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## Living Alone

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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