long notes and short ones
all in one accord.

Something clashes
some things harmonize
many trials and failures
tried, but true.

Together with rhythm
a good tempo
some grace notes
harmony, sweet harmony!

Patriece M. Laisy

Innocent Snowflakes

The light brush of a flake of snow
Against the red cheek on a girl of eight
Is one of the last innocent memories she'll know,
For the decisions of maturity will soon be made.

Extinct will become the crushing embrace
Against the maternal bosom while weeping.
Now, more bemused looks cover her face
For the child's innocence away is sleeping.

John Koupal

Window

The view is that of wonder—
Through my window
I see
Anew
The sweetness of his creations:
The animals...
There's 4—now 6
small sparrows
lighting right here,
on the ledge;
the geese are holding choir,
and that chicken—
she's over the edge!
Cluck cluck cluck
cluck?
Ha!
An airplane purred
Just over head—
All went silent,
a moment...
Now the sounds begin
again—
Cluck
cluck cluck
cluck
cluck cluckkkk
The horses are standing
as if statues
The breeze vaguely stirring their manes
I embrace them with my gaze,
And long to visit them
soon...

Sooner than later
I just had to be a part
Of these wonderful creations
Who so fill my heart...
4 wagging tails
Eyes
Full of glee—
The pups are a'quiver
They've spotted me.
They dash to the rabbits
Generations of twitching noses
And silky ears..
I whistle,
Angel comes prancing,
My soulmate
For all these years...
I am moved...
Ready to mount
Anticipation rises—
And Angel's being coy
Heads all turn—I look, too—
Here comes my little boy...
He hurries to bridle his pony...

Brenda Grimm

Midnight Mist

It settled in without sound,
and silently wrapped itself
around trees and street lights.
The old buildings
became small islands,
isolated from each other
as lonely wanderers hurried
from block to block,
fighting the heightened anxiety
the mist produced
as it swallowed up their footsteps.
A car approached
with feeble headlight lances
that scattered into the mist
and turned the image of a car
into aimless, wandering
sparkles of light.
At one particular building
of old, decaying brick,
the mist swooped down
and burned itself onto
the pale security light.
Shadows became lairs;
the air became a curtain;
the stars became the distant flashlights
of searchers in the woods;
and the mist became the night.

W.A. Seaver

Midnight Rising

How did it happen...
How did my world
Become so grey?

Black and white meant
Everything.
I knew who I was,
Where I had been,
How far I was going,
And just what I needed.

Then came you.

And with one swift stroke
You blended my clear-cut,
Black & white little corner
Into a grey mass
Of doubt.

Monica Forrest

The Mask

Makeup and hair perfect;
Fake laugh and the swing
Of the hair.
This mask most women wear.
Deep down inside, who are we?
The eyes are the opening to
The soul.
Let them see into
Your eyes,
And find the key
To unlock your heart,
Where there is no mask.

Lauri Jo Brandenburger

Space Odyssey

I had a dream
 on the moon;
the craters were plenty,
 the stars many.

I watched a spaceship go by
 the neighboring planets,
 the galaxy,
 the stars.

My spaceship left me;
 I had nothing to do,
so I was left,
 left on the moon to dream.

Patricee M. Laisy

January Rain

January rain.
Silent, mysterious & dangerous
as it stifles our activities
and makes ordinary matters a challenge.

Old man winter's temperature stays steady at 34
degrees;
His son, January Rain,
transforms sidewalks into gloss-covered walkways,
and streets into skating rinks for automobiles.

How did Wordsworth put it?
Poem: a spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings.
Surely he must have met old man winter's son,
January Rain.

Troy Sturgeon

Haiku

Tufts of green, green grass,
bright flowers of many kinds.
Sunshine out to stay.

Patricee M. Laisy

Commencement

Laura stood poised on the threshold of change
Reflecting—watching—her life rearrange.

One hand reached forward—one hand
Held back a space.

New life tugged—yet tangled still
In childhood's embrace.

Look well now, and see her
Capture that day
Hold it—remember
When she's flown away.

Soon she was stepping, knew not what lay ahead.
Was it childhood she left there for futures unread?

As she stepped out and left us here but to wait,
We feared—wished she'd stay—or at least hesitate.

And somewhere above her in heavens unseen—a voice
Oh so gentle—enveloped us there.
"Why fear," the voice whispered, "I'll not let her fall.
But now, child, release her—to answer my call."

