

# AROUND

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POETRY



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POETRY

SPRING 2015

Dear Reader,

Welcome to Around Poetry! In your hands is the very first Around publication ever, and I hope you enjoy it. I created Around as way for visual artists and poets alike to have the freedom to imagine what art and poetry are, and also as a way for them to express their vision without someone (an editor) constraining their vision. Around is ultimately created by you, for you, and that being said, we welcome all submissions whether it is your very first, or your hundredth.

The word 'around' used in this context has many different connotations and definitions, and that is the point. The world is an ever-changing place and we must change with it. I invite you to explore the art, and expand it as you expand in a friendly and welcoming community of artists.

On another note, this publication is absolutely *free* to you as a reader, just as it is for the contributing artists, and it always will be. You will never have to pay a single dime to walk-away and take home a copy of the publication. That being said, we do welcome donations if you feel that is your way to contribute, as the magazine is purely funded by the artists. Nonetheless, welcome once again!

Sincerely,

Sean Rust  
Founder and Editor

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Until the 'Around Poetry' website is complete, please direct all submissions, donations, questions, comments, and concerns to: [aroundpoetry@yahoo.com](mailto:aroundpoetry@yahoo.com)

## Cycle Me

-Ted James

A fresh start from leftovers  
left behind  
forgotten forget-me-nots  
of last spring bring forth  
soft clays in todays  
sweaty calloused hands  
kneading, wet, Anew

Everyday's Articles

hat, shirt, shoes, bouse, belt, top, bottom, dressed, up, dressed down, dress, socks, leggings, skirt,  
boxers, briefs, tie tied, tie, died, button, up, button down, boots, panties.

Library

Hate, Affection, Remorse, Scorn, Hope, Love, Despair, Pleasured –  
Pain  
Here then, never, late, Now

Slow Down  
Chit Chat

Library, Speak!

the-a-an  
Use and Toss

Open floor to edgy, curved, rounded, glinted  
Mountainous glyphs, you  
Scar, Speak!

Blank Space oozes, You,  
Truth malleable dust storm of their winded discontent  
the fiery days are coming  
Used, Tossed, the schema loses its taste ahead

Library, Speak!  
Solidify

Please,

Recycle Me

## Souviens

*-Claire Cirocco*

spontaneous shrines, roadside shrines hold a certain power  
pouring our time like wet cement, into remembering

geometric graves and illuminated monoliths  
impermanence in flowers  
a definitive grinding sound, leaflets on the missing

(how do you become missing?)  
(simply forgetting?)

debris becomes artifact

we aestheticize when we aestheticize when we  
aestheticize painful objects, it is  
a way of mastering such trauma

debris becomes abstract sculpture  
debris becomes relic

nuclear shadow  
the presence of something that is not there

Dream #1

*-Connor Kreger*

You were in my dream.

I saw you and waited for you

to recognize me there,

waiting for you

to see my eyes.

I said your name

and you said

“who’s that?”

“It’s me,”

I said.

And you replied:

“I know. I know it’s you.

But that name you said.

Who is that?”

“That’s you”

I said, confused.

I still don’t know

what to make

of this dream.

Wicker Couch

*-Julia Callis*

Rolling mine, body, emotion if there  
speckled black, a white hole in the middle  
rolling, rolling wheels  
why I left  
hills, climbing hills, falling  
my sky is falling, rolling  
hills, are we even moving  
streets, gravel repaved  
steam roller, remade  
no, on a spindle  
rolling mind, rolling  
pig pushes ball with nose, rolling  
pig pushes ball with pig  
me rolling ball to speckled black with white hole



## For the Birds

*-Emily Erdman*

So many villains still  
escaping their fate  
While all the heroes and  
heroines get used and irate  
We're all just dazed and  
Confused.  
Enslaved and abused  
I need someone to tell my why all these actions are  
excused  
they say "we don't want to  
listen, stop singing the  
So we get at them again with  
a whole other tune,  
And this one is louder  
And bigger and prouder  
This one might get you  
But if it doesn't I can  
Promise  
We'll keep singing out songs  
Because you're blind and  
you're wrong  
And there's no way in hell  
we'll let you keep dragging  
us along  
Through the silence you  
keep  
Through our friends and our  
fam who fall to their knees  
and weep  
Through all the mams  
telling their babies they'll  
get 'em out of this place  
But there is no safe,  
and there are no locks  
Until we drive out the  
demons and clear all these  
mental blocks  
Until our song is heard,  
Until we can exchange thoughts and words,  
Until we can guarantee it's  
Not all for the birds

