

# The Prairie Light Review

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Volume 44  
Number 2 *Spring 2022*

Article 47

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Spring 5-1-2022

## Deep in My Couch

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*College of DuPage*

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### Recommended Citation

Johnson, Michael Lee (2022) "Deep in My Couch," *The Prairie Light Review*. Vol. 44: No. 2, Article 47.  
Available at: <https://dc.cod.edu/plr/vol44/iss2/47>

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**Undying  
MJ Dillon**

The never-ending cycle of life and death; a constant loop no one can escape.  
Many believe immortality is a blessing but, in reality, it is a curse.  
I have been forced to watch the people I hold dear wither away as I remain.  
Year after year, decade after decade, century after century I have begged for death.  
Yet no God will answer my prayer when their same blood flows through my veins.  
I have lost too many friends, too many lovers with beating hearts inside them.  
With each death my soul breaks.  
I tell myself time and time again, I will never fall for another.  
Never again, I said.  
Yet, here I am, back in the human realm living a mortal life.  
The hunger for a normal life burns inside of me, like a hole I cannot fill.  
An everlasting flame I try to smother with every passing day.  
Because after the world ends and everyone is dead, I will still be here, drowning in  
my sorrows.

**Deep in my Couch  
Michael Lee Johnson**

Deep in my couch  
of magnetic dust,  
I am a bearded old man.  
I pull out my last bundle  
of memories beneath  
my pillow for review.  
What is left, old man,  
cry solo in the dark.  
Here is a small treasure chest  
of crude diamonds, a glimpse  
of white gold, charcoal,  
fingers dipped in black tar.  
I am a temple of worship with trinket dreams,  
a tea kettle whistling ex-lovers boiling inside.  
At dawn, shove them under, let me work.  
We are all passengers traveling  
on that train of the past—  
senses, sins, errors, or omissions  
deep in that couch.