

1995

The Canon, 1995

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THE CANNON

1995

THE CANNON

Poetry & Art 1-18



Thanks to God. May
His name be praised.

Thanks to all those who
submitted. Apologies to
those that didn't get their
submissions printed.

You guys (gals) rule!

Peace from the crew:

Chuck Van Drunen

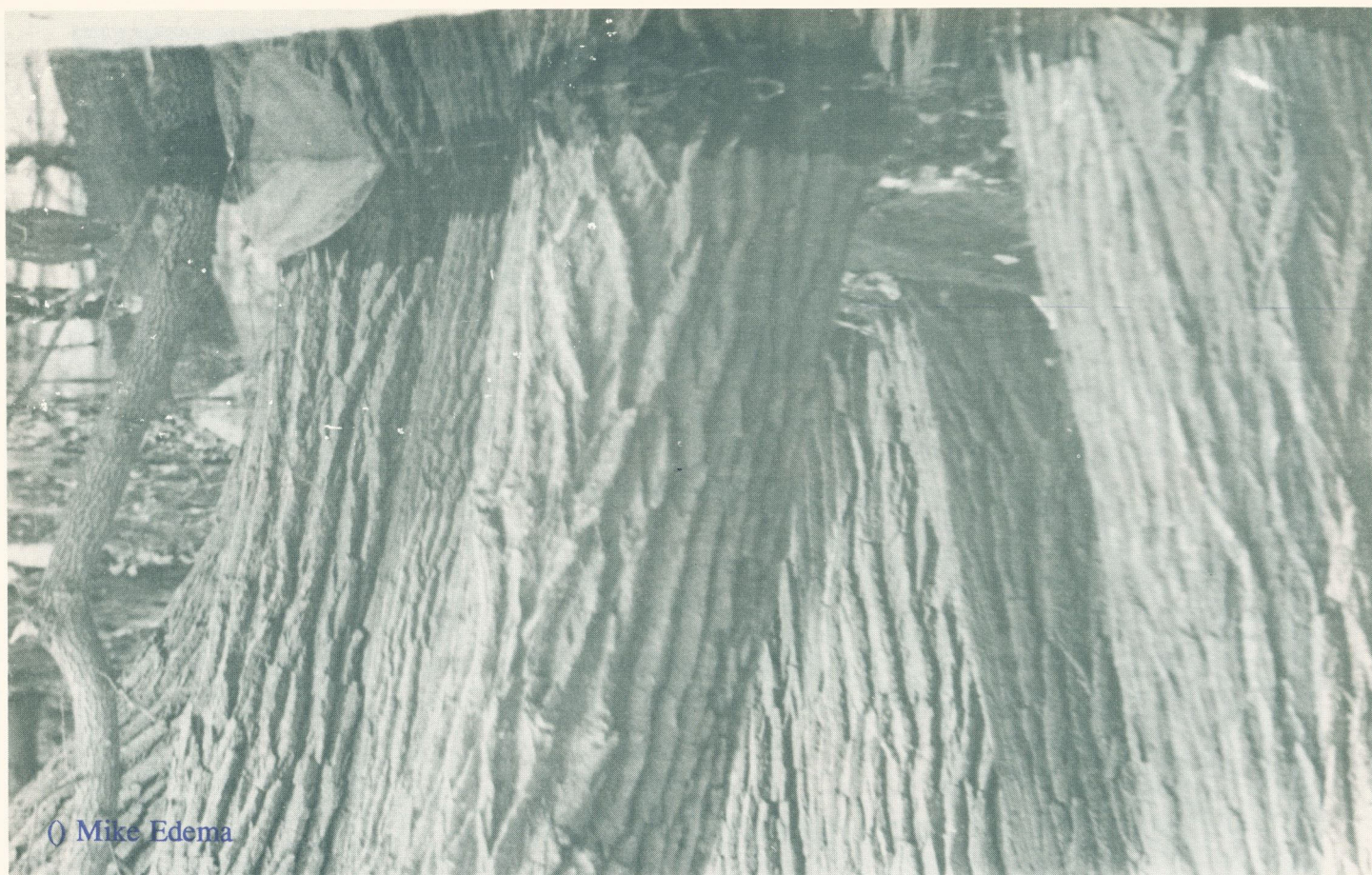
Sonja Jongsma

Ryan Vanderplaats

Luke Schelhaas

Drawing () Jeff Gesh





Amigas

She climbed up on the granite grasshopper,
then reached to help me up.
Blowing streams of soapy bubbles,
we loved to make them pop.
Rainbow headbands in our hair,
we colored on our placemats.
We both avoided broccoli
but loved to eat our carrots.
When we passed the vendor man,
we begged my dad for churros.
And then we hugged, I said good-bye
and she said "Adios."

() Heather Hamilton

THE EPITOMY OF SUNDAY AFTERNOON-NESS

lying here lazy
on soft cream warmth
thick, deep comfort
enfolds me with gentle arms,
satisfies my restlessness
and dips me a deep draught
of satisfaction
that tingles through my body
as I sip and stretch luxuriously

() Sonya Jongsma



Photo () Henry Bakker

The Cannon



TIME'S BOUNDARIES

Oh, to be free of this time.

Daily condemned to walk the trails of life.

Never leaving the set path of fate,

To always use time the same.

To continuously have a beginning and end.

Yes, always sure of an end to a beginning.

Having a destiny,

Not knowing infinity.

But to have unnecessary time

To be able to know things untouchable,

Indescribable, unreachable otherwise.

This would be worthwhile.

The ultimate freedom, is to have not time.

