Eudaemonic

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Prisca Kim

it is unfortunate that i seem to write best
and encounter most my inspiration
as i drift off to sleep
my body lies slack against the mattress
submerged in the scent of slumber
all the same, thoughts invade my mind
and i am forced with a decision to make:
to choose to let sleep take over my body
and consume these thoughts,
temporary, quotidian,
typical, six-hour, eight-hour-at-best respite
in the land of unconscious, disconnected thought
or to reach over and jot down what in all likelihood are
muddled, incoherent musings,
destined to be mottled with innumerable
grammatical and spelling errata
of which no one will likely lay eyes on,
but as i am my biggest critic,
would provoke a slight sense of embarrassment nonetheless
and i—left to hope that my revising and editing skills
will prove me worthy of eventually unveiling to the public
this potential essay, writing, composition or what have you
sans shame and unease,
all the while entirely aware that if i decide in favor
of the former course of action,
i will be left to bemoan the inevitable death
of these reflections when i wake—
yet i continue to lay, immobile
my breaths already becoming steady,
my muscles already relaxed
it was just me sniffling at that lake, watching the lucky sun set itself in the warm, caring hands of the horizon, where it felt comfort after burning all day—like coming home to a wife.

A couple leaves fell slow like tears, and the grassy distance looked like a silhouette of a man with a stubbled chin—but the clouds divorced him and left.

Many roses littered the lake (laying seductively with that perfume of a real woman with red eye shadow, red lips and a red light beating my heart into frenzied, rhythmic desire),

but not a single dandelion all dolled up for her one prom night (after working all day to be beautiful)

where the rose scents that excited bees and boys

lead to the act that scattered her innocence into the wind

like a child forcing a selfish wish on a selfless woman.

but helpless, groggy, tired and delusional and debating—
my mind becoming increasingly cluttered as i work up my resolve and energy to make sitting up a success and while it is an admittedly bothersome battle of the mind and body irritating, and rather untimely the struggle between the two are but brief; my decision to forego a good night's rest ultimately bestows upon me a sense of relief, and utter fulfillment.