Winter 1979

For the Teacher

Mary Grunwald

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Poetry by Mary Grunwald and Ute Reich

Mary Grunwald and Ute Reich were women's studies students at the Kennedy Institute of American Studies, Free University of Berlin, in the summer of 1978. Grunwald, 36, writes poems and journalism; makes linoleum block prints, a sample of which appears on this page; and works in community politics. Reich, 50, wrote two novels (still in the drawer) before her marriage and published short stories in the sixties. She has two grown children and is vice-chairman of the Deutscher Staatsbürgerinnen Verband, a traditional German women's organization. As a result of the term's encouragement, she has started writing again.

For the Teacher

Rummaging through my images
Looking for something you'd like
And be like, to give you.
Not the missionaries, too many
Misunderstandings; but something of
that.
Not Jesus and his news agency,
Too irascible; but something of that.
Oh here, the original hot lunch
program,
Loaves, fishes, something of that.
Better, the bread by itself.
Let it be your own favorite
Hot white from Second Avenue,
Dixie pone, steamed Boston brown,
bagel,
Wholewheat healthnut natural or even
Limp all-American lunchbox slab—
Whatever you love. You be the bread
And there you are by the lake
Five loaves only, remember, the
thousands
Pouring in hungry, hold it, wasn't
This supposed to be a desert.
And marvelously you are enough
You go around blessing the bellies
Telling them, You are full now
(Your quarrels are beautiful
Your poems will be patched up)
Go nourish the rest of the body.

Everyone is satisfied. The big moon rises.
One committee collects leftovers in
baskets
Another organizes buddy-groups for the
skinny-dip.

Mary Grunwald (30 June 1978)