WASP*-Miles Hubbell*

Luxurious, Westernized, Cultured, Prude  
Colonial Men, incapable of empathy

Oh, how their wives tried

Western Establishments have Ruled and Controlled  
Flown their flags in foreign lands, Slaughtering and enslaving these lands through debt  
So YOU and I, this upper crust, this Westernized five percent  
Can get fat and high; mind numbingly consuming pointless entertainment

Empires have risen and fallen  
I Surveyed my 21st century existence in America  
And i've realized, WE"VE already fallen

There is no reconciliation here, let alone room for empathy  
I rarely see friendly exchanges in this Detroit Winter  
Just ducked down heads and hurried feet

I sit in my room, frantically typing, trying to unlearn my education

## Aubade

*-Elia Hobausser-Thatcher*

Another late night, observing from my window  
--completely apart--

A young couple kisses in the courtyard  
his hand is up her dress  
curling and uncurling

2:40 a.m. at my desk, working.  
My hand is on my pen  
curling and uncurling

Mosquitoes and flies slip  
through the hole in my screen

Above us rests the purpling, bruised sky  
something glowing dull, muffled moans

Billions of light-years away  
the star dies

I catch a mosquito  
and crush it between my fingers

As the couple parts, I look down  
at the corpse imprinted on my index

A sun rises.

## Magnifying Glass

*-Sean Rust*

The collective individual broken sits - no - sits broken - no - sits on a broken stairway - yes - looking into a fractured - no - looking fractured - no - fractured, looking - yes - at a night sky where home has been lost - no - looking lost - no - at a home lost in the sky - yes - the two hands squeeze each other's bodies - no - the bodies squeeze the two hands - no - the bodies squeezed into two hands - yes - and he cannot help but wonder - no - he cannot wonder - no - he cannot help - no - wonder cannot help him - yes - find what he is looking for - no - he is looking - no - he is looking to find - no - what is he looking for - yes - he plays detective smoking a gun - no - he smokes a detective - no - he plays a detective - no - he plays a smoking gun - yes - having lost whatever it was the world gave him - no - having the world - no - losing what it gave - no - the world having him, lost him - yes - and there is gum on the bottom of our shoes.

## Dos Globos Turcos

*-Daniel Hurwitz-Goodman*

Dos globos Turcos flotan a través la reunión incoherente

Llevando sus historias enteras en las barbas dibujadas

Grongor

un globo azul

desea para su hijo

Raúl

Lo que la mayoría de padres globos quieren para sus hijos

Desarrollo social

A Raúl

Un globo verde

Con una barba incompleta

Le gusta los pasteles rosados, vientos fuertes, y masajes intensos

-Te emborrachas con sus compañeros

Dice Gorgon mientras alguien lo golpea con su rodilla

Los dos se separan

Gorgon pierde su vista (de Raúl)

Raúl piensa

-Me pregunto si tienen pasteles aquí

Sonríe

## Two Turkish Balloons

*-Daniel Hurwitz-Goodman*

Two Turkish Balloons float across the incoherent gathering  
Carrying their entire histories in their scribbled-on beards

Grongor

A blue balloon

Wishes for his son

Raúl

What most balloon parents desire for their children

Social development

Raúl

A Green balloon

With an incomplete beard

Likes pink cakes, strong winds, and intense massages

-Go play with your drunken friends

Says Grongor as somebody bumps him with their knee

The two become separated

Grongor loses his sight (of Raúl)

Raul thinks

-I wonder if they have cake here

He smiles

## Goddess of Grime

*-Eleanor Oster*

I will not wash my hands. I will not wash my hair.  
I will not clean under my fingernails or scrub behind my ears.  
I will not sheath myself in soap suds and neither should you.  
Instead,

Push seeds into the dirt between your ribs  
watch them erupt in sunflowers and orchids  
then pick them and give them to someone special.

