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In The Wide Horizon

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College of DuPage

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Once there was a man
 who was tall and strong
 and held his ideals
 in a tightly clenched fist.

Once there was a woman
 who saw this man
 and when their eyes met
 they quickly turned away.

But it was too late —
 their souls had spoken.
 They started to circle one another
 — big ones at first
 then they got smaller
 and smaller
 till one day
 late at night
 they reached out
 and gently held hands.

At just that moment
 a tiny little star
 came floating down from the sky
 and landed in their hands.
 — They looked in each other's eyes
 and this time they didn't turn away.

This man and this woman
 shared their dreams
 and secrets
 and they played
 and laughed
 and loved
 until she got busy
 and he grew tired
 and he got busier
 and she grew weary
 and they stopped playing
 and didn't dream so much anymore
 — and their precious little star grew dim.

The man shouted, "Look what happened!"
 but he was tired and heavy
 and wanted to lay down their star.

The woman woke up and cried, "No!"
 she wanted to protect it
 — cup it gently in their hands
 till it grew strong again.

But the man said, "No, we must
 watch it from a distance
 to see if it comes back to us."

The woman was scared
 and she cried.

The star never returned to
 the man and the woman
 — it fluttered a few times
 but it eventually burned out —
 and the whole universe grew dimmer
 without the light
 of that one tiny little star

Annette Selsavage

IN THE WIDE HORIZON

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

Ann Krischon

Algenon, You Hairy Beast, I Love You

While the billowing clouds
 puff the final scents of summer,
 The evening breeze matts your fur
 As you sit in your "just so" way
 on the sun dried grass.
 Algenon, you hairy beast, I admire you.

The Spring dabbles dew
 on your furry paws,
 The tulips tingle
 to your unearthly charm,
 The lake ripples in harmony
 with your musical bark.
 Algenon, you hairy beast, I am devoted to you.

The day you ran
 from the warmth of our home,
 I wept and wept
 for you to come back
 And when you finally returned,
 I drop-kicked your small body
 across the itchen.
 "Purely out of love," I whispered
 into your ringing ears.
 The birds chirped,
 and the stars circled overhead.
 But you understood.
 Algenon, you hairy beast, I love you.

Chris Neesley

GRAFFITI

Undoubtedly it's perversion
 that makes me write your name
 on every wall
 of every public place
 or private.
 In library books, on bus windows,
 carved in a chocolate cake
 and in salt split on the tabletop.
 Sadly, I can't stop, even though
 I know
 you are above reading messages
 furtively left you
 on an unsigned wall.

Kathy Schmidt

NEBULA

Veils of dust and gas
 Excited by a central star
 Become
 A source of light within
 A bejeweled nebula.
 Like verses are these threads of gas and dust.
 Contracting, increasing in density, painfully shaping.
 Yet becoming unraveled in an auroraed wind.