

10-1-2011

After Valentine's Day

William Pearce
College of DuPage

Follow this and additional works at: <http://dc.cod.edu/plr>

Recommended Citation

Pearce, William (2011) "After Valentine's Day," *The Prairie Light Review*: Vol. 33: No. 1, Article 62.
Available at: <http://dc.cod.edu/plr/vol33/iss1/62>

This Selection is brought to you for free and open access by the College Publications at DigitalCommons@C.O.D.. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Prairie Light Review by an authorized administrator of DigitalCommons@C.O.D.. For more information, please contact koteles@cod.edu.

Passion

Heather Armstrong

My Father's calloused fingers
strum passion through metal strings.
My father's mistress with chipped varnish
and a hollow heart, echoes
times when life was less meaningless.

The solid black plastic pick
waits on the table
hoping to be held
to emphasize the metallic ting
of loneliness that longs to be lyrics.

Six keys adjusting the sound,
to tune the feelings
that are found, on pages
of *Beatles* anthems,
and *Eagles* ballads
he sings like hymns.

Each song a faded picture
of a time that's past,
when passion wasn't just a word.
It was his ambition.

After Valentine's Day

William Pearce

You seem, to me, far prettier
the morning after Valentine's Day,
minus the makeup, *au naturale*,
as the douchebags say. That's when
you smell like air that tastes
fresh cucumber wet, and heavy,
full of water vapor rising from
too-warm-for-February evening's
snowmelt. That is when you look
the most like you, technically. Please
remember- You are my favorite one.
There is not a close second.