Say,  
"These are my flaws and these are my fears  
and I'll speak in strange hymns if you'll open your ears."

And if they run, watch them run.  
Stand there in your beauty and watch them run.

Because, baby, you're too beautiful for some folks to handle.  
When you walk in the rain, you create holes in puddles.  
When you speak, you grow roses on the moon.  
When you smile, the God you may or may not believe in may or may not smile back  
but I will.

So be brave.  
Love the dirt and the dark places.  
Crack your breastbone with a jagged rock,  
pry open that rusty door and let it bleed.  
Pour out the ocean inside.  
Fill a glass to the hilt, then crush it in your leathery hands.

And if someone comes up to you,  
in all your glory and all your grime,  
and they say,  
"You're dirty. You're dusty. You're disgusting."

I want you to look at them,  
feet set wide, shoulders square,  
eyes burning so hot they could melt your lashes  
and I want you to say.

"Of course I'm dirty."

Because it is your dirt that grows flowers.

Your dirt makes a mountain if you shake out your hair.  
Your dirt is the hard-packed soil floor of your church,  
bells and pews and steeple made of bone and blood and sinew  
Come into my church.  
Do not wipe your shoes.

Track mud through the aisle, up to the alter  
where the pulsing prophet slams her sermons  
and when you get there, I will kneel  
and I will dry your feet with my dirty hair.



## Voy a Managua, Nicaragua

*-Daniel Hurwitz-Goodman*

Trece mujeres me rodean en la plaza dorada  
 Acerco el huelle de pollo frito y Subway Sandwiches™ con bastante gracia  
 y arriba de las mujeres doradas y heladas  
 que supuestamente representan la fuerza femenina del movimiento  
 y arriba de las restaurantes de comidas rápidas  
 que pelean con las mujeres doradas cuando todas las aviones aterrizan y todos  
 los auxiliares de vuelo regresan a sus otros trabajos  
 y arriba de la siempre creciente población de turistas,  
 todos (somos) completos con la camiseta vívida y la gorra de beisbol bien-ajustada

está el hombre con el sombrero gigante  
 Sandino pintado  
 San  
 Dino's Pizza

En Jinotega  
 La primera vista  
 Que yo recuerdo  
 Es un grafito de Jesús nuestro Señor  
 En una lucha de brazos con el Diablo si mismo  
 Y Él está perdiendo  
 Las paredes de los edificios antiguos palpitan con una historia ensangrentada  
 Los muros cuentan sus colectivos mitos  
 trágicamente específicos

El hermano de Poncho  
 Se aprendía multiplicar en el proceso de hacer bombas para la revolución  
 La abuela de Marlón  
 Fue secuestrada por los brazos largos de Samoza y desaparecida “indefinitivamente”  
 Ahora  
 Pasan los días en las paredes  
 solitarias y bellas  
 Bidimensionales

Y Ronald Reagan,  
 Querido pendejo imperdonable,  
 Yo entiendo que mi presencia aquí se debe solamente a sus contribuciones neoliberalistas  
 Pero no puedo existir  
 Como tu representante

## I'm going to Managua, Nicaragua

*-Daniel Hurwitz-Goodman*

Thirteen women surround me in the golden plaza  
 I approach the smell of fried chicken and Subway Sandwiches™ with enough grace  
 And above the Golden, frozen women  
 That supposedly represent the feminine contribution to the movement  
 And above the fast-food restaurants  
 That quibble with the Golden women when all of the planes have landed and all of the flight  
 attendants have returned to their second Jobs  
 And above the ever-growing tourist population  
 All (of us) complete with our vivid t-shirt, and well-fitting baseball cap

Stands the man with giant hat  
 Sandino  
 San  
 Dino's Pizza

In Jinetoga  
 The first sight  
 That I remember  
 Is a grafito of Jesus, our lord  
 Arm-wrestling with The Devil himself  
 And he is losing  
 The walls of the Antique buildings throb with bloodied history  
 The murals recount their collective myths  
 Tragically specific

Poncho's brother  
 Learned to multiply by making bombs for the revolution  
 Marlon's grandmother  
 Was kidnapped by the long arms of Somoza and dissappeared "indefinitely"  
 Now  
 They spend their days on the walls  
 Lonely and beautiful  
 Two-dimensional