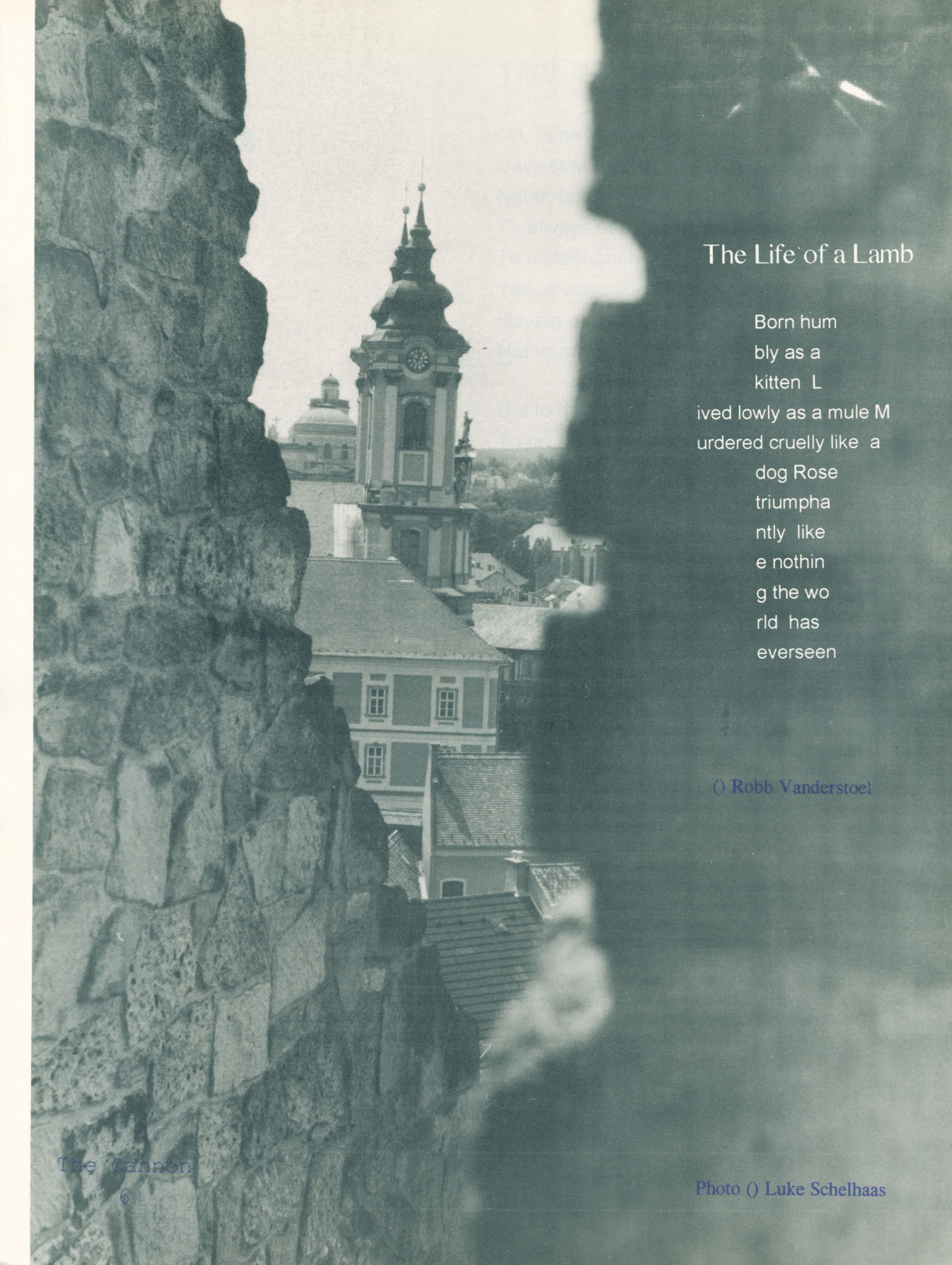
() Matthew Dana Perkins

DENIAL

I threw away my life
And caught myself

Smiling

() Brian Huseland



The Life of a Lamb

Born hum
bly as a
kitten L
ived lowly as a mule M
urdered cruelly like a
dog Rose
triumpha
ntly like
e nothin
g the wo
rld has
everseen

() Robb Vanderstoef



One less paper to the nursing wing

chlorine, disinfectant, bleach,
can't cover the smell of decay
the presence of death

squeak of my soles
on immaculate tiles
a reminder
of steps they will never take
the door they will never leave.

Photo () Brian Huseland

() Henry Bakker

Billboard

White and empty and for some reason brightly lit, boasting an out-of-service eight hundred number I tried calling on my car phone, wondering why you light up an empty billboard. In front of which, three leaning telephone poles, clustered from my perspective, crossed, also out of service. Drooping now dry wires and resting dark birds, they stand where cables run below the earth: buried. In this darkness, foreground and background, black on white, stand in contrast. The triplicate silhouette reminds me of Golgatha near dawn: heavy and empty.

The accidental icon is behind me now and metaphors spring into my mind. Thoughts of space for rent: a dirty world and someone paying the price, leaving it clean; someone not selling anything, advertising whiteness, brightly lit nothing, clean, to enter into cleaned

