



Creative Writing

MW 5301



Shelob

She weaves her web with utmost care,
Sticky bridges to despair.
Promising connections deep,
Provides instead a waking sleep.

Make-up tips, the perfect dress,
Flawless image, all success.
Comparison her venom sweet:
Facebook, Instagram and Tweets

Other victims cannot move,
Sultry scenes become a groove.
Flashing screens throughout the night,
Wrapping up her quarry tight.

Where is the star of Eärendil,
Lighting truth of what fulfills?
Or Sting to stab her deep within,
And hack the web of silent sin?



This a poem to my daddy,
whom I think of often,
whose lonely genius imprinted my soul.
Mischievous, melancholy, manic—
which one would daddy be today?
Bipolar— an unknown word
that killed two marriages
and alienated your younger daughter.
Later, trips to the mailbox beginning in college—
would it be a whimsy poem to be read aloud?
or nostalgic verse through the fog of memory?
Years passed, now in a wheelchair chained to oxygen.
Yet freedom in Christ
restoring what locusts had eaten.
As Grandpa, quirkiness remained
without the temper—
long conversations as you whittled
still perusing the dictionary for fun.
Ten years have passed since your death.
How I wish you were here now
to talk to another prodigal.
Most likely you would say we all
must eat pig slop out of our own trough
before we understand.
So, I write this for hope, for redemption
for you daddy.
I miss you.



They call her mini-me.

Yet, while I brew coffee at 4am, to-do list in hand,

she bounds onto my bed at 9pm, eager for conversation.

I introduced her to *Sound of Music* and *Les Mis*.

She taught me *Waitress* and *Dear Evan Hansen*.

We belt out those and more on her college road trip.

“You just don’t understand. Things are different for my generation!”

Word for word from my own diary.

“Leave me alone!” “Mom, I need a hug!”

“It is time for you to grow up!” “Where has the time gone?”

I will miss that piece of myself next year.



I welcome readers inside my red and white canvas tent.

The vivid verb somersaults to seize the concrete noun mid-air.

The spectators gasp as the adverb slowly falls to net.

All of the prepositional phrases stampede in the tent around my ideas.

I control them, only to grab my chair and whip the clichés back into their cages.

Do I need to ask red-nosed whimsy to alleviate the tension?

This ringmaster yearns for a short break from this circus.