

## Three Poems

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*Winner of the 2024 Gladys Boen Scholarship*

#### **7am breakfast**

Three women—college students—  
Met that morning before dawn.  
One of the friends had a kitchen  
Just large enough for the three of them.  
The other housemates were still sleeping,  
But that didn't keep the three from making  
Blueberry lemon waffles.  
They chatted softly at first.  
With quiet smiles and hushed steps,  
They filed in and began what each was good at.  
One cleaned as one mixed as one made coffee.  
They enjoyed the sounds of cupboards closing  
And of clinks and clicks of utensils,  
As each part did its work.  
There was no rush,  
But they finished soon enough.  
Light streamed in through the kitchen door and

Stretched to warm the women's feet  
Under the kitchen table.  
They sat close in the nook,  
Each silently grateful for the others—  
Thankful for this simple morning  
Set aside for simple joy.

**You must whisper this poem**

Hope, grief, and other necessary things  
Have little bearing  
To the one without hands free to serve  
Without eyes that really see  
Without tears that tell the truth:  
*I can't do this on my own.*

## Ego

Every creator has a bit of an ego.

All just a little pretentious, saying we've created something no one created before or has ever been capable of the unique genius housed in our delicate skulls.

Because we're unique. Which we are.

But I am not naive enough to believe that I could create something no one has ever dreamed of.

You can call me a cynic or a fool, I don't mind.

I suppose I believe that we are all uniquely created for a specific purpose, perhaps one that only I can carry out, God as my strength.

But to *do* or *be* or *create* something no one has before?

That I believe has only happened once, when there was nothing, and in the glorious splendor of a few words, there was everything.

And when it happened, the Creator's creation screwed everything up so badly—

and he even offered a way for things to be new again, at his own cost—

and yet he's the one who gets screwed in the process:

He doesn't get credit for his work.

But for a creation so beautiful, and intimately known, he can't help but love them.

It's only his nature.

For me to assert my creative genius as a mark of my own authority in this world is pure comic—a worm has the same right to claim such a thing next to me, but who would believe him?

When we create, we use *his* materials and *his* motifs.

We use land and seas and air to create worlds,

or maybe skies and galaxies and clouds, even if we name them different things.

We use humans and animals and hybrids and mutants—things the world has never seen—

But, with the DNA he created and wrote into existence.

We write symphonies with his molecules and sound waves and essence of beauty.

All we do is plagiarize.

We sure create some beautiful things with His materials . . .

It makes sense if we are some of those materials . . .

If I resign myself to that, it takes the pressure off.

We sure create some beautiful things.

This is me, citing my sources.

**Maren Schettler** is a senior studying English, music, and political science. She loves the outdoors and enjoys camping and hiking with friends and family. While in school, there is no end to her frustration with the lack of leisure reading time. Her boxer dog Pacha is her favorite reading buddy.