Send Rover Over

Tricia Marcella Cimera

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Send Rover Over

for Duncan

Soon after Old Rover
    passed on,
called up to heaven,
    to romp endlessly,
his mistress bought
    a new dog
to stay by her side
    now the old was gone.
She didn’t know
    that Rover had
found his was back,
    through murky clouds,
past stars hanging low,
    to his home,
to the one he loved best.
    He sat at the door,
barking and begging
    to be let back in;
his mistress shivered,
    her ears pricked,
she didn’t know why.
    Finally the new dog
told Rover firmly,
    with a low growl,
*The bed is warm,*
    *the food is fine,*
*she is still kind,*
    *but I am here now;*
*your time is over.*
    Back to heaven
the old dog paddled,
    past sparkling stars,
through radiant clouds,
    to chase a stick
that once found
    was replaced by another.
To catch a ball
    that once caught
became yet another.
Forever thrown
by an unseen hand,
over and over.

I Know It To Be This

I know it to be vague
Tasteless and opaque.
Blind are we or is there nothing to look upon
Without feeling blue, we speak in once upon's.

I know there to be peaceful silence
Beyond the shore of scheduled chance
Sought like a place on a map from any age, an end to confusion
Tile, calcium, and a cerebral contusion.

Horseplay, stairs, a child's skull filled with temper
Complete the chain, you will not get what you're after.
Preschool hallucinations bring ideas beyond your grasp
Starving for a future's past and something that may outlast
This.

I know something, but I have no one to tell.
Reminiscent in remission, memory maintains this dry spell
With so many rafts, but no flood to use them
Life is littered with traps and we're here to abuse them.

I know to keep my barred windows locked with a seal I cannot pry
The guns of infinity are cocked, aimed at a mentality too cocksure to die.
I renounced lords of every form, but still I fear for damnation
A messiah with no portraits brooding endlessly in contemplation.

I know my belt shall not remain securely fastened
Bombarded by the centuries, collectively deafened
Constellations cannot conform once they realize
That they are limitless, they are the night skies
In our wet eyes.

They will leave us some night
Or depart during the day.
At the moment of twilight
There will be nothing to display.