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Untitled

Kim Kyp
College of DuPage

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WHERE DO YOU GO? by Tammy Wyenott

"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 sink 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

Glarin, 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

Kyp: Untitled

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

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 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

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