

The Prairie Light Review

Volume 32 | Number 2

Article 8

4-1-2011

Son

David E. Starr
College of DuPage

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

Recommended Citation

Starr, David E. (2011) "Son," *The Prairie Light Review*: Vol. 32: No. 2, Article 8.
Available at: <http://dc.cod.edu/plr/vol32/iss2/8>

This Selection is brought to you for free and open access by the College Publications at DigitalCommons@C.O.D.. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Prairie Light Review by an authorized administrator of DigitalCommons@C.O.D.. For more information, please contact koteles@cod.edu.

Son

David E. Starr

No God ever drank gin
I would say to you, "What happened?"
You never knew

No God ever stole the light from our aching eyes
I would say to you, "What happened?"
You never knew

No God ever rode the horses away without return
I would say to you, "Where have they gone?"
You never knew

No God ever burned the forests to the ground, dried the oceans to the floor
I would say to you, "Where have they gone?"
You never knew

No God ever pointed towards the Earth with a finger of pestilence
No God ever treaded Its surface with endless shadows in tow
No God ever starved us. Us, the shale

The ocean was once a joy of mine
Foggy and silver, ivory sheets of silk, endlessly unfurling, overlapping and enveloping
The gulls cawed, their caws echoed, their echoes fed the wind, the wind fed their wings.
Fed me. I breathed in and ivory became me

No God ever robbed us of these things
I would say to you, "Wasn't it beautiful?
The ocean, the forest, the horses and the light,
Wasn't it beautiful?"

You never knew