

The Prairie Light Review

Volume 46
Number 2 *Spring 2024*

Article 79

Spring 5-1-2024

Companionship

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College of DuPage

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Recommended Citation

Martin, Cuyler (2024) "Companionship," *The Prairie Light Review*. Vol. 46: No. 2, Article 79.
Available at: <https://dc.cod.edu/plr/vol46/iss2/79>

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Sometimes I feel like a rabbit inside a maze
skipping along the puddles of memories.

Fragile eyes piercing the walls,
scanning through the corruption
while evading your prowess of hunting prey,
avoiding your thirst for soothing screams.

A mighty force of nature, like an elephant
with thick sludge that oozes from your iron tusks,
irony against your greatest wishes upon me.

As I dive deeper down through
silver holes made of slivers and scars,
becoming enmeshed in the nets of time
ever held from the tip of your tongue.

Like a photo that was withering
you've fallen under a spell,
congealed in your heart of thorny endeavors.

Yet, the time keeps on ticking.

Sometimes I feel like a mouse inside a cage,
waiting for the door to open with your song.

With the elegance of speech, you're a poet,
but with every breath, you're a lion.
Your song now whimpers and wails
demanding such presence to be silent.

Dangling above you, only a growl
emerges from the desire to feast,
hunger polished by the eaten morsels.

Whispering through unsealed lips
you bestow upon me your vindictiveness,
for despite not having wings
your soul fluttered away into the sky.

The crying of the nurtured body
steals the facade right off your face,
to reveal the horror plastered within your walls.

Yet, the time keeps on ticking.

Enmeshed

Adam Sana

Peg Saintcross — Needlefelting

Birds on a Wire



Companionship

Cuyler Martin

One, lonely sparrow
Another sparrow descends
Two, lonely sparrow