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Unspoken Words

Alison Bestler

Streetlights lit the street as I wandered the campus with shadowy buildings lining the road on either side of me. It was quiet; the kind of quiet only found at 2 AM on a Tuesday night. As I continued walking, I turned and headed across the concrete squares towards the fountain. At first, the splash of water was the only noise to be heard. Then, the sound of light footsteps, the graceful steps of a dancer, were added to the flowing water. My heart quickened from excitement, not fear, but I did not let my body betray my feelings. My eyes remained downcast as he fell into step with me. We walked for a few feet further, before his hand found mine and he brought me to a stop. His other hand went to my chin and gently lifted my face so that our gazes finally met. No words were said as we looked into each other's eyes, with all the unspoken words hanging in the air between us.

Sanctuary

Iosh Kunowski

A young man sighs in the moonlight

This was their sanctuary

Nothing could harm them here

Visions of picnics and swimming in the lake flood his mind

He grabs the cover of the urn

A tear streaks down his face

Never again shall he be as free as he was with her

To love again is a sin

He takes off the cover

Her loving touch caresses his suffering mind

Causing temporary ease

He turns the urn over

And she's whisked away in the wind

To rest forever

In their sanctuary