End of a Parallel Universe

Bernadette LaBuda

Grand Valley State University

Follow this and additional works at: http://scholarworks.gvsu.edu/amaranthus

Recommended Citation

Available at: http://scholarworks.gvsu.edu/amaranthus/vol1995/iss1/23
Bernadette LaBuda *End of a Parallel Universe*

With my tea steaming its vitality away,
I settled on the rough cement of my front step
and felt raindrops lap fiercely at my bare toes.

a metal-oily fetor seared the air, the raw
stench of steel knives and dried blood,

while watching the bruised clouds
pour their troubles to the earth.

the stench, only a shroud to the accordion-folded car
lying crumpled in a web
of glass diamonds on the roadside,
a crushed can like my brother crumpled behind the
steering wheel as the jaws of life tore at it,

Sometimes, they roared and bellowed their anger;
at other times, they lashed at the sky
with whips of cracked lightning,
as they struggled against the wind tossing them away.

but couldn't keep death from the wrong side of the
road.

I watched the trees bend with their onslaught,
yet the grass whispered a vibrant green,
and the flowers in the garden reached for the storm.

Joanne Marie Kuyt *The Stem*

There lies the barren stubble field
With frosty soil and frozen face
And standing torn but not disgraced,
The stalks of corn will not yield

To blade of plow or bite of beasts
That nibble all in time away;
Stripped of their ears and yellowed girt
But with dignity not all deceased

For they have weather storm and blast
That tried their lives to tear apart;
Like love that holds the faithless heart,
Their roots still to the soil are clasped

They serve no purpose void of corn,
These hollow stalks that stand alone
But in the wind I hear them moan,
*Dead is not gone, nor bare forlorn.*