
Pro Rege

Volume 7
Number 2 *Special Arts Issue*

Article 5

December 1978

Beginning

Carol Van Klompenburg
Dordt College

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcollections.dordt.edu/pro_rege



Part of the [Creative Writing Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Van Klompenburg, Carol (1978) "Beginning," *Pro Rege*: Vol. 7: No. 2, 10.
Available at: https://digitalcollections.dordt.edu/pro_rege/vol7/iss2/5

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by the University Publications at Digital Collections @ Dordt. It has been accepted for inclusion in Pro Rege by an authorized administrator of Digital Collections @ Dordt. For more information, please contact ingrid.mulder@dordt.edu.

Befogged

Not little cat-footed
But giant panther-pawed
The phantom springs
Engulps me whole

The road fades
Disappears
Behind white-belly walls

And I'm afraid
I am no Jonah

The Remnant

Alone in the city,
I try the church doors.
They are locked.

As I turn down the street,
A car slows at my side.

Remembering yesterday's news,
I walk faster,
My face a dead mask,
My eyes straight ahead.

Then he pulls to the curb,
Leans over,
And says to my back,
"Miss, the doors open
In half of an hour."

As I turn in surprised,
"Thank you, Sir,"
He smiles back.

Beginning

I caught you looking
Waved and smiled.
You smiled back
And fell in step.

But when your black hand
Brushed my arm
(A courtesy
While mounting stairs)

I started.

Forgive me.