

The Prairie Light Review

Volume 18
Number 2 *Horizons*

Article 41

Spring 5-1-1998

Untitled

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College of DuPage

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Recommended Citation

Hake, Joseph (1998) "Untitled," *The Prairie Light Review*: Vol. 18 : No. 2 , Article 41.
Available at: <http://dc.cod.edu/plr/vol18/iss2/41>

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SILAS CARTER AND MELBA BLUE

rather engrossed, seemed to have completely forgotten Silas sitting beside her. She was ignoring him, and Silas was not at all sure he liked that. "You was cryin' all right"

Oh, this angered Silas downright. This, this girl, this... He wanted to shove her, he wanted to knock her down. Embarrassing him, she was. His fists clenched, even as his eyes welled up again. Silas kicked up the dirt in front of them, destroyed every trace of what he had drawn. Dirt flew everywhere, even in Melba's hair, maybe her eyes. Silas couldn't tell, she sat perfectly still her hands cupping her face. Seeing her like that, something stopped him, made him think, made him feel. And then retrieving the broken twig, he gave her one half, kept the other, and started drawing.

— *Marcella Nowak*

UNTITLED

To a moth

A tree doesn't live
The moth lands
lives
dies

The tree stands unchanged

To a man

The Earth doesn't live
The man is born
lives
dies

The Earth stands unchanged

— *Joseph Hake*