

Spring 5-1-1995

Untitled

Neil Huffman
College of DuPage

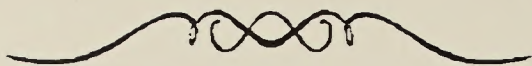
Follow this and additional works at: <https://dc.cod.edu/plr>

Recommended Citation

Huffman, Neil (1995) "Untitled," *The Prairie Light Review*: Vol. 14 : No. 2 , Article 58.
Available at: <https://dc.cod.edu/plr/vol14/iss2/58>

This Artwork 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 orenick@cod.edu.

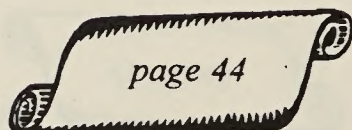
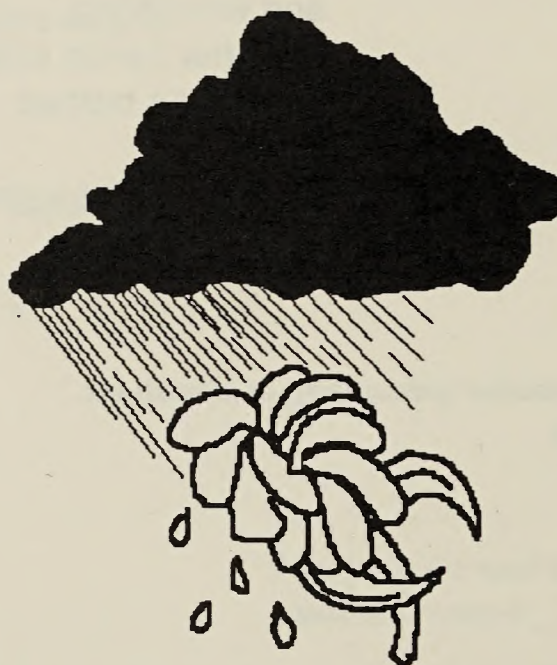
April Rain



It's a warm April evening and I'm sitting here alone,
looking at the picture the window brings.
When I go near I feel a breeze—
cool and gentle hands caressing.
I can smell the faint fragrance of rain that hasn't fallen,
bringing back recollections of things kept close within me;
the smell of rain, a hint of playfulness, a touch of a smile.

I can sense the rain and soon it will come.
Its presence taking me to an ocean not so far away,
the sound of water lapping ceaselessly on the rocks,
the ever-changing hues of green and blue.
Yes, the rain is here and it has brought its memories to me.
My ocean is here as well, its blueness becoming lighter then
darker,
as my mind wanders at the sound of the trickling rain.

By: Suzanne Mendiola



*"We do not remember days, we remember moments."
- Cesare Pavese*