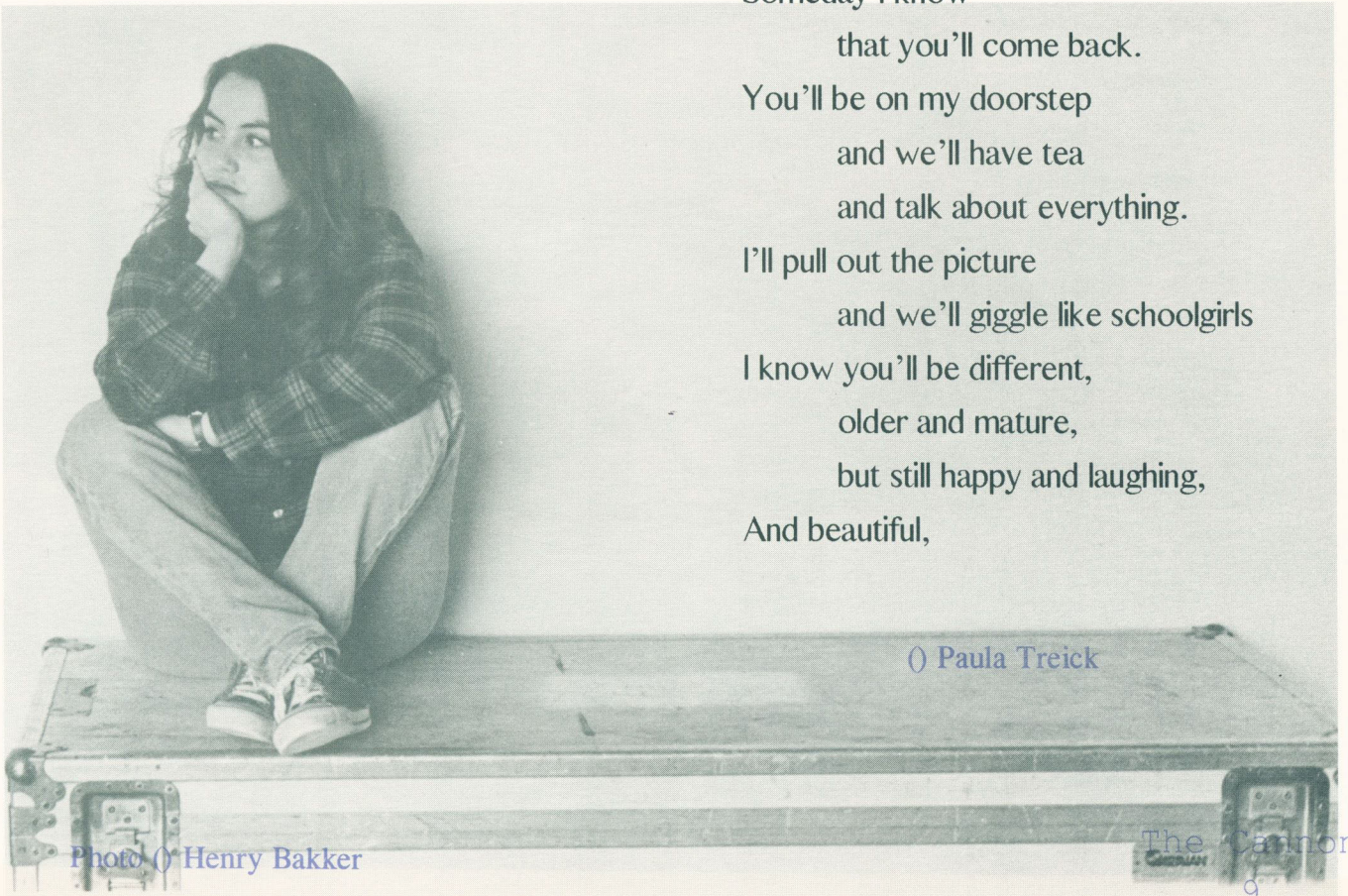
() Luke Schelhaas

I've got you with me,
here in my pocket
next to my driver's license,
behind the cheap plastic
that's falling apart.
Everytime I open my wallet,
it's your face I see.
The picture is old,
outdated,
tattooed with my fingerprints.
But you're beautiful,
so beautiful.

Sometimes I show you to people
and I can't hide my grin,
Because I'm so proud of you.

Someday I know
that you'll come back.
You'll be on my doorstep
and we'll have tea
and talk about everything.
I'll pull out the picture
and we'll giggle like schoolgirls
I know you'll be different,
older and mature,
but still happy and laughing,
And beautiful,

© Paula Treick





Light in the Night

The star fell down from the skies,
Her track was snowy white,
I didn't know that I could fly
Until I saw the light,
The light when I was crucified
Upon the dark of night

Too bad that people don't see
That now I am a part of thee.

