

A PRETTY MÄRCHEN

by

Beth L. Mügge
Engl./Ger. Senior

Brüderchen, I loved you best when I was little too.
(Our hair was blonder then, our eyes were blue.)
At nights I lay in bed and hummed my wordless hymns to
you.
(I prayed to God that I could be like you.)
The pillow underneath my head was soft and white as you.

Jesus loves me, this I know,
For my daddy told me so.
Little girls to him belong,
They are weak but he is strong.

Brüderchen, I loved the little treehouse that you made.
(The elms above let down the coolest shade.)
When you took off to go to school, that's where I stayed and
played.
(I listened for your voice beneath the shade.)
So high above the ground like that, I never felt afraid.

Jesus loves me, God does too,
So does Daddy, so do you.
Little girls to him belong,
They are weak and he is strong.

Brüderchen, I loved the little doll you gave to me.
(She wore her hair in satin bows, like me.)
On winter afternoons, we sat indoors and had our tea.
(While you still went outside, still climbed the tree.)
When Dolly cried, I tore her hair and saved the bows for
me.

Jesus doesn't care, I guess,
Jesus never wore a dress.
Little girls just don't belong.
He is right; they must be wrong.

Brüderchen, I loved . . . ACH, VERDAMMT NOCH MAL!

Brüderchen, I heard you in the church again today.

(Your hair is browner now, your eyes are gray.)

You said we must not be afraid, the King is on his way.

(But only kids play kings and queens these days.)

I bowed my head and prayed that you might grow up too,
someday.

Jesus loves me, this I know,
That's the way the Märchen go.
Little girls grow up somehow;
Life's not quite so scary now.

And Brüderchen, I loved you worst when I was little too.

SMILES

by

Rick Dirks

English Junior

Lacquered white braced smiles
Curled wide
Above button-down collars
And kept in Calvin Klein pockets
When turning corners.

Nacreous white parading smiles
Feeding each other
Always thinking
Always wanting something
And usually getting it.