Sublime II

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Sublime
II
I dreamed a wondrous story yesterday,
from the days of warmth a voice called to me,
i swam the cool sea of verse,
i looked and saw nothing but the dream of Sublime
and I cried, at the endings,
but I smiled for the growth of Sublime
they shall be greater then me, or anyone I know.
i called out
"oh Sublime, I see you"
a crowd encircled me
"we are with you, we will help and love you"
the crowd became trees, roots plunging deep and branches wide
and the sun began to shine, but my crowd was my shade, in them I felt safe, with Sublime
the word
Sublime
the thought
Sublime
the reality
Sublime
my child.

I awoke to the sounds of stolen jesters
but I slept still
in the deep waters of life my child swims
swim to me little one, see your father smile
my child, my love
through Sublime I know life.
that is all, that is enough

John Thomas Standley

The Clock on the Wall
Charlotte Evensen

She sits staring at the clock on the wall. It is half
past One. She had been here for exactly 45 min-
utes. Forty-five slow minutes during which she had
filled forms after every form recounting her birthdate,
her weight, her eye color … the medical history of
herself and her family. That had been the toughest
part of the day, filling out the information for her family.
She did not even know her mother’s birth date for
goodness’ sake. Worse things could happen, she sup-
posed. She looks around here. The people working
here had tried to make this place more cheery, she
observed. The wall was a calming yellow; the kind chil-
dren use to describe the color of sun. She supposed
the blue flowery border added a sort of enchantment.
A feeling that what she was about to do was natural.
She moved her eyes from the borders to the square-
shaped table in the middle of the room. All sorts of
magazines piled around it. A lot having to do with the
health of women, some having to do with beauty, and
a few nothing in particular. Just general entertainment
of movie star life and other sorts of useless things.
She wondered how much it cost the office to keep up
all of these subscriptions. It was probably a drop in
the bucket considering the cost of furnishing this place
with all of this cherry wood. Still, what a waste of
money.

Her eye finally stopped to rest on the receptionist. She
was a beautiful woman, this girl. Almost picture-per-
fect in her contoured sophistication. She was wearing
a lavender spotted with yellow scarf tied to the side of
her throat. She probably dressed to match the decor
of the office—calm-collected seemed the official
theme. Her short hair was cut to bounce in tight
waves across her cheekbones every time she turned
her face even slightly. This receptionist was petite, al-
most to the point of nonexistence. She was indeed a
beautiful decoration.

She did not realize she was staring at the receptionist
until the woman spoke. "Ms. James, are you having
second thoughts?"

“No, I am just wondering when I can go in to see the
doctor?”

“You are next,” the girl-woman answered. “In fact,
the nurse is on her way to get you. Are you ready?”

“More or Less.” She breathed uncertainly. "It is just
that I have to be somewhere at six o’clock tonight and
I don’t want to be late,” she added hurriedly.

“Oh, no problem. The entire procedure will not take
more than three hours. I …”

She trailed off as the nurse walked through the door
to call for the next patient.

"Sarah, Sarah James?"

“I guess that is me.” She picked up her bag. Nodded
to the receptionist and followed the nurse down the
wide subeued hallway.

They entered a quiet little room. It was an off-white.
A discreet color, she thought. Probably a good thing too.
I don’t think they want to burden the patient with the harsh reality
of what might be happening.

"Ms James, do you mind if I call you Sarah? No? Okay.
Well, Sarah, we need you to put on this robe. Isn’t this
a yellow nice color? I always hate those white robes,
they are so sterile. Oh and by the way, I need you to
take these pills. Here is a glass of water. You can just
put it by the bedside when you are finished.”

She wondered how long it would take the medicine
to work. How long would it take her to fall asleep and
stop wondering about this child she was not going to
have …

She woke up uncertain about where she was. There
was something shadowy in front of her eyes. She could
not quite make out what it was, a silhouette of some
kind.

"Ms James, Sarah? Are you awake? Can you hear me?
"She wondered if she should say something. It seemed
easier somehow to keep her eyes closed and stay in
this warm haze she found herself in. At least for a few
minutes, it was important to bang onto this unreality
before it faded away.

"Yes, I am awake. I am just having a little trouble open-
ing my eyes," she answered quietly.

"That is okay. It should go away in a few minutes. Is
there anyone on file that I should call to pick you up?"

The woman’s incessant questions were beginning
7

..., to annoy her. Why couldn’t she just leave her
weight, her eye color … the medical history of
herself and her family. That had been the toughest
part of the day, filling out the information for her family.
She did not even know her mother’s birth date for

Three hours.

"On, taxi, thank you."

"It ..."

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