

Two Poems by Elizabeth A. Schultz  
Oread MM, Lawrence KS

## Konza Prairie

September 15, 2001

The prairie swept me away, wave upon wave  
Of green, rising and falling in the mist.  
I paused, spindrift on a limestone crest,  
To let the prairie float me, dissolved,  
Out to the distant edge, then dash me back  
To this hard point, where sky and land  
Conspired to pin me under a glare of silence  
In the turning and aching world, permitting me  
At last to descend into a trough of flowers.



*Coil pots, hand-built and carved by Janet Lowe,  
Central Philadelphia (PA) MM. Photo by John  
Carlano.*

## Meanwhile

In Sarajevo's Sniper Alley,  
He took his seat at dusk,  
The cello set before him.  
Embracing it like a lover,  
He played by heart, music  
Slipping through crevices  
Of walls and souls.

In Cambodia's killing fields,  
She was beaten for insolence,  
Murmuring a song of nostalgia  
And swinging her machete,  
Like a golden scepter.  
Afterwards as bodies filled  
Ditches, she danced in her  
Dreams: Remembering how  
Lovely Queen Neang Seda,  
Held captive by ogres,  
Terrorized by fire,  
Swiveled on one foot,  
Holding truth and beauty  
Aloft in her arms  
Like a chalice.

In Palestine's Ramallah,  
Mothers send their children  
Down the dusty road to school;  
In Jerusalem, wives kiss  
Their husbands farewell  
As they hop the bus to work.  
On the flaming towers  
of Troy, Andromacha held  
Her giggling baby boy  
Up to the sky  
For all to see.

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