Iron, Awake

Wes Solether
College of DuPage

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The mud might swallow our shoes, 
and that’s ok, because we don’t need shoes 
with the mud smooching our toes.

I wonder how many bones we trample 
as we progress through the woods, 
the dinosaurs and early humans, 
in some macabre, historically inaccurate diorama, 
must look up at us and wish for more catastrophes.

And somewhere nearby a deal is being made 
with all the Santa effigies and coal-eyed snowmen 
that we’ll push back the calendar 
and make it snow, make it snow all year long.

Walk with me across the plain 
as we observe the grass die 
and the musicians keen their legs 
while eulogists’ little lights send out their reports 
and trickle us towards the copse and clearing 
as if saying, “You have arrived at your destination.”

Make sure to hide this behind a photo: 
I want ‘I love you’ to mean something, 
and that’s a secret for us to keep to ourselves.

Wes Solether