

The Prairie Light Review

Volume 26
Number 2 *Open Mind*

Article 19

Spring 5-1-2006

Verse 187

Matthew Kovich
College of DuPage

Follow this and additional works at: <http://dc.cod.edu/plr>

Recommended Citation

Kovich, Matthew (2006) "Verse 187," *The Prairie Light Review*: Vol. 26 : No. 2 , Article 19.
Available at: <http://dc.cod.edu/plr/vol26/iss2/19>

This Selection is brought to you for free and open access by the College Publications at DigitalCommons@COD. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Prairie Light Review by an authorized editor of DigitalCommons@COD. For more information, please contact koteles@cod.edu.

Young Child

Robert Kulys

Young child do not frown
Weep no more the summer rains
You will grow and shine.

Verse 187

Matthew Kovich

Amidst a sea of stillborn art
I tread water and float
And each of these birth-strangled babes
I've at least somewhat wrote

Poverty

Liz Burns

The Guatemalan
boy plays with his only toy—
fifteen bottle caps.