

The Prairie Light Review

Volume 45
Number 1 *Fall 2022*

Article 57

Fall 12-1-2022

Unfinished Symphony

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College of DuPage

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Recommended Citation

Laffey, Mary (2022) "Unfinished Symphony," *The Prairie Light Review*. Vol. 45: No. 1, Article 57.
Available at: <https://dc.cod.edu/plr/vol45/iss1/57>

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Unfinished Symphony

Mary Laffey

You are a prism of blue starlight.
You are the bloody path of righteousness.
A range of royal mountains
And a gun melted by confusion.

You are that Puritan woman who spoke in church,
An unattainable emerald goddess with a handful of fire.
You are the alcoholic hymn of every reservation,
An opioid swallowed daily.

You are a knee on a neck
A discordant orchestra
A cascade of salt and mascara
An iridescent community garden.

You are the nails that left crevices on her arm
A blissful kiss in his Mexican hair,
A choir of quiet curses
A barrage of bullets in that gay bar.

You are two sides of the same, wide canyon.
The sparking fingers of a violinist on the gum-ridden
sidewalk
The constant screeching of the television.
You are a great unfinished symphony—

And you must keep composing.