

The Prairie Light Review

Volume 11
Number 2 *Arcade*

Article 41

Spring 5-1-1992

Untitled

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College of DuPage

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Recommended Citation

Dederick, Pete (1992) "Untitled," *The Prairie Light Review*: Vol. 11 : No. 2 , Article 41.
Available at: <https://dc.cod.edu/plr/vol11/iss2/41>

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Walking home in December,
my eyes peered upwards
to a polka dot sky
above my snowbound block;
sleeping for the time was late,
apartment windows lit only sporadically,
approaching ice-bitten smokestacked dawn.

In an evening speckled white
among unravelling blackness
shone a crystal sphere,
stubbornly silent as ancient ages
muttered deep of its anxious core;
so I looked away and up
at a sky laughing out in joy,
beyond all pity or doom.

Each star was a daffodil
growing upside down;
their rays of light,
fingers tenderly touching Earth,
rooted in soils of galaxies
flaring somewhere outside a dream;
or, united was a flat domain,
connect-a-dots I played with,
drawing polar bears and sea lions
from islands I longed to explore.

Then, again I couldn't help but
be brought down to recognize
how the moon's empty eyes
looked right back into mine.

-Pete Dederick