

Spring 5-1-2015

Winter Night

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Recommended Citation

Rusky, Steven (2015) "Winter Night," *The Prairie Light Review*: Vol. 37: No. 2, Article 78.
Available at: <http://dc.cod.edu/plr/vol37/iss2/78>

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STEVEN RUSKY

winter night

Daylight is overdue, night impetuous in its dark beauty
 Unaware of the trouble it brings, the thoughts which linger.
 Summer is a distant memory,
 And I can't live for the moments that will never happen.
 Pessimist,
 Is the judgement you make,
 When really you've done more than you realize.
 Don't you get it?
 Don't you see?
 The justice is in the hands of the writer.
 Breaking in, breaking out
 This is not a cry for help
 Merely a perception of myself
 For you out there to see.
 Nostalgia at its best, numbing the world around
 And allowing the cold to settle in nicely.
 Piety comes but once a year,
 To which I avoid it most

Rusky: Winter Night

Because hymns are songs to be sung
 All year round.
 Anticipation cools the daydreams,
 Vulnerability to its highest degree
 But the durability of the soul should consent
 To a moment filled with such sentiment.
 "What kind of sentiments?"
 You ask,
 As you try and justify your ephemeral merriment.
 Questions are not to be asked,
 Now is for letting the aromas carry you
 To a place you know, but are not familiar with
 Because the words cannot transcribe the explications and feel-
 ings and
 The overwhelming rush of...
 And that's where I move on,
 Because it brings no relief to linger on the troubling thoughts
 Which the night brings.

purple
 photography

Samantha Callahan