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Untitled

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And so it starts,
 A single interdivision.
 Self-sacrifice for progeneration,
 Seeking for that blind light,
 Knowing every dawn comes after a night--
 And sunset is just forgetting.
 While destiny's illusion laughs
 A crescendo of falling cries
 Shades away the buds of wisdom.
 Black is not a color
 Until it's been awakened,
 White can never see itself;
 The light hurts my eyes
 But I daren't turn away.
 Will you watch the stars with me?
 They are brightest when you look;
 Though do not ask me what they say
 When they speak, it is for you. Can you hear
 it?
 Can you see it? It's waiting
 For you, if you can reach it,
 As if you've done so many times before
 Lost and found in the memory of a dream.
 Let's play a game,
 Catch as catch can
 Fighting against with the soil--
 The sky can't run forever!

Celestine hides from the celestials;
 Your bindings are not real--
 Reach out and find something,
 Enlightenment perhaps will do;
 Only life is not relative.
 Learning is growing is knowing,
 But how big is omniscience anyway?
 Moving slowly seeds a dance,
 And passion in pieces is
 Shattered intensity is power still.
 Do you really think you can drown?
 Those branches are ever-higher, ever-wider,
 But you are not yet the master;
 Your leaves do not see enough--not yet.
 Time can be such a bore,
 And maybe now I can be tired.
 Laughing is a miracle in rays,
 Tears are the translation of clouds,
 Yet souls are stored in the heart
 So in the end you are still here--aren't you?
 Desperation begets strength but neither may die;
 Stand firm in the grains and spread your arms wide
 There is someone out there and it is you.
 And YES--
 Cry havoc! For here the blossom's burst
 And all creation faces your eyes.
 What makes you think that 'now' is an end?

Mai-Anh Tran

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 "Metamorphosis xvi", *Sam Keyes*

Margaret Owen Finck Prize for Fiction: "Sojourn", *Kate Seferian*

Spectral Reflections, *Chris Creel (back cover)*