Over and Under

Michael Schultz
Concordia University - Portland

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vines; we no longer think it appropriate for children to work twelve-hour days.

Within our own time, we never thought the public would awaken to the truth about the Vietnam War; we never thought the world would awaken to the dangers of the arms race; we thought we'd see an end to the Cold War; we never thought to see South Africa find a workable political balance; we never thought we'd see the Berlin Wall come down. But all these things have happened; and although not all have happened in a perfect way; and although the balance has shifted towards the dark side in some ways, in some very important ways the balance has shifted towards the light.

It may be that the world will simply always be half dark/half light, half good/half evil, and that our purpose here is to differentiate between the two, and then to choose the light, and to fight for it, knowing that dark will always follow in our wake. When Jesus said, "Get thee behind me, Satan," what did he mean? Was it, perhaps, I cannot eliminate you from the world, Satan, but I can choose not to make you my focus. I can choose hope over despair, good over evil, heroes over villains. Get thee behind us, Satan. Get thee behind us, Hitler, Stalin, Slobovan Milosevic. As the old spiritual says, "I ain't gonna study war no more."

And now, Vaclav Havel, Raoul Wallenberg, Abraham Lincoln, Martin Luther King, Joan of Arc, Elizabeth Fry, get thee where I can see you, know you, be inspired by you, believe once again in the human race, believe in myself, believe that life is meant to be beautiful, and that it is not absurd, but, on the contrary, rich with meaning and with promise.

Famous in Russia
Julian Meredith Olsen

On March 30, 1997, I embarked on a journey to another country to host an English Camp. I taught in classrooms and spread the word of God to people who had never been exposed to the writings or teachings of Jesus Christ. The months of learning a religious performance and various words and phrases in Russian did not nearly prepare me for the effect that trip had on my faith, my outlook on life, and my heart. I realized how spreading the word of God should be done through actions, not only by using words. I realized that sacrificing my time and anything I possibly hold onto the bar and manage to stand; the woman couldn't speak her language, nor she mine, yet she thanked me.

My hands are wide at the bottom
And narrow at the top.
"Musically inclined" is what my palmistry book says.
But small, chubby hands
That barely span the octave
And short, stubby fingers
Not willing to move through Mozart's trills
Make me wonder.
After thirteen years, the left hand (traitor)
Still refuses to play viola with vibrato
Or shift to third position with any grace
And the fingers will not reach
Across the guitar's five strings.
My mother must have known.
She taught me to sing.

Pam VanDenBroek

Over and Under
Michael Schultz

Over the lips, under the table,
I'm not able,
To speak a decent sentence,
To be a fool's apprentice,
I just lie here in a stupor,
Feeling kind of super,
Feeling kind of low.
Under the table, up in the sky,
Don't know why ...
I feel like I'm small
Am I here at all?
Am I the tail of a comet,
Or someone soiled in vomit?
I just don't know.

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The Promethean Fall 1998

Pam VanDenBroek

Another Stubby Bomar
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