

The Prairie Light Review

Volume 7
Number 2 *Art You Can Dance To*

Article 26

Spring 5-1-1988

Solitude

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College of DuPage

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Recommended Citation

Decelles, Amy (1988) "Solitude," *The Prairie Light Review*: Vol. 7 : No. 2 , Article 26.
Available at: <https://dc.cod.edu/plr/vol7/iss2/26>

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SOLITUDE

Amy Decelles

Only when you threw that brick at the back of my head
Did I realize you didn't love me anymore

We all grow tired of novelties after the first five minutes
And stop playing when we're no longer having fun

As I lay in a heap at the bottom of your closet
Tears stain my clothes and evaporate on the floor
That I was once able to walk on with my head held high

'We can be friends,' you said
I'm sorry, but you owe me too much for me to say
That you are my friend