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The Wrecking Yard

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And cottonseeds were in the air.
We felt the soft against our skin
When cottonseeds we gathered in.

At night we’d listen from our beds—
The cottonwood would clap its leaves
When stirred by just a little breeze

While in the moonlight we could see
That other continuity,
Our other friend, the front yard tree.

I have an early memory
Of trees that graced our childhood home,
Of two tall trees that stood alone.”

The Wrecking Yard

The wrecking yard is full tonight
But it won’t be for long
The wrecking yard is full for now
Tomorrow, we’ll be gone
We’re all the things you never knew
You missed- the things you threw away
We’re all abandoned, old and blue
Our life ends here because of you

The wrecking yard is full tonight
Of old machines and busted parts
The wrecking yard is full of stories-
Tales spun deep in hard-drive hearts
Each toy left here was once a friend
But now it seems we’re all but lost
And what it comes to, in the end
Is that our time comes with a cost
They’re hard facts, here, to try and face
But here they are to ponder on-
That we aren’t all just here, misplaced
Maybe now we’ve been replaced,

Or maybe we were never really there for them at all
Or maybe now we’re all a pile of bones, however small

Tonight the wrecking yard is full
Of click-track hearts and old machines
Tonight the wrecking yard is full
The wrecking yard is full of screams
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The crusher runs on overtime
From evening on til dawn
To clear out our assembled line
Tomorrow we’ll be gone

And now it seems we’re all forgotten-
All that’s left is broken dreams
And we weren’t broken, we aren’t rotten
When we got here, we were clean
It seems somehow we’ve lost our purpose
Somehow we’re now obsolete
Once all priceless, now we’re worthless
Things have changed- we can’t compete

The wrecking yard is full tonight
Of old TVs and floppy disks
Of teddy bears and plastic knights
Computers, pots and pans, and whisks
The wrecking yard is full of toys
Of cars, and bikes, and stereos
Piles of phones and broken clocks
Old microwaves and radios
The wrecking yard is full of tales
But soon enough they start to blend
For while they’ve got their own details
Each story has the same sad end

The wrecking yard is full tonight
But it won’t be for long
The wrecking yard is full
But by tomorrow-
We’ll be gone

Close enough to love me
Julie Birkey

I’m not going to let you
close enough to hurt me.
Close enough to throw
my emotions to the wind,
close enough to desert me.

I’m not going to let you
kiss my porcelain face good night
when you walk me to the door
interlock your delicate fingers with mine
when you want to show me off,