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Untitled

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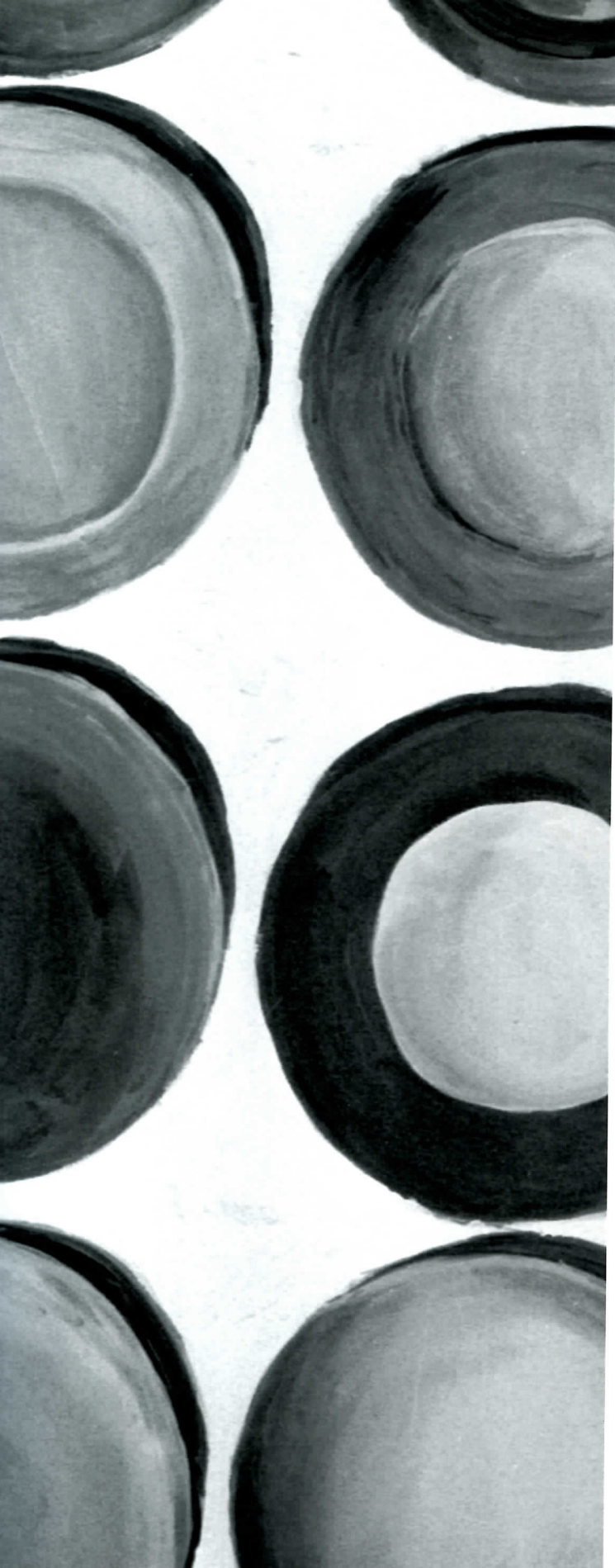
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I Knew of Love

Kelly Schmidt

I knew of love once a long
time ago
When my heart was
inexperienced
And my body didn't know
My innocence was taken
from me
By a hand who locked
the cage
Revealing all his lies and faults
A subject to his rage
His love is never ending
So a voice inside me said
Even as he lied to me
Wishing I was dead
My soul cried out in agony
As if turned to dust
Weeping in sweet misery
A prisoner to his lust
My heart forever darkened
My body couldn't flee
As a slave held prisoner
Never to be free.

Shadow

Pasco Rowe

I walked up to the edge of the riverbank and sat down next to
my shadow
Beside the shady sycamore and let my rusty coffee can of juicy
worms rest.
The cane pole grandpa taught me to fish with also served as a
tool of corrective discipline,
But today I put aside my youthful exuberance and settled my
straw hat over my eyes to reflect.

I ran over the list of disastrous accomplishments that make great
stories, but leave painful stings
As nature nurtured my soul when suddenly my shadow tapped
me on the shoulder whispering,
Remember that time we rolled that big black broke bowling ball
down the bank into the water?
The following interrogation ensued through two-inch particle-
board. "Isn't that where you wanted it?"

My shadow don't know much, but he has his ways of getting me
in on mischievous plans one
after the other that end up getting me chased to the brink of
exhaustion with wide whelps
to encourage my mischievous mayhem to detour towards reform
with painful stings as
constant reminders to look up the word "shenanigans."

My runny nose finally corked up and the cool earth anaesthetized
my backside enough to venture out
upstream, but the shady sycamore filtered out every urge and
desire to wander from underneath the
peace and protection that separated me from mischief and my
shadow. I usually wait till after dark
to go home on days like these, and everyone wonders why I
never catch any fish.

