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Deception

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Deception

— Victoria Marie Vaughan

I once thought
the smoothness of his skin
would be sufficient fuel
to awaken my idle spirit
and bring me to life
again
but after a brief interlude
with a stranger
the only remnants of heart
are the imprints
of a bed sheet
and maybe some mark
of passion
which mock
the wondrous feeling I do not possess
of a warm love
which does not desert in the night
with the stealth of the owl
when the moon threatens to dissolve
bringing back the realities
of the day
when I can no longer
close my eyes
to the fools and sinners.

So then I turned to the unending streets
filled with lovers and liars
celebrating their petty lives
in a frenzy
I drank from their cup
to quench my insatiable thirst
but found
that I much prefer
to drink of the fountain
and delight
in the simplicity
of childhood games
which I can no longer play
without shame
because I could get tangled
in the jump rope
my clumsy legs
awkwardly twisted
how I would have cackled
as a child
to see myself now
desperately trying to find
my way
in the thick forest
and the classroom
and the bedroom
not really knowing
that I was looking
in all the wrong places.