And as she stepped and was changed...as were we
As our Laura moved on—free now to be...

Mary McQueen

Innocent: Memories from the Farm

Swinging
Back and forth
On the two-seater white
Swing.
Staring at the
White picket fence
Watching
The puppies
Running
Under the rusted lawn chairs.
Holding
My long play dress down as the
Wind
Catches the ruffle.
Hoping my
Barrettes will not fall out
Again.
Swinging
Back and forth
On the two-seater white
swing.

Amy Serfling

Heaven and Hell

The sky as its gateway with white pillowy clouds
that open the golden gate doors to let you in.
Music fills the air with its harmonious sounds
and voices join in to praise His name.
The hosts with their pure angelic faces and
white feathery wings glide by to help those in need.
And sitting on top of His great stairway is the mighty
one
that protects and loves those all around.

But, beneath the ground there is a cavern
so deep and dark that demons dare to dwell.
Their faces distorted and hidden behind hoods,
these are the beasts that have no fear.
Fire red sparks shoot upward and
the voices cry out in pain and desire.
And sitting on His throne is the hated one
who is cruel and evil with only feelings for those
who lust for power and money.

But, heaven and hell will battle to the end
to win the judgement of the hungry souls
who live between the gateway of fire and clouds.

Beverly Zimmerman

Human Gulls

A sea gull will eat almost everything,
From garbage to oysters to bits of string,
And so the word "gullible"
Is pasted right suitable
On people who swallow most anything.

Jim Janke

I'm Glad

I'm glad

- Communism's dying out
- Gravity still works
- Mtv hasn't gotten its hands on good music
- Dick and Jane have fun with Spot
- That there are only a handful of people named Shecky
- Snow isn't blue (yet)
- Technology comes up with useless stuff daily
- Doogie Howser hasn't been canceled
- Mucous isn't socially acceptable
- I had nothing to do with the Challenger disaster
- Andy Warhol is dead

And people don't care.

Steve Reinart

Young Girl, What do you See?

Young girl, look out the clear glass window,
What do you see?
Do you see the boys and girls, playing in the sand?
Do you see the doggy running around?
Do you see Daddy in his red, pretty car?
With deep, innocent pools of blue
The little girl's eyes parade outside.
She sees the dark, stormy cloud,
and the birdy-like airplane.
Young girl, I look out the dirty, stained window.
Want to know what I see?
I see children playing war in the sand.
I see the dog chasing a frightened cat.
I see Dad in the red auto wreckage on the highway.
My dark blue, guilty eyes see not what you see.
I see the storm, acid rain cloud and
The fighter jet flying to war.
When did I lose my youthful innocence?
When did I lose my sight of what's right?
And why can't I reclaim it?

Don Ackerman, Jr.

Ivory Giants

Deep concentration forms creases in my forehead
as I stand with my hand over the air-blower.
I stare down the lane at the ten ivory giants.
They jeer me with taunts, just daring me to
throw that perfect strike ball.
I pick up my ball and test the balance;
then I step up to toe the mark,
with my feet placed precisely so I start forward.
My classic (but not original) three-step approach
will bring me right to the end of the lane.
On the beginning of the second step I start
my backswing. As my plant foot comes down
on the third step, I bring the ball forward;
at the right moment I release the ball with the perfect
wrist action, and as I see that graceful swooping hook
going down the lane, I know that I have indeed thrown
the strike with the power to bring the ivory giants
down.

Richard Ireland

End

ghostly time
spirit descend
baring guilt
fragmented sin
lost light
needless sight
shearing fright
cutting night
fear
defend
sensual
end

Rick Janssen

Stage Fright

You walk on stage;
your blood runs cold;
you feel tiny beads of sweat
breaking out on your forehead;
your hands have become cold,
and they feel clammy,
You are weak in the knees.
Everybody is looking at you.
With your heart in your throat,
you try to speak,
but all that comes out is a squeak.

Richard Ireland

The Sound of the Fury

Tonight, a blue moon shines
off the tinted windshield,
as the long, white ghost
quietly awaits
her master,
so they can paint the road;
for the rumble
of eight cylinders
thrusting within
the underhood darkness;
for the vibration
that quakes through her skin
and sheds the dust from her chrome.
And for the blur
of pavement beneath the wheels.
She patiently awaits, till then,
for a young man to come
and unleash his Fury upon the world.