And Ronald Reagan,  
 Dear unforgivable asshole,  
 I understand that my presence here is due solely to your neoliberalist contributions  
 But I cannot exist  
 As your representative

Untitled

*-Cheeky Delinquent*

“God is Dead”

-Nietzsche

“Nietzsche is Dead”

-God

“Nietzsche is God”

-Death

## Life is a Virgin

*-Amoxi Raj*

Goooooooooooooooood morrrrrnnnniiiiinnngggggg Hamtramck! Now that you've slept on it. Now that you've escaped the madness of the room in which you bartered 2 squares for a mini-line of blowcaine. Now that you've escaped the creepy fingers sneaking shots of Jameson off the glass table of a young bi-sexual Hispanic micro-biologist practicing his London accent to an un-entertained crowd. Now that you've escaped the promise for more drugs especially the possibility of you getting involved in any of that Molly shit that the young ones so obsessed. Now that you woke up early, spoke business with insight, sat in the sunlight smoking square, heard the train in the distance, heard Crossroads serendipitously que. Now that you see things clearly, bent enough to see some light, avoided the darkness of your mania with talks of ice-cream and free pinball and old friends buying you beer. Now that you visited Dez and spoke of Ivan plus free cans of red bull and small glasses of white wine; and the camaraderie you felt. Now that you're here. Now that you can breathe, the scent of garbage, the garbage you stashed in the back room because you were too lazy to bring it downstairs, through the door, through the garage, to the back alley. Now that you can smell your own garbage. Now that you can smell her garbage. Now that you get it, that "Life's a virgin, if it was easy, it'd be a bitch." spoken by the ex-carny(who lives next door with pink liquor store bluetooth headphones in love with Yu-Gi-Oh and Wrestlemania) with a twinkle in his eye. Now that you see your mania and your darkness through the crystal balls attached to your finger tips as they tap tap tap into the digital window of your laptop. Now that everything is apparent and your heart feels blistered with burns from the past and some self-inflicted. Now that you know you need healing and the only one capable is you. Everything comes together with a Boom and a clap.

## Love Regressed

*-Joe Meyers*

thinkin about the good times  
when we  
were young and care free

you cut your hair for me

i have a longing memory  
it reaches back for you  
and suddenly you came to me

i had no clue for what to do

there can only be one in charge

thinking it was me in control  
you wanted to see me again  
i figured i could pay the toll

a few drinks a couple of laughs  
rekindle the feelings  
you take a couple of shots at me  
i know you're only teasing

i play you music  
which you say you miss  
how important it for us to reminisce  
you say you feel a connection  
more intense than before  
compatibility and so much more

if you know ill be gone before the next moon  
then why must you promise me everything so soon  
take me away to what we could be  
our special place once held you and me

we walk to my room  
making love in the night  
foolishly seeing no end in sight

and when it was over  
the thrill has gone  
you shoot me  
down when you can see  
this is the end of you and i

theres nothing left  
accept the fact  
that this will not be

my vulnerability is heightened  
you say im no good but you're only frightened

you scurry away anxious to leave  
blaming me for the problems you conceive  
i stand alone contemplating the grief

but i know  
that i will be okay  
we both will go our separate ways  
never to be never again  
so goes a tale of love in the end

as much as i fought to keep my head  
my heart regressed instead  
as much as i fought to keep my head  
my heart regressed instead

A Postcard from California

*-Zenon Evans*

In my reflection on the airstream door,  
in my shorts I am squat;  
bulkier and more boyish  
simultaneously—  
as though I were myself  
but in the striped sleeves  
on the high school pitch  
on the refrigerator, a wall of fame, at home.

