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### 1945\_a lyric By: Adrian Molitor

On The City Bus  
I gave this man  
a half-eaten sandwich  
He was dressed in the silence  
of a nation,  
I mean his eyes were the eyes  
of the world  
I am  
only a small colony of thought,  
arguing with myself like \_\_\_\_\_  
none of use are safe  
on this bus.....  
On the South Transfer, fair trade  
does not exist, is the lens  
of an eye that sees through us  
His cufflinks were cities  
I had never dreamed  
Wheels spun ricochet against god's light, splintered  
on our ride.  
I mean  
I was really feeling this in my heart.

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### Winter Break

By: Adrian Molitor

as a boy, I thought that sometimes, frozen lakes must smile from shore  
to stream, thawing into the earthed marrow, winter had ended stepdad  
really had a way, breaking the bones of our beliefs, he was the drunkest  
sweetheart in the neighborhood, christmas day had passed early,  
promises in my house not regarded as gospel

funneled through that liars lips, smoke rang, his language, I sat stooped  
looking up at a view of the factories, making ends meet  
that factory held us up, by our atoms apple, kids at school called me

White trash, we once lived out of 15-gallon white trash bags, I packed  
my own lunch in the 5rd grade, a snowball in each pocket  
like, say it again

ma never built happy homes, on steam plates, of flap jacks, we sure did  
have plenty portions of, no I will not buy you one hundred dollar  
sneakers I left out the house that way to smoke a smoke in the local food  
court, those ashtrays were trashcan sized

we stayed there digging for buried treasure, our pesky kid fingers  
frisked and pecked away, in the black sand for shorts to roll  
we loved to ride the metro home, knowing better than to get off early,  
last time Mack and those guys beat our asses black and blue

didn't kick us in the ribs yet though, us kids were all heart, minds like tourist traps,  
That winter I bought my first cassette tape, stole the next three.

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### Depth of Sand

By: Alice Thomas

a youthchurn tides itself  
finds its limit then sprints to sea  
it comes as a whirl of Plath  
or Jackson hurling caution  
across a night sky to  
some distant crimson web  
their brash tossed glass  
awakens our sensibilities  
to see their veil of paint  
depth of sand

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### Eternal Past

By: Alice Thomas

casks of history's clews slowly emerge  
from beyond the barriers of our horizons  
that wait to find *solution or issue* like crystals  
from Proust's unknowns  
beyond his life's long-delicious tales  
that bathe us in salves as we slide under  
his trembling salsa of cairns along our shores  
in salute to today's eternal past

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### Perpetual Motion

By: Amanda Curless

I am the curve  
of the ballet slipper, between  
the stage floor and the dancer.  
I am the still green shoots  
stretching a leaf from it's branch  
reaching for something blue and floating.  
I was the sky just after the rain storm  
cracked and teal for a moment--  
before spreading open  
to the moon and its stars.  
I am the cut grass, stinging in pain--  
made to let go of its pieces  
to make itself new and moving  
on with its cuts  
bare to the wind.  
My body, a river, that kicks and beats stones until they lodge  
into the ground below  
and I wash up on the shore  
deep and muddy  
sand between feet and grass.  
I am floating in the wind  
after long currents  
carrying me--  
made of yellow  
flesh and roots.  
I am the crease in the tree limb scratching towards the sky--praying kneeling--  
grasping for air.  
I am a canvas  
folded over braces of wood  
stretched and taught fine,  
underneath layers of color--  
strokes so careful  
and studied.  
Underneath, I lay, white and bare-- not really a part  
of what shades me  
and keeps me rigid.

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# Hunger

By: Camille Grunder

This hunger  
tears at my insides,  
begging me  
to rend their hides.  
Blank pieces  
within my mind

Drive sympathy away.

This illness-  
Not just of the flesh.  
It gives me  
not a chance to rest.  
Vicious greed  
will take the best

From what is there by day.

This anger  
That is in my heart  
pierces me  
like poison dart.  
Ravenous,  
this counterpart

will make them all my prey.

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### Detective Sestina

By: Gray Davis

At midnight, I sat in a car at the center of the city,  
The cab, slowly filling with smoke  
Looking at the pale back of a slinky broad.  
She was blonde as hell, wearing all black.  
In the neon glow, I saw the shine of her pistol.  
I pulled my hat down lower, just in case.

I had to follow her. That was the case,  
I didn't ask why, no one did in this city  
Where your only friend is your pistol.  
Through the cigarette and rising sewer smoke,  
I saw her recede into an alley of black.  
More like a snake than a broad.

