

The Prairie Light Review

Volume 25

Number 2 *Once upon a time recently in...a land nearby*

Article 36

Spring 5-1-2004

Sestina 1: eyes building secret concrete, fleeting years

Timothy Plocinski
College of DuPage

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

Recommended Citation

Plocinski, Timothy (2004) "Sestina 1: eyes building secret concrete, fleeting years," *The Prairie Light Review*: Vol. 25 : No. 2 , Article 36.
Available at: <https://dc.cod.edu/plr/vol25/iss2/36>

This Selection 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.

Sestina 1: eyes building secret concrete, fleeting years

By Timothy Plocinski

I

Although your sisters each had promised to keep our secret
We knew nevertheless that this closeness was fleeting
So I wrapped my skinny arms around your knees, thinning my eyes,
Trying vainly to look older than my fifteen years
Trying to smooth the stiff concrete
Trying to warm the sheer face of the building

II

Across the street, a storm building.
Stoically reflecting our secret,
unfailing love, echoing off concrete.
Unlike love, life is fleeting -
Bracketed sweetly by a set number of years
And if that thunderhead had eyes

III

It would witness you slowly averting *your* eyes
In your legs, the tension building.
You glimpse a sliver of the next ten years
Choosing to hold that vision secret.
Knowing that love, like life, is fleeting
Sorting the abstract from the concrete

IV

The rain comes down around us, absently stroking the concrete.
Hushed glances and tears from eyes.
Knowing that this moment, like life, like love, is fleeting.
Confident in its function, not building,
rather, it's hidden, cleansing secret
is simply erosion, given the weight of many years

V

We are in that glimpse you witnessed almost ten years ago. I still remember the hard caress of the concrete on my virgin skin. Your stained lips, lovely and secret, the drowning reflective pools you wore as eyes. Framed as possibility and the smooth wall of the building. Across time, it seems, I clutched that fleeting

VI

moment, I swallowed the love, made time not fleeting - slowing it and you in a smothering embrace, taming the passing years Holding on to this scene: us pressed up against the building, you pulling your knees towards me, your tights snagging on the concrete. I see it, lit in a flickering frame, housed eternally behind my eyes Though this, my dear, is no secret

VII

Life and love are fleeting, as they move from the abstract to the concrete All these years have taught us to trap those images in our eyes Building upon the past, haunting and secret