## Ghazal

*-Elia Hobausser-Thatcher*

First, we came to be, and I thought you a lotus flower  
rose-colored petals folded back, unspoiled flower

He has spilled the urn of heaven, swelling uncaring sea  
rising crescendos break on her newly formed flower

My mother makes me breakfast, toast cut up in fourths  
covered in cinnamon, sugar, butter. Conditions of flour

Up/on crosses, robbers bow their heads, adorned with thorns  
Jesus' passion brings Mary to tears, waters the flowers

Autumn blooms, and from the cherry-oak leaves underfoot  
comes the scent of my uncles patchouli, wilting flowers

I am a prophet of God almighty, a crude, misspelled Elijah  
My parents crushed "j" and "h", stemmed my blooming flowers



## Electric Skeletons

*-Amoxi Raj*

I went to New York once. Drew in the sand with my feet on the beaches of Coney Island; waiting for the sun. I was hung over, dehydrated, cold, and had to shit. I was alone and the clouds were heavy. I remember talking with god like a tombstone in a cemetery while the ocean filled my eyes with salt. The sun never rose that morning. Instead, what I received was a 6ish AM blue blanket. It followed me through streets of amusing carcasses, soon to be awakened electric skeletons. Admiring signs painted in cooling pastel colors for my burnt grinding teeth, one sign read “Freak Show” and I took a deep breath for the train. My friends were sleeping in Brooklyn, while I, shuffled cards in my head.

## Stool in the Yard

*-Julia Callis*

Ting Ting, eat the ginger candy  
thinking of the cinderblock  
I sat on, the sun  
felt like coffee down my throat  
heart of palm, lemon juice  
I ate yellow  
coffee stains my teeth  
change my yellow, bleach my mind  
shadow leave white room

## After the David Bowie Exhibit

-Rory Mearns

*“Then his head sank to the floor of its own accord and from his nostrils came the last faint flicker of his breath.”*  
— Franz Kafka, *The Metamorphosis*

The band stopped playing when his face hit the floor—  
the gross crunch muted by blown amps  
the silence broken by cracked voices  
once in revelry, now in shock.  
His nose was, too.

Earlier that day with a lover, I went to the Museum of Modern Art.  
We watched, quietly, as a man dressed as a woman  
became a concept behind a mask, transformed  
into something—an Astronaut, a Martian,  
which he was not.

We left the exhibit holding hands and laughed  
about the modern condition and talked  
about how stupid Kafka and his axe were—  
Hacking into a frozen sea is pointless.  
“You have to melt it, gradually, with Love.”

Later on the nameless man was pronounced dead  
and all the patrons cried their last call, somberly—  
like final words in a forgotten funeral hall.  
We left the bar holding hands again, not laughing.  
The whiskey was not on the house.

I saw you cry that night in bed, without a mask  
your tears flowed and smoldered over  
cheeks raw with sawdust and cinders.  
Kafka and I were both wrong,  
Violent force and love are the same thing:  
But even so, sometimes a frozen sea  
should remain unbounded.

(Three Movements)*-Claire Cirocco*

The sum of mediated experience experiential form in regards to process he asked me how i think i told him not at all i was just beginning to make myself comfortable. Does that make me a liar? Do i think in memory or is this just a distortion of my own perception? Thought fragments rubbing up against one another and the friction they generate stimulates the rods and cones of my inner eye causing me to blink but why do they always ask me asking me asking me ask me what i am thinking of? Where is the nearest bus that will take me the farthest from you, what song was playing while i stood in front of the liquor store plexiglass at eight o' clock on a Thursday night in early November, that time when i was thirteen years old thirteen years old and a girl bit my neck and i had a dream i had a dream i was chewing on your neck sitting in Duly's at 3AM under the fluorescence i am not thinking. Should I be?

-

Lying on the steps of the church with the cockroaches hurrying past my head. Fear's head may be reared for lack of accounting for your own estimation of feeling within your resolution. Barely conscious but your feelings were not temporal, you said. The radiator kicks on at 3AM. How we lay, not in patterns. Sour nicotine fingers. People like this. They were pressing soft fingers into my spine, pursed lips to mine, with nervousness. i'm eliminating the need for artificial light. It's all my body can allow. i'm sick off of things i did not consume with the anticipation of consuming. To feel empty space paralleled. Hours spent looking straight through my old hand. i thought i had it i thought i liked it. Sliding down between the crux of wall and floor. Help! Help! i know. i want! i want! My emotions are crippling me, i think. i saw a car spin out on the highway and slam into concrete. After you die, you will meet god.

