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Untitled

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Autobiography

My mother bought me a pair of ballet slippers.
I took lessons.
I had pontential.
I've felt the pain of an injured knee, broken heart, a forgotten dream.
An attempt to come back proved to be embarrassin.
I still try jazzing it up on the great stage the great stage of life.

I've read Gibran by candlelight swallowing the emotions he stirs within my heart. Taking his advice. Hemmingway for tears "Marmaduke" for laughs.

I struggle to keep my head up failing swimming lessons turning blue in chlorinated water. Looking out for "number one" as my "blue-eyed boy wonder(ful)" brother always told me.

Pretending to be confident, secure my facade dominating the inferiorities that dwell among the same personality.

I am dancing on the great stage of life. Thank God my performance is seen only once. For I am tired worn down worn out.

I am a lady I was a perfect little lady. I wore lace anklets. pretty blue dresses. and skipped along the sidewalks Long, blonde curls bouncing, I played hopscotch. I always had the giggles. I was a happy child. Illusions of grandeur filled my head, miracles honed for I was woken suddenly by cold, harsh reality biting my nose. I expected a prince gently kissing my lips as in "sleeping beauty." I dream too much.

I am dancing on the great stage of life.
I contemplated jumping off.
I wanted out.
I pray for strength and courage.
I don't wish to go to hell.
Mere existence never satisfies my inner soul.

I've listened to Billy Joel singing about "moving up and moving out." I'd like to try it.

Deep-rooted desires to be better and do better engulf me.

Mediocrity means frustration.

"Can't" never helped anyone achieve their goals. I removed it from my vocabulary.

Reaching, reaching success I yearn for leaves a taste in my mouth. But right now, I'm still dancing on the great stage of life. They call it human nature they say it's the name of the game. Survival of the fittest. I've learned to step on others before they step on me. It is ad. It is fife.

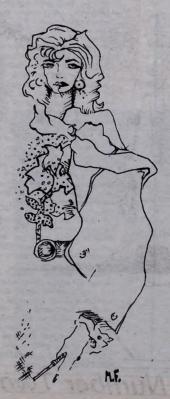
And here I am just doing my routine on the great stage of life eagerly awaiting the future, still expecting miracles. Yet hoping the grand finale is soon. For I'm tired worn down worn out.

by Dawne Jelinek

untitled

The cynical lady lived in a house, with no one to love but herself, roaming the paths of her habitat she started to play a game called go insane, during the day she would crawl into the back of her brain and not come out until the shattered night arrived.

by Mike Mizwicki



LIVING

She trods the wet pavement Cold wind in her hair. Look down. Shuffle past, No one else there. The cruel loneliness Of the thick morning air Speaks to her softly, "There's no one else here." She climbs the dark stairwell She looks for her keys Outside the wind Blows through the trees. She walks past the door And into the room Look down Shuffle past. Yellow eyes gloom Then meow pitifully For lack of some cream. She crawls into bed And tries not to dream.

by Tammy Hardesty