12-1-1998

Struggle

Niecee Madrigal
Concordia University - Portland

Follow this and additional works at: http://commons.cu-portland.edu/promethean

Part of the Poetry Commons

Recommended Citation
Available at: http://commons.cu-portland.edu/promethean/vol7/iss1/10

This Poem is brought to you for free and open access by CU Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Promethean by an authorized administrator of CU Commons. For more information, please contact libraryadmin@cu-portland.edu.
Recipe for Nasty Little Boys

Jamie Hasenkamp

2 moldy cow pies
4 dead horse flies
6 drops of snail's goo
5 pieces of gum, already chewed
4 scrapes of smoker's plaque
1 handful of Nickelodeon Gak
1 pair of smelly sox
10 scabs from chicken pox
12 rags of fat guy's sweat
8 hairy spider's legs
2 empty beer kegs

Take all this stuff and mix it in.

Make sure it's not too thick and not too thin.

Think of all your scariest, most terrifying dreams.

POOF! You have the little boys that make young girls scream.

Photography by Ayako Watanabe

Slice of Life

Karen Thompson

I walk down to the bus, and get on.

Dark windows offer me no chance to look out to the grey sky.

Inside, dark; outside, lighter, but not light.

It's twilight.

Window's open a little, so I can see.

Focus on the light, see through the pane.

There's no pane there, no dark window to blur the vision and reflect only the inside.

See the outside, not focus in, not.

Outside, bright, cheerful lights are on the trees,
And I see people enjoying themselves.

We all watch as we go by, then watch ourselves again.

Look out the untinted window, the free air, and see life.

I get off at my stop, and when I get on again, it's more crowded.

I've been talking with a friend, but have to go back.

We say goodbye, and I stare at the black again.

Black comes between us, but hopefully not for long.

More people now, but just focus on the people and you'll be fine.

Getting close to home, now; start watching for the sign.

Say goodbye, and come home where it should be safe and bright.

Into the room, but my mind's still out there in a slice of life:

A bus keeps on traveling this night.

Madrigal: Struggle

Struggle

Niecee Madrigal

I wake up every day to the nightmare that took my basketball season from me.

I struggle every day overcoming the obstacles I must face.

I sit, stand, and lie in pain, unable to wish it away.

I keep thinking that nothing could be worse than what I'm facing right now.

?How selfish can I be?

I woke up the other morning to a bright golden sunrise.

I did not struggle to see it, because God has blessed me with a pair of eyes.

I sat there later that afternoon with my hand out in front of me.

I took deep breaths of fresh air, and sprinkles of rain dropped into my hand.

Not once did I struggle to smell the air or feel the rain.

I lay in bed later that night looking out the window up at the stars.

I fell asleep to the sound of music playing on the radio. Needless to say, I did not struggle to hear it. The next day, I woke up in prayer thanking God for the gift of life.

I will overcome this minor setback with His help.

He will make me stronger.

Published by CU Commons, 1999