

Fall 12-1-2012

## Unspoken Words

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### Recommended Citation

Bestler, Alison (2012) "Unspoken Words," *The Prairie Light Review*: Vol. 35: No. 1, Article 12.  
Available at: <http://dc.cod.edu/plr/vol35/iss1/12>

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## Unspoken Words

Alison Bestler

Streetlights lit the street as I wandered the campus with shadowy buildings lining the road on either side of me. It was quiet; the kind of quiet only found at 2 AM on a Tuesday night. As I continued walking, I turned and headed across the concrete squares towards the fountain. At first, the splash of water was the only noise to be heard. Then, the sound of light footsteps, the graceful steps of a dancer, were added to the flowing water. My heart quickened from excitement, not fear, but I did not let my body betray my feelings. My eyes remained downcast as he fell into step with me. We walked for a few feet further, before his hand found mine and he brought me to a stop. His other hand went to my chin and gently lifted my face so that our gazes finally met. No words were said as we looked into each other's eyes, with all the unspoken words hanging in the air between us.

## Sanctuary

Josh Kunowski

A young man sighs in the moonlight  
This was their sanctuary  
Nothing could harm them here  
Visions of picnics and swimming in the lake flood his mind  
He grabs the cover of the urn  
A tear streaks down his face  
Never again shall he be as free as he was with her  
To love again is a sin  
He takes off the cover  
Her loving touch caresses his suffering mind  
Causing temporary ease  
He turns the urn over  
And she's whisked away in the wind  
To rest forever  
In their sanctuary