Late November Morning

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LATE NOVEMBER MORNING

This morning
the dawn can't separate
the sky from the lake.
It's one of those days
that keeps the streetlights on
until noon.

On the highway into Allendale
the haymeadows are the toast
of last summer's sun.

The usually bright barns
are invisible
and the cattle
are only fur.

The dark-tilled fields
are striped with narrow snow
and those two horses
on the other side of the fence
have their backsides to me,
and the sharp air.

The river froze over
last night.
It can't move.
The crowds of migrating birds
have all disappeared.

Yet the windows
of the antique church
near the Eastmanville intersection
are shining
inside-out.

/ Kristen Jordan /

A STAR HAS DIED

Rich Starr sat back drunk in his chair
energetic young girl in tight blue jeans who
the finishing touches of paint to his face.

"Cheer up," she said to his numb face
suggestively as she brushed her fingers back
his relaxed lips, causing them to bounce like
done! You look bomb!"

"Well, you're not looking that bad you'
"Why don't you meet me here after the conce
party at my house."

"Sure," she said and giggled.

He drank the rest of the beer beside him
himself out of his chair onto unsteady feet
steered until he adjusted to the change of
He walked clumsily on six inch platform shoes
mirror, dodging a back-stage hand pushing a
His face, bright red except for the two blak
around the eyes, stared back at him as he i
His long black hair and the midnight blue v
he wore created a border around the red fac
its evil look. He smiled at his absurdity
his tongue and bugged out his eyes for his

A hand slapped down upon his shoulder,
searched in the mirror for the face which a
hand. There behind him stood Geno, grinnin
bright green face and wearing a replica of

Geno spoke
anxiously
"I'm fired up. I
to kick tonight, man. We are going to kick
"Really," said Rich agreeing. "Where i
Geno?

"Talking to some chick," said Geno, gleam
"Grab your axe and let's go get
in a few minutes."

Rich grabbed his guitar out of its case
Geno towards the front of the large stage.
the drone of voices and the commotion be
the other side of the stage curtain as they