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Odd Exchange: From Ascension Day to Pentecost

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Odd Exchange: From Ascension Day to Pentecost

Bob De Smith

Our Flesh Ascends,
Breathes Air
From who knows where,

While Spirit,
Unearthly Breath,
Falls and Speaks
Without Diminishing,
Here or There.

The Old Professor Discovers the Sweet Egg of Discontent

Dave Schelhaas

A small boat moves across his line of sight,
one fisherman in the stern, one in the bow,
each holding a fishing rod.
They are working the weed line—as he has done
a hundred times—trolling so slowly
they seem hardly to be moving at all,
so quiet, powered by an electric motor,
they seem almost unreal, ethereal as a cloud.

“What contentment they must feel on this
perfect summer day,” the old professor
said to himself, but then he recalled
what it felt like to be fishing—the restless
anticipation, the subtle discontent that
sat in the heart until, wham, a walleye
hit your bait, then the blood-rush of excitement
as you reeled it in and finally, perhaps, contentment,
but more likely only an almost frenzied