

# The Prairie Light Review

---

Volume 7

Number 2 *Art You Can Dance To*

Article 10

---

Spring 5-1-1988

## Untitled

Bradley Weber  
*College of DuPage*

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

---

### Recommended Citation

Weber, Bradley (1988) "Untitled," *The Prairie Light Review*: Vol. 7 : No. 2 , Article 10.

Available at: <https://dc.cod.edu/plr/vol7/iss2/10>

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](mailto:orenick@cod.edu).



When I dream of you  
by the garden wall  
dancing with the flowers  
singing with the wind  
My heart screams in anguish  
for I cannot be there with you

I am flotsam on a dark sea  
sustained on the surface  
by only a crate  
filled with hope  
A hope that soon I can  
dance with you by the garden wall

For six moons and seven suns  
I have been adrift  
with nothing for pastime  
save for the locket of silver  
which will forever hold the image  
of the day we were wed in the Spring  
The day we first danced by the garden wall

I know I go north  
I hold the morn' sun on the right  
I know not where I am  
for I have no map  
But the current is strong  
and to go north is to return to you  
so we may spin in a lovers' dance  
on the grass beside the garden wall

Another moon has passed  
and the fish tell me  
I am far from my home  
They stay and chat and  
talk of the weather and

ask if there is anything I need  
I tell them a ship would be nice  
The fish tell me there is  
a variety docked on the bottom  
I fear, my love, I will be  
a deck-hand on one very soon

Two more suns have passed  
It is time to say farewell, my love  
I must let go of the crate  
I can no longer hold it

Do not cry, my love  
For we will be together again soon  
and we will forever dance  
in a different garden  
A garden where the flowers never die  
and where the wall will never crumble

*Bradley Weber*