

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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