12-1-1997

Brad's Poem

Karen Thompson
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/vol6/iss1/20

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.
Brad's Poem

Do we keep our memories when we die, 
Or do they die too? 
Do you remember me in Heaven 
As I remember you? 
We were friends on earth, 
But for one year only. 
Without your laugh and smile, 
I'll be very lonely. 
When I met you, Brad, I knew 
That you would be my friend. 
But now you’re gone, one day in June. 
Those times have come to an end.

Karen Thompson

So do not fear, for I am with you. 
do not dismay, for I am your God. 
I will strengthen you and help you. 
I will uphold you with my 
righteous hand.

Isaiah 41:10

calligraphy by Beth Balliet

Moment

A rainbow crisp with color fashions 
radiant contrast with somber skies. 
Heavy rain and foreboding clouds embody 
struggling rays to enliven winter’s hue. A 
muted rainbow effects a kinship with the 
first. Time is proven irrelevant to the 
captivated senses. A moment never captured, 
perfectly designed. Rainbows gently fade. First 
the pale complexion, until once clear shades, 
only a shadow, return to Heaven. Fleetingly 
calm, passionate and perfect; give praise.

Kara Gsell

You Aren’t Listening Anyway

I can think of anything to write so 
will just type forever even if 
saying anything but always saying so 
much just because I want to listen to 
much about myself. They have 
want to tear what has stood with 
them after all they live every 
second as themselves, just like lives 
who am I to expect them to care about what I think.

Jonathan Fisk