Untitled

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College of DuPage

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Recommended Citation
Available at: https://dc.cod.edu/plr/vol1/iss1/12

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"My spirit doth reside in a melancholy humour, *Twist the dark shadows of the night And the gloom of a foggy day."

Where do you go when the party is over, And no one is left to laugh? Do you entertain the kitty, Hoping to spot a charming smile upon his indifferent face?

Or perhaps you turn on the tube, That brain-stunning inanities may, For a while, Numb the loneliness that engulfed you like a swamp When seeing your guests to the door. Each in a loving pair, Or maybe even a quarrelling pair. But a pair. Alone.

What a horrible word.
If they remove the word from the dictionary
The meaning will disappear.
Let's cast the word and the deed into the void.
It's worth a try, don't you think?

Or do you slink into your car and escape by driving Away from the misery? But you didn't escape the loneliness. There he is,
Smiling at you with rotting cordiality In the empty passenger seat. "I'll fix the son of a bitch," you think, And drive into a tree.

"My spirit doth reside in a melancholy humour, *Twist the dark shadows of the night And the gloom of a foggy day."

Where do you go when the party is over, And no one is left to laugh?

Craig Gustafson

IN THE WIDE HORIZON

Glarings, the sun deepened into the sky's pocket. Its brilliant glows back-dropped the jaded hills. Pine skeletons crocheted a mirrored pond — then a dark-coated mare stole its place . . .

Ann Krischon

Science:

"Men of science, please find a placebo, Sedation for an overworked libido, A wonder drug to heal a wounded ego, Dream up an unrequited — love injection, A cure not a cold but cold rejection, An antidote against man's non-affection, Forget the smearproof lipsticks, smoothing lotions, Invent, instead some good face-saving potions, Unguents and oils to smooth disturbed emotions.

Come, boys, concoct a cooling balm To guarantee platonic calm, A numbing shot of anesthesia To offset masculine amnesia, Vaccines that might inoculate us Against the male who would deflate us. To counteract a potent lack . . . and anti-aphrodisiac.

Get with it, friends, and give us, for a start A tranquilizer for the troubled heart."

Kathy Schmidt