() Konstantine Kekhaev

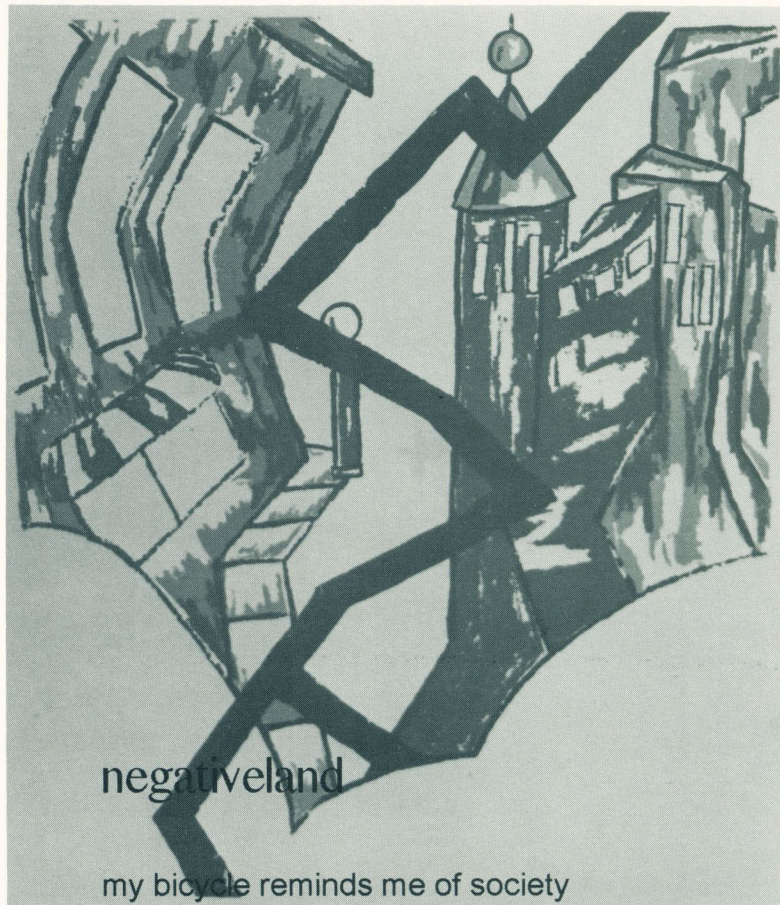


() Carol Vaandrager

Girl

Though his mind reels and thrashes,
his body stands like a stone.
Breath comes quickly,
in small shallow gulps,
then not at all.
A bursting chest screams out (air!)
and he gasps twice,
fighting concrete lungs
somehow frozen by Venus
into cold Medusa stone.
Words scramble around, tumble,
smash into walls and die.
His mouth creaks open and from the
imbroglio within spills voice.
“Hi”, he gurgles at her.
She smiles and walks by,
leaving him cursing himself through
suddenly loosened lips.

() Laryn Bakker



negativeland

my bicycle reminds me of society

(this is no matafore of deep meaning about colors)
it is not that the steerers are red and body is black
it is not that the tires are wrinkly and all bent out of shape
it is not that there is rust on the shiny parts
and i don't think it's that it is all scratchced up and the
seat has no owwie pillows
i just can't figure out when the dumbheads come walking wobbly
with red faces and black yucky on their shoes
that they kick and the wrinkly tires tires and barf in any shape
seeming that all their shiny parts have got rusty and theyareallscratchcedup
and have no owwie pillows for their sore tummies and ears.
maybe that is why my bike cut its chain
ran up a tree
and hided
on the other side of the playbox.



Jeff

I stand faceless,
Back turned to the glowing redness of the life giving sun.
Where do I go from here?
The scattered colours of confusion lead me black, shadowy path of
loneliness.

The soft red sun goes down below the horizon.
But does not invite me to follow.
And so the shadow stretches,
The path grows longer,
And I shuffle on.

"Take a bow the night is over"

The show is done and there's no need to be clever.

The masks come off; the real you sets in—

All alone with yourself.

In the dark there's no one to fool;

Just in the Sunlight—that's the sole rule.

How long will it last, will it go on for good?

Your facade is wearing thin.

Tomorrow again you'll place the masks on,

which one will you choose, your true feelings are gone.

They're hidden deep, far from the surface—

No chance of getting free.

Take a bow, your life is over.

