Concrete Canals

Bryan Wysopal
College of DuPage

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

Recommended Citation
Available at: http://dc.cod.edu/plr/vol29/iss2/4

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.
Concrete Canals

Bryan Wysopal

When January decided to be Spring,
I took a journey down the concrete canals,
dark and sleek;
hard onyx slabs pressed into soft, wet earth.

A day lovely and gray
graciously stayed the ticking hand
as I poled my barge down ways that I have known
for the eternity that constitutes my waking years,
making sure as well, to visit
those less noticeably engraved
with the grooves of my tread.

And I thought:
how strange to love and hate a place so!
How my memories,
like light rain
in this Spring-like breeze
spatter the whole of this suburban domain;
da drop here and there,
to solidify my claim—
on the gray shingled rooftops,
and swathes of sickened green;
the leveled, bulldozed hallowed fields,
which were the stage set
for my childish games.

I came at last, to a wide, hard lake
amid a windy place
scarred by progress.
There my black barge rolled to a halt
at the shore of a ruined forest
whose thinning trunks
and colorless heights
could not conceal
the abodes of men
as once they were able.

Here,
a pale green path
cut through brown rushes
and turned away
out of sight
affording a brief moment
to suspend my disbelief
and pretend again
that where it led
was enchanting, mysterious
and wholly undiscovered.