In The Wide Horizon

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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 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 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 tiny little star.

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

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 titchen. “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 furiously left you on an unsigned wall.

Kathy Schmidt

NEBULA
Vells 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.

Marie Ford