You should never trust a broad.  
Never trust anybody. Not when you're on the case.  
I've loved too many women in black.  
I've seen too much of this city.  
The rain fell hard through the smoke  
As I stepped out of the car and cocked my pistol.

A shot from the alley, fired from a pistol  
Made me sprint through the veil of smoke.  
Each drop of rain hit my face like a spent bullet case  
Fired from a gun far above the city.  
I entered the alley and looked for her dress of black.

At the other end, I saw a light through the black.  
My only sense, the grip of my pistol  
And the smell of the blood soaked city.  
Then there she was, the broad,  
The beacon of light, the end of her smoke.

I saw her smile through the smoke,  
A thin gleam of white in the black.  
The man who had hired me for the case.  
Lay on the ground, killed by the pistol  
Still resting in the hand of the broad  
Everything stood on display, her, me, the city.

It was beautiful, the smoke, the broad,  
Posing with a pistol, everything white and black  
As if she and the whole city were inside a glass case.



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### The Fisherman

By: Gray Davis

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When I found the dildo  
Lodged in the cod's stomach,  
I thought of my wife.  
I thought of the first night  
After a long fishing season  
When I said I was too tired  
But really I had noticed  
The skin of her arms and neck  
Beginning to sag.  
On her fortieth birthday  
She cried and we both lied.  
I told her I didn't know why  
And she said she didn't either.  
Within a year she had a lover.  
He was probably young.  
I found a pair of pearl earrings  
He bought her.  
It was over quickly.  
But we both knew everything.  
And we went to sleep each night without a word.  
When the local news crew came  
To see the unwitting cod  
I told them I thought  
A frustrated wife  
Had thrown the sex toy overboard  
And the cod  
  
Had thought it was an octopus.

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### Halloween for Dummies

By: Jon Vreeland

It's always cold on Halloween,  
Yet everyone's clothes disappear  
Along with their girlfriend,  
A Nasty Hex,  
Taken away by a Drunk vampire  
and his stale and bitter  
Beer breath by the  
Light of the Colossal Moon

Or Pee-wee Herman and his pocket  
full of pills he found in mom's  
Bathroom  
Purse  
Car and Pockets of her dirty jeans,  
Along with three  
One Dollar bills  
Old lipstick and a condom wrapper,  
(Minus the condom).

Nobody hears from anybody until  
The painful morning,  
Phones Die, Drop like infected flies  
Never gaining full strength,

(Now everything changes,  
Now he won't  
Love her  
Like her  
Or even Lust for her anymore.)

It always rains on Halloween  
Makeup drenched  
Smeared black furrows amid  
Bela Lugosi's face,  
Holly Golightly's smile and  
white dress she burned with  
a long cigarette.

I have seen my friend squat like a  
Sasquatch on the hood of  
an old man's car and shit  
On Halloween which  
Made us laugh and vomit:  
And we ran in the  
Dark, the street lights burned out  
Leaving the moon incharge,  
A giant grapefruit  
Keeping the mothers inside

So the kids can still creep and laugh,  
and shit on cars,  
Eat candy while the monsters get drunk  
Lose their clothes  
Screw other monsters, and  
People who are famous and dead

Forbidden drunken souls high on  
Sex and Candy,

Hoping the moon shines  
just a little longer.

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### A Song For D. By: Maria Dmitrieva

My prince of northland,  
Don't be afraid  
Your ways and shadows  
Will never fade.

There are your Khanty  
In south end,  
There are your reindeer  
In northern land.

When ice is thick,  
And the night is dark,  
A bridge moans softly  
And shines its arc,

And wine is cold,  
But it warms your heart,  
Like nothing ever  
Did fall apart.

I hear you singing  
There in the dark,  
And trees are creaking  
In our park.

Sing me to sleep  
Or maybe to life,  
Play me a tune  
On your wooden fife,

And in my dream  
I will see it all  
And even more  
That I could recall.

My prince of northland,  
Don't be afraid  
Your ways and shadows  
Will never fade.

The Arden forest  
Stands in the snow,  
The Vale of Garnath  
Sleeps down below.

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### Haiku Contest Winners

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#### First Place: Meranda Balkema

Darkness cannot win  
If I do not let it in  
Spring's sun, makes it run

#### Honorable Mentions

Love, justice, freedom  
Sometimes that which gives us life  
Can tear us apart

- Tessa Moore

Serendipitous  
One word with five syllables  
That is pretty cool.

- Evan Tellep

I despise the foes  
Who char marshmallows to ash  
And say "edible"

- Julia Wahle

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