

MOD LIT 101

Your choice, I said, a poem, essay, play.
Use any form you wish, just keep it fresh.
The subject's been abused enough, so say
Your feelings in a thought-provoking way.

Distaste and boredom surfaced in their eyes.
"Ms. Moss, that's hackish unexciting stuff."
"Too blah." "No meat," were some of the replies.
Consider it a challenge in disguise:

You'll have to dig and search with inside light,
Recycle slag, repolish dulling ore
With diamond grit until it's blinking bright.
I longed to see one pair of eyes ignite.

They sighed. The subject I assigned was peace,
Man's old recurring dream, his anguished cry,
His noblest aim. My students grumped like geese.
I hoped their finer senses would increase.

This theme might be the turning point, I thought.
They have the raw material to forge
Beyond sci-fi and gothic romance caught
Between truth pangs and all those myths they bought.

And yet they chose antithesis: They wrote
Of war. As though the obverse scene would burn
A better image of the goal. I quote:
"The script for peace is lost," said one footnote.

--Glenna Holloway