



3-15-1991

Mail Order Brides / Blithe Spirit

Carl Stanislaus

Follow this and additional works at: <https://dc.swosu.edu/westview>

Recommended Citation

Stanislaus, Carl (1991) "Mail Order Brides / Blithe Spirit," *Westview*: Vol. 10 : Iss. 3 , Article 29.
Available at: <https://dc.swosu.edu/westview/vol10/iss3/29>

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by the Journals at SWOSU Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Westview by an authorized administrator of SWOSU Digital Commons. For more information, please contact phillip.fitzsimmons@swosu.edu.



Mail Order Brides

Succinct

By Carl Stanislaus

Three little grls in grown-up clothes,
guaranteed virgins by the farmers' news!
trusting in letters on brown paper wrap;
far from home and friends and family.

Marsha Jo, clutching close a carpet bag
containing a dim photo of her intended.
Men have many masked and fickle faces,
but she, herself, is not at all as advertised!

Mary Lou, beside boxes bound by twine,
teeth clenched, determined to make her way
come hell or high water, but then
she had experienced all that before.

Sweet Amy—innocent, faint, and fair—
carrying a cage and a canary bird.
Once a servant, but not free—
tired, homesick, hungry, and crying.

The train pulled away leaving them all alone
on the barren and browning prairie flats.
Will their betrothed ever appear? Oh,
why did they leave their friends and family? *

Blithe Spirit

By Carl Stanislaus

Who is it that lightly dances,
radiant, winsome on her way?
Like a child, and yet a woman,
Whom does she give her heart this day?

Does she know of her fair, young beauty,
a joy forever for all to see?
As she goes, could she ever
give a smile, a glance to me?

What providence has sent her,
what chance to guide her on this way?
Does she seek a true love,
or will she quickly fly away?

She touches my hand, and I am smitten—
I'll remain her slave forever.
My life, my soul, and my ambition
shall never be the same! *

Designed by Marc Williams