

# The Prairie Light Review

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Volume 11  
Number 2 *Arcade*

Article 55

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Spring 5-1-1992

## Quotes

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### Recommended Citation

(1992) "Quotes," *The Prairie Light Review*: Vol. 11 : No. 2 , Article 55.  
Available at: <https://dc.cod.edu/plr/vol11/iss2/55>

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the poet like an acrobat  
                                climbs on rime  
  to a high wire of his own making  
and balancing on eybeams  
                                above a sea of faces  
                paces his way  
                                to the other side of day  
                performing entrechats  
                                and sleight-of-foot tricks  
and other high theatrics  
                                and all without mistaking  
                any thing  
                                for what it may not be

LAWRENCE FERLINGHETTI

Laughter is our stuttering  
in a language we can't speak yet. Behind,  
the world made of wishes goes dark. Ahead,  
if not tomorrow then never, shines only what is.

GALWAY KINNELL