The Prairie Light Review

Volume 46 Number 2 *Spring 2024*

Article 78

Spring 5-1-2024

Birds on a Wire

Peg Saintcross College of DuPage

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

Recommended Citation

Saintcross, Peg (2024) "Birds on a Wire," *The Prairie Light Review*: Vol. 46: No. 2, Article 78. Available at: https://dc.cod.edu/plr/vol46/iss2/78

This Artwork 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.

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.

Enmeshed

Adam Sana

Yet, the time keeps on ticking.

Like a photo that was withering

you've fallen under a spell,

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

congealed in your heart of thorny endeavors.

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.

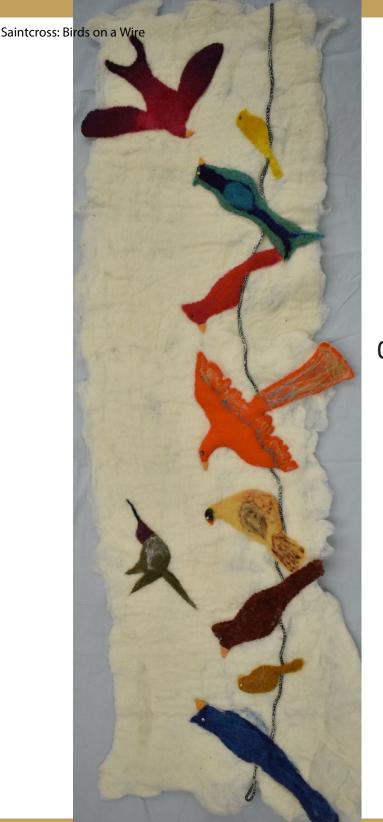
Whispering through unsealed lips you bestow upon me your vindictiveness, for despite not having wings your soul fluttered away into the sky.

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.

⁷⁶Published by DigitalCommons@COD, 2024

Peg Saintcross Meedlefelting



Companionship

Cuyler Martin

One, lonely sparrow Another sparrow descends Two, lonely sparrow

77 1