Dizzy

Bridget McLaughlin

College of DuPage
Dizzy

Bridget McLaughlin

dizzy
soars underneath
the scent of slumber

dizzy
kept a piece
of the faded feather

dizzy
foreshadowed
madness

dizzy
had trouble
with the wind

dizzy
churns my living room
into twilight full of mercury

dizzy
thrashes the endocrine
through capillary walls

dizzy
scavenges the mouse
desperately seeking a stethoscope

dizzy
fumes a throat
to the core

dizzy
mauls the heart
until the sky is in our feet

dizzy
sugars my sister
and heaps herself on me

dizzy
gulps a merry-go-round
release from kingdom come

dizzy
sounds the color
violet in a symphony

dizzy
left fantasy
The Prairie Light Review, Vol. 34 [2014], No. 2, Art. 31

frothing

dizzy
calls my name
dizzy
never left
dizzy
dreams

Rhetorical Question

Alexander Knightwright

Do you know me
Little Apes?
I am old
Old as life
Old as death
(Which should be obvious if you stop
To think for a second).

I have walked with you
On the path of life
Walked it with you
To the end
And kept on walking, leaving you behind.

Seen but unseen,
Heard only in those rare moments of clarity
In your requiems
In your screams
In your final breath
Felt in your heart of hearts,
But never truly known.

I have walked with you
In your cities
And your fields
Silent man
All in black
Silver scythe
Upon my back
Swinging a briefcase with the rest of you
And whistling a merry tune

Because I *know* your cities
I was there
When the first ape
Laid one stone upon another
And called it Home.

(And I was there

http://dc.cod.edu/plr/vol34/iss2/31