



Mary-Lane Kamburg

Distinguished Kansas Poet

- [E-mail](#)
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Mary-Lane Kamburg is a professional writer, with seven published books and hundreds of articles. She has won numerous awards for her poetry from the Ozark Creative Writers, Missouri Writers Guild, Oklahoma Writers' Federation Inc., Missouri State Association of the National League of American Pen Women, Kansas City-Westport branch of the National League of American Pen Women, Nob Hill-San Francisco branch of the National League of American Pen Women, Missouri State Poetry Society, Springfield Writers' Guild, and Potpourri Magazine's Council on National Literature.

Kamburg's poetry has appeared in several anthologies including: *Times of Sorrow Times of Grace* (Backwaters Press, 2006), *Water and Rock* (Mid-America Press, 2005), *Sacred Feathers* (Adams Media, 2003), *Beginning from the Middle* (Whispering Prairie Press), *Handprint in the Woods* (Whispering Prairie Press) and *The Season of Light* (Whispering Prairie Press).

Her poetry has also appeared in: *Byline*, *Cicada*, *Coal City Review*, *Kansas City Star*, *Kansas City Voices*, *Mediphors*, *Mid-America Poetry Review*, *Mythic Circle*, *Poems That Thump in the Dark*, *Potpourri*, *Prism Quarterly*, *Rant*, *SlugFest*, *Sunflower Petals*, *Thirteen Poetry Magazine*, *Writer's Journal*.

Just Words

National Archives

in the beginning was the word

a sound not heard
but carved in stone
Sumerian clay
and Chinese wood

word etched on glass
quilled and scrolled
and sealed

law above king

pen above sword
word penciled on foolscap
inked on parchment

in the course of human events

word typed
and pressed
electrified

*past is prologue
the written word endures*

Originally published in Potpourri

What Would Jesus Drive?

SUV? Electric car?
What would Jesus drive
if He'd ride instead of walking
and today he were alive?

Would He choose a Mazda, Honda,
Kia, Chevrolet or Ford?
Or would Porsche or Mercedes
be more fitting for the Lord?

Would He like to drive a limo
or a Cadillac that hums
or "make an entrance" driving
six white horses when he comes?

He could drive a donkey cart, of course –
though those are known to jostle –
or a school bus painted with peace signs
with room for each apostle.

Would He prefer a pick-up
or a surrey or sedan?
An ambulance? A Popemobile?
A brown delivery van?

Perhaps a postal service truck
carrying the mail –

Wait!

Jesus was a carpenter.
He would drive

a nail.



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Time

races out the door
in new school shoes
takes stairs two at a time
skips down dusty roads
spends summers in sandals
changes into work boots with steel toes
sloshes in wet galoshes
slogs through bogs
steps out in spit-shined wingtips
dances in black patent leather
ambulates
perambulates
shuffles in worn-out slippers
remembers a long ago place
where no one needed shoes

Originally published in The Mid-America Poetry Review

Because You Asked What My Mother Is Like

Long after the hawk
has ripped flesh
and dive-bombers
have returned to treetops
and telephone wires,

the nestling's mother
still circles
shrieks
pecks at the predator's tail

Originally published in Water and Rock
--an anthology from The Mid-America Press

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