The Prairie Light Review

Volume 29 Number 2 *Further Reflections*

Article 4

4-1-2009

Concrete Canals

Bryan Wysopal College of DuPage

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

Recommended Citation

Wysopal, Bryan (2009) "Concrete Canals," *The Prairie Light Review*: Vol. 29: No. 2, Article 4. Available at: http://dc.cod.edu/plr/vol29/iss2/4

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.

Concrete Canals

Bryan Wysopal

When January decided to be Spring,
I took a journey down the concrete canals,
dark and sleek;
hard onyx slabs pressed into soft, wet earth.

A day lovely and gray
graciously stayed the ticking hand
as I poled my barge down ways that I have known
for the eternity that constitutes my waking years,
making sure as well, to visit
those less noticeably engraved
with the grooves of my tread.

And I thought:

how strange to love and hate a place so!

How my memories,

like light rain

in this Spring-like breeze
spatter the whole of this suburban domain;

a drop here and there,
to solidify my claim—

on the gray shingled rooftops, and swathes of sickened green; the leveled, bulldozed hallowed fields, which were the stage set for my childish games.

I came at last, to a wide, hard lake amid a windy place

scarred by progress.

There my black barge rolled to a halt at the shore of a ruined forest whose thinning trunks

and colorless heights

could not conceal the abodes of men

as once they were able.

Here,

a pale green path cut through brown rushes and turned away

The Prairie Light Review, Vol. 29 [2009], No. 2, Art. 4

out of sight

affording a brief moment
to suspend my disbelief
and pretend again
that where it led
was enchanting, mysterious
and wholly undiscovered.