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Untitled

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Gustafson: Untitled

"My spirit doth reside in a melancholy humour,
 'Twixt 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,
 'Twixt 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

Across burnished floor,
 abused mirror pieces spread
 far, still reflecting.

Kim Kyp

SIGHT

When fire and love and mind
 submit themselves,
 sounding the threefold word,
 there comes a response.

The One enunciates
 a word
 which drowns the triple sound.
 Sight.
 The form responds.
 The new One stands forth,
 a man remade;
 the form rebuilt;
 the house prepared.
 The fires unite,
 and great the light that shines:
 the three emerge
 with the One
 and through the blaze:
 Life.

John Masters

IN THE WIDE HORIZON

Glaring, 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



Even in the star —
 less(wishless) darkness there lies
 a lucid shadow.

Kim Kyp

SCIENTIFIC CHALLENGE

O 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 cue 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