Caves at Midnight

Olga Grush
College of DuPage

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

Recommended Citation
Available at: https://dc.cod.edu/plr/vol8/iss2/34

This Selection 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.
CAVES AT MIDNIGHT

Olga Grush

Caves in palisades along rivers, lecherous maggoty moldy purgatories of wickedness, spooked with dripping stalactites and ominous stalagmites abounding in fickleness like snooping ogres bewitched, elated, enjoying the terror of terrified boys at midnight. Here, terrible pirates bury buccaneer booty in the noise and melodeon smoke of paddlewheels churning rivers to foam past fern-fringed entrances to caves; and gamblers deal crooked poker with jeweled-fingered evil intent, aces from the bottom of the pack! And, shot in the head with pearlhandled revolvers by rotten jealous brothel beauties, they lie dead, buried right here in this very cave!

Little boys at midnight want to go home, locked in the dark dank dismal glitter of quartz, silver and gold, the dome overhead full of bats’ velvet flitter. Little boys sneaking out after dark alone in hiding, shiver! Phantoms lurk over graves of Blackbeard, Pegleg, John Silver! Crossbones on their pirate hats, swords unbuckled. Brooking shadows on the jeweled walls, thieves slithering with ghostly chuckle out for revenge at midnight when owls call. Who left behind a cozy bed, warm cookies, hot chocolate, for an old man’s gory tale of adventure? Two scared rookies who only wanted to live the story.