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Unspoken Words

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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

Josh 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