Hendrix in the Background

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Home is a Place within the Heart

SUE PRATT

Home is a place within the heart
Where lives are born and where they fall apart.
Home is a destination we all must keep
While we wander in and out of sleep.

Home is a starting point from that holds us down
A place in the world we are forever bound
Home is the tears that fall to often,
That caresses our cheeks while our eyes soften.

Home is a memory that burns like a flame
Forever reminding us of lives little games.
Home is tomorrow and today's solemn thoughts
The place our mind wanders when all is forgot.

Home is the warmth of a well-worn sweater
The place that binds us and keeps us together.
Home is the look of my grandmother's hands
My mother's pies and my father's plans.

Home is the moment the rain starts to fall
The clouds and the umbrella that covers us all.
Home is the morning the day and the night.
The places were children always fight.

Home is the hand that guides us proudly.
The song that repeats while we sing loudly.
Home is the chalk on the front porch bench
The cat on the couch and the fake white picket fence.

Home is the laughter that rings through the halls
The moments shared when nighttime falls.
Home is anger we hold within
The place of regrets when sanity is thin.

Home is a word with out definition
And emotion we feel but never are given.
Home is the moment we remember our hearts
The second we forget it all falls apart.

Hendrix in the Background

CINDY PENMAN

I stand
At the window
The wind blowing my hair,
Whispering...
“Summer's gone, fall has
Come…”
And the wind
Cries...
And the wind howls...
Foreshadowing
And pleading with me for my attention
The cornfield magnified the sun
Drowsy in the late afternoon,
And made me come see the marmalade sky -
Made the world real to me
But now I notice
How perfect this world is
With the wind tickling
My ears.
The blinds tip toe
Towards and away from me, but
Never clamor,
Never noisy,
Softly dancing.
My hair, twirling
Flying
Around my head
In swirls
In slow motion
Wind combs
Through my hair
Like a tornado
A gentle,
Silent,
Stern tornado.
God speaking...
Rain's comin'.