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Gone

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The sun roasts my scalp as I breathe in the dry desert air. 
Unable to stop the growl in my stomach, 
I hunger for something new. 
The special of the day, confusion and frustration, 
Has become as redundant as night and day. 
A long repetitive process, 
A slice of confusion for breakfast and 
A bowl of frustration for lunch. 
By dinnertime I just can’t stomach any more. 
What I really want is a little piece of mind, 
Perhaps a taste of life. 
What must I do for a menu change?

My brother is gone, 
taken by the demon of today. 
Murdered by the plague 
that claims the lives of many souls. 
It controls them, 
and consumes them, 
and finally it takes them. 
Old souls that are lost to life. 
Young souls that can’t see life. 
All food for the beast. 
All gone.