

Fall 12-1-2016

Met A Girl

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Recommended Citation

Whitworth, Tricia (2016) "Met A Girl," *The Prairie Light Review*: Vol. 39 : No. 1 , Article 23.
Available at: <http://dc.cod.edu/plr/vol39/iss1/23>

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Met A Girl

Alone and uninspired,
 Poet takes a walk.
Nothing seems extraordinary,
 everything is ordinary.
Then he sees her,
 lovely girl
smiles straight at him,
 cries hello hello!
Poet says the same
 and at that moment:
sees the sun running
 like yellow yellow yolk,
the sky a cobalt china plate,
 clouds whipped like
whip cream in a cup,
 birds high up looking
like black raisins
 in a blue croissant.
Then –
 the girls walks on and
Poet saunters home,
 stares at the wall,
hungry for a poem.
 Air passes through his ears
(like wind in a tunnel)
 while he sits and muses:
That girl, I know that I
 met her for
a reason but

what could that reason be?

Tricia Whitworth