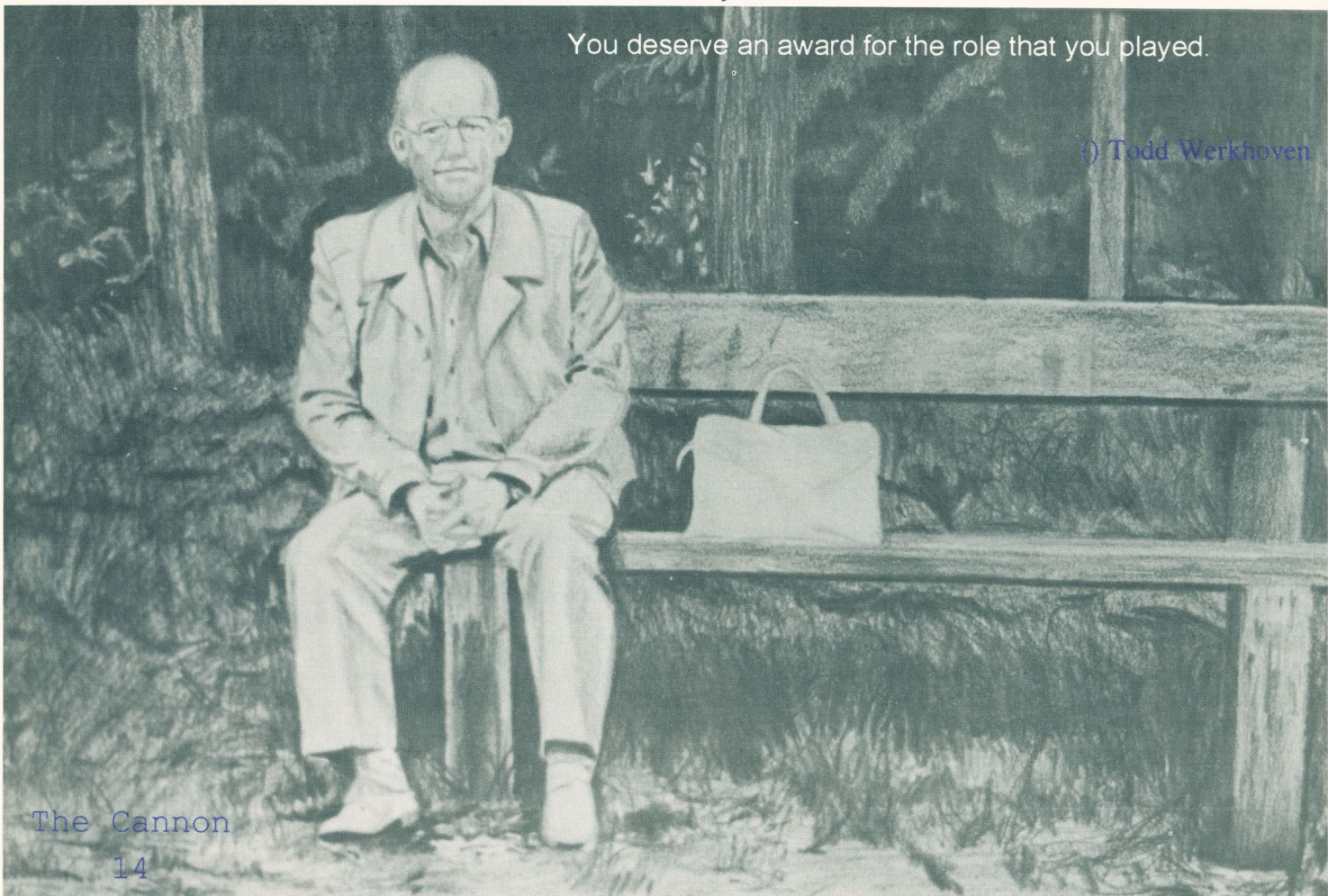
And what are you left with—were you so clever?

"You" never were, stifled by pressure.

All alone to your death.

You deserve an award for the role that you played.

Drawing () Monique Sliedrecht



() Todd Werkhoven





© Monique Sliedrecht

ONLY BEGOTTEN

1

(Son)

Of Man/of God

Who from this sorry clod

Wept, and wept: His hands, in bleeding sovereignty,

Spanned galaxies in star torn sweeps of agony

He conquered

Death

© Brian Huseland

Named

My name is written in the book
where once the name of Lucifer was writ
in royal hand.

That angel's name has been erased
the angel, too, who took ill fame:
once a royal, now a wicked name.

The license that, in heaven, Satan took
when he rebelled—I, too, have taken it
and lost my hand.

But he that one high name debased,
on mine and me has made a claim:
once a wicked, now a royal name.

One name most glorious was debased,

() Luke Schelhaas

Photo () Mike Edema

