

# The Prairie Light Review

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## Graffiti

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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 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 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.

Marie Ford