Division By Street

Brian Reedy
College of DuPage

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The Unseen Model

The art students are drawing the live model. They are not drawing her thoughts or her tiredness, her longing for music, herself as a child, the woman she'll be. They see not her anger or her pride in her body. They don't draw the tingle in her cramped leg or the boredom of taking yet one more pose.

By: Serena Niensted

Homesick

A place barely known
bare skin scorched by the sun
lobster girl
complete with claws that snap and tear
bitter on the back of the tongue

Baby sister sleeping
not really a sister
Saunter three houses down to the Knofelt's metal posted light
illuminates the street
but not now

Begin the ritual
slowly, slowly quickening
action figured grip turning
dizzy, never nauseous
rusty splinters tarnish my copper
then, STOP!

For a moment the world spins alone
while I am still
in paralysis
Illinois just across the Mighty river
home, light years away

Division by Street

Standing sultry
in the cold
still air,
as it
clamors,
clings
to your breath.
Changing the mist
to un tarn ished
while
matching the setting
which is
around.
I sense
you
without seeing,
One of the
oblique abilities
taught to
me
by you.
So,
there you
sit
and here
one does remit.
What it is
I am forsaken,
forbidden
to know.
Your white
dress,
a careless
care,
seen from afar.
The wind,
winsome yet winter
playing,
pandering softly
with you.
I hold heartily,
heavily
the same
yearning.
But,
division is between
us
and it figures,
I'm fumbly with
math.
I guess
there
you will remain
unsolvable remainder
until
both our sides
are the same.
Equal.
Reciprocal.

By: Brian Reedy