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Untitled

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Autobiography

*My mother bought me a pair of ballet slippers.
I took lessons.
I had potential.
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(full)"
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 hoped 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 sad.
It is cruel.
It is life.*

*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 Jellnek

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 ALONE

*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