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## Solo

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*College of DuPage*

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## A SECOND LOOK

*I never really looked at flowers  
till now  
With one hand on my brow  
I sit here wondering how*

*The roses set before me  
Seem so special now*

*They surely weren't arranged  
Somehow I find it strange*

*All but one have bloomed  
That lone bud will open soon*

— Richard Hay, Sr.

## IT ISN'T A FAIRYTALE, BUT IT'S NICE

*It isn't a fairytale.  
Did we ever court?  
It can't be a wedding,  
the guest list is too abbreviated.  
Yet today I will take you,  
nearly for wife,  
perhaps for most of our lives.  
Linger awhile,  
we've special moments ahead,  
memories to create,  
and courses to set.  
Material moderation,  
no lace gown, no church.  
Just we essentials,  
and a speck, even rented,  
peaceful, our somewhere on earth.  
We are each others burden,  
to be carried in bliss,  
as light as true caring,  
eased upward by trust.  
Forever is long,  
longer than I can know.  
Let's deal in tomorrows,  
look  
one's already here!  
So today I will take you,  
nearly for wife,  
for friend, intimate and lover,  
perhaps for most of our lives.  
Did I tell you that yesterday?  
Have we already shared?  
We will encore tomorrow,  
should both of us so yearn.  
We fill each others void well,  
and though no fairytale this,  
to trust, trust completely  
is a treasure from youth.*

— J.B. Korwel

Murphy: Solo

## TOMORROWS BATTLE

*The Indian and the Trooper  
had been friends for many a year*

*Today they met in secret  
and discussed the coming battle*

*Both were fluent in each others  
tongue*

*They argued the outcome  
of tomorrow's fray*

*The Indian bragged of his fearless  
allies*

*And in his turn so did the Trooper*

*So proud was each  
one of his General  
the other of his chief*

*As night drew near  
they wished each other  
luck and reaffirmed  
their eternal friendship*

*Both were killed the following day*

— Richard Hay, Sr.

## SURVIVAL

*For millions  
of years  
you have  
stripped our  
matriarchal systems  
to the bone,  
discarding us  
like Jews  
thrown into open  
graves,  
trying to bury us.  
But it is  
difficult  
isn't it?  
The blood keeps  
rising  
to the surface.  
The voice  
continues  
to speak.  
Like a roach  
our tolerance  
grows stronger  
with each  
new application  
of your  
insecticidal fears.*

— Kathy Corra

## SOLO

*I arrive at the open green field where she waits for me.  
The bright rays of the summer can reflect off her skin.  
She says not a word as I move my hands over her smooth  
body.  
I enter her and take control.  
Her every movement is by my command.  
We leave the constrictions of the earth as we take to the sky.  
It's only the two of us among the clouds of white,  
and the skies of blue.  
We climb and fall, we move in and out, up and down,  
speed and glide, we are one.  
Our only restriction finds us, it is time of light.  
We have used our day's quota and to earth we glide.  
I release my gentle hold on her as we descend to the cold  
darkened earth.  
I leave her now, across the field of light I once knew  
to let her sleep on in night's hand.  
Off I go, to dream of the time when we'll be together again.*

— Brian Murphy