

The Prairie Light Review

Volume 46
Number 1 *Fall 2023*

Article 64

Fall 12-1-2023

untitled

Aidan Meade
College of DuPage

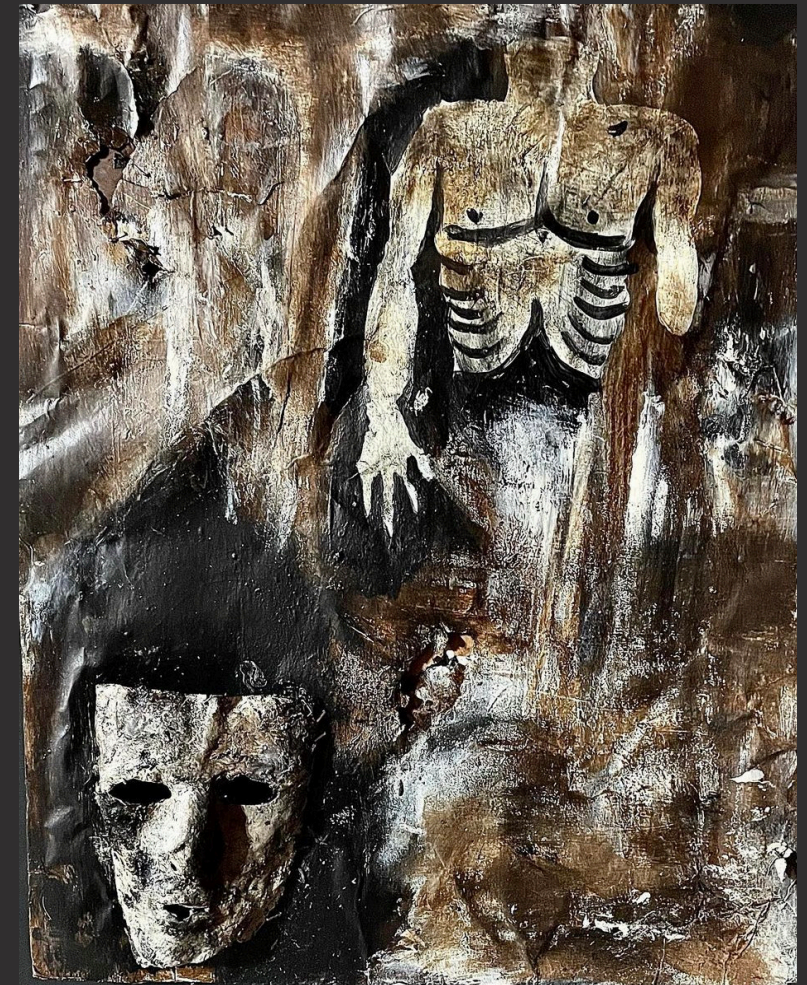
Follow this and additional works at: <https://dc.cod.edu/plr>

Recommended Citation

Meade, Aidan (2023) "untitled," *The Prairie Light Review*: Vol. 46: No. 1, Article 64.
Available at: <https://dc.cod.edu/plr/vol46/iss1/64>

This Artwork is brought to you for free and open access by the College Publications at DigitalCommons@COD. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Prairie Light Review by an authorized editor of DigitalCommons@COD. For more information, please contact orenick@cod.edu.

From under my skin those intrusive thoughts fester, tentacles gnawing on my arteries, blood, the source of power.	So tired, my heart beating slowly pausing only for the important moments. Lampshades too bright for my dusty new eyes
Darker, deadlier those envious eyes, alluding, my mouth drinking from the cup of tiresome tragedies.	the light so fond when praised by the darkness. Little cold stars shimmer into the night, dangling above my hanging head they sleep.
There is a reluctant burden, behind every delicate beauty, behind every smiling mask.	A shadow looming over the wooden surface, casting a deadly spell, a binding curse over me.
Eardrums bursting from the shriek- ing, torture of my beloved angels, sickening.	Living in a lie, a miniscule world, while feeling emotions so immense, while mourning inside this house of horrors.
The bells tolling, for I cannot hear you, my love blinded by my somber thoughts with tape entombing me to the table, weary, as my shriveled dark mind is lost.	With fingernails so utterly long they curl around my appendages, so encapsulating, a keratin prison unbreakable, unable to live freely. With luminous eyes no longer dusty, those scissors become so fearsome when they trim my paper-thin figure leaving holes where my sight used to be.
Eating further and further in where my lungs have dried up.	



Unlucky Child _Adam Sana

How long is the process of regression? Crawling, you cry to be heard, but from my perception of utter discretion, lying, you're the killer of the word.	Amongst these destinies you have drowned, through the delicacy of the hypnotic door mundane melodies camping under the ground that escape lingers without a soul's core.
Searching, your crying to be cured with not a whisper to be found, eyes, watery teardrops only blurred such somber succulence to be crowned.	With luckier fingertips to win the war golden statues bow to you with a question, every corpse becomes dust across the floor. How long is the process of regression?