W.A. Seaver

Don't Forget Your Jacket

Winter moles,
released by warmth,
perched on steps,
blinking and white,
study the lawn,
happy in the sun.

Brian Bargemann

Land of the Fools

You can pretend all the lies are true,
but the world is dissolving.
One lump of sugar for the drink of man,
but the brew is cooling and the dregs have surfaced.
Wake up to the fresh smell of Maxwell House...
Isn't life warm, sweet and full?
The Bradys, the Cleavers, the Munsters, the Smurfs
would like to sell the world some Coke...
How many licks does it take...?
A-one, a-two, a-three.
We are now signing off.

Brian Bargemann

Eyes

Deep in the darkness at the bottom of the
steps—crouched low,
Hellish glowing eyes of red appear, unblinking.
Stop me in my ascent of the stairs.
Then attack! The eyes come forward!
My cat Aramus
 bounding
 down
 to
 greet
 me.

Mike Richards

Feels Like the First Time

It's time.
Inside the shed
My chrome-sparkled cherry
Waits, frozen stance.

Outside, blinding and sleek
She timidly accepts the fuel
Before being mounted
And kicked into life.

Roar, cackle and belch
Shock the warm day
As we glide under blue sky,
Bodies against the wind.

Brian Bargemann

Door

The door swings open wide;
Silence covers the room.
In comes a stranger;
Our moods turn to gloom.
Slowly, so slowly he walks—
One step for each tick.
He reaches for his pocket.
We know this is no trick.
It is long, dark and black
That is all I can tell,
Because at the next moment
I realize I am in hell.
That which he pulls from a pocket with ease
Just happens to be a felt tip pen.
School is starting again.

Cory Klapperich

Baseball

The season is upon us:
A crack of the bat
A scream from yonder
"Touch 'em all, Kirby!"

Rich Determan

Daydream

I sit alone in my room
And the grass underfoot surges
Upward and away it goes
Dissipating into dark
As the stars come out.
The stars, blurred, give way to tears
As grandpa lies before me.
He tries to speak, naught comes out.
He has taken his tongue—gone—
The pain goes away.
Now the grass returns.

D. Colberg

Elderly Chatter

The two old ladies chuckled
And leaned against each other.
Like two little girls,
Their wrinkled hands
Were folded in their laps
And a wedding ring loosely
Fit on one of their fingers.
They wore black scarves
Wrapped tightly around their heads
Making their faces seem small.
Their dresses were covered
By the dark coats
That each of them wore.
These women looked tired,
Weak and worried.
Yet, they sat together, laughing.

D. Crawford

Autumn Joy

A sprinkling of leaves already has covered lawns from
One end of town to the other.
Leaves of golden brown rustle across the walk.
The autumn winds whisk through the trees.
As I gaze out the window, I see my impatient neighbor
Making mountains of gold
As he moves across the lawn.

Rich Determan

Watching Her Watch Him

My mother and my brother,
Two very special people to me.
He's wrestling in the state tournament;
She's proud of his accomplishment.
He's done well; he's going to place.
Both anxiously await his final match.
He paces; she sits restlessly.
The clock ticks away the final seconds.
The match tied, tensions high.
His hand slips—he loses by a point.
His face reflects his disappointment,
But he leaves the mat with his head held high.
Her heart is broken, she begins to cry...
He wanted to win so bad!
He receives his medal, dignified;
She looks on with joy and pride,
As she fights the tears coming to her eyes.

Mary Bickett

Snow Fall

The sky was white,
one big cloud,
like a sheet of ice
for all to see.

It began to snow
softly, gently
like feathers
out of the sky.

It covered the world
with white stuff
in pretty shapes
all bunched together.

It covered the green grass
and the trees that were budding
and my tulips that were starting to bloom.
Now I wish it were gone.

For soon it will all melt,
the flowers will bloom,
the trees will blossom
and the Earth will be wet.

Patricee M. Laisy

The End

Tonight, in spite of all my pride, I cried—
Too old to hold the love I know must go.
The boat we rowed together moves so slow
And rides too high without you by my side.
Only one oar, bone-sore—the shore bows low
Before the roar of waves that soar and grow
To giant size. Wide-eyed, my tears are dried.
All, all is gone: the longing song, the call
Of arms, of artful charms that start the heart
To bound and pound. But now a howling sound
About the prow confounds the power I found
In dartling stars. In darkness I depart
To awe-ful jaws. In scalding gall, I fall.

Keith Thompson