-

i felt you sighing into me, when the air was damp and hovering above me above me above me above me you always were you always were closer closer closer closure closure darkened and truthfully serene your eyes two golden bands of light frightened to widen in orange and yellow morning light you were right you were right you were

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## DESERTED DREAMS

*-Miles Hubbell*

Where were you last night when the birds no longer sang?  
Winds in the east twirled violent with rage  
The Prophets spoke of signs like these  
When southern lakes in july will freeze  
For what dark night in history will be OUR page  
When Razor sharp light will no longer cease  
And the boundless night creatures will stir  
I see the Lonely moon weeps

Where were you this morn' when the birds no longer sang?  
Oh dear nature's mother, to where have you gone  
I swear not all humans have meant to be so wrong  
Deception, drilling, and stealing your prizes  
We heeded your song when death surprised us  
And the boundless night creatures will stir  
I see the Lonely moon weeps

## In the Mo(u)rning

*-Eleanor Oster*

soft rays of window light trickle in  
 your warm skin illuminated by the dim morning glow.  
 the scent of ink overflowed, words on paper and out of your head.  
 unsaid thoughts, melodies unsung after the drowsiness  
 that follows a night of good sleep.  
 sweet words sweeping things away, tucked away  
 as you portray a girl with no words, just a deep blue stain  
 that forms a whispering campaign of ideas.  
 eyes ache for night, the expose-all daylight as you lust for the dusk dark nightfall  
 of your hushed twilight.  
 toes dipped in the milky way, eyes like stars lead astray on an orbit of conventions.  
 escape the life of a comet's tail, a minor scale  
 of stitched together stories and good intentions.  
 air like cool water on fevered skin as you begin to play  
 hide-and-seek with understanding, flaws like a branding of the damaged and the damned.  
 secrets victim to a time of the lonely  
 4am kept quiet as you ignore the riots outside your door.  
 sure that each step a misstep, score kept by the ones holding your hands.  
 your head kept down, feet slow to move out of your dream-filled bed.  
 eyes locked as broken expectations are chalked up to a twisted view,  
 one of blue eyes and dew sweeter on your lips when you imagine.  
 seeing signs to a road called make-believe,  
 yet no blue printed, misconceived fingers of minds too busy.  
 just children dizzy with the weight of preconceived ideas that shine brighter  
 with the fate of hurried absence.  
 a polaroid of places never been,  
 reality avoided as you map out the journey in your head.  
 the life worth living like whispers in the sand,  
 heads turned and ears tuned  
 while the new mooned darkness shrouds the blanket wrapped around your shoulders.  
 cold and seeking, meekly returning to the pink morning tint.  
 hearts facing misprint as you slowly face the morning sent each day.  
 lovers no longer friends, fascination ends as you realize they only tear you apart,  
 leaving you to desire your heart hadn't caught fire in the first place.  
 the smoke still blinds your eyes and your life still comprised of compromises,  
 your dreams still hauntings of what was, and what could be.  
 flashback city, yet no pity from the creatures of your past.  
 the ones who whisper, the ones who ask  
 when did sunrise become flames disguised as  
 words on paper like love letters plainly advertised?

## Miss Optometrist

*-Khalil Heron*

Within her eyes lie the most beautiful mystery,  
Radiating a divine love  
Providing the prospect of conscious expansion,  
So curiously she stares into my deepest depths,  
Free of judgement she peers in,  
My eyes acting as portals,  
Mirroring the love as I gazed into her,

I lay back in chair as this occurs,  
Her words too mumbled to hear fully yet I've never trusted anything more,  
Whilst she lifts her glistening crystal eye dropper  
I slowly breathe in love,  
I slowly breathe out love,  
A droplet, per portal, of her essence falls from the crystal,  
Dilating my consciousness,  
Opening my eyes to an incomprehensible light,  
Helping me to more clearly perceive the present,  
To see the beauty in the now

## Life Like Eggshells

-S.M.G

Cracked

From the beginning

A few bucks away from the dime

Collecting shadows until the steam  
shrivels,

a coating soon to be served.

Away from a crusted tomb

Away from a poured science

Pounding through a rubber murmur

Flows coughing greasy pronunciation

Backwards into the home

Sold on the first penny we never knew

The horn has never let on

Into a porcelain comfort we claim.

for so long, the hand burns with anticipation grappling a weapon filled with lead.

Waiting has been the game

The Carpel turns

to where all roads lead to

Rome.



FREE

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**SPRING 2015**