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Untitled

Michael Ginsberg
NSU University School

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Michael Ginsberg

Propaganda

by Miriam Bedrin

Hey there!
Want to join my cause?
Yeah right.
Only idiots listen to propaganda.

But what if I told you with slippery tongue
That I could make hope trickle down into
your abyss of despair
Pointed out that your despair was there in the first place
Articulated in grandiose words that were laced
With promises empty as cotton candy
Appealing
Innocent
Empty
Substance-less

Even when dreams are crushed like glass on the floor—
Glass once filled with escapism to drown misery in—
You'll obviously be clear-headed enough
To discern between my kaleidoscope of words.
Even the brightest fools fall for feigned memoranda.

My Confession

by Ethan Abramson

Never before have I questioned the desire
that I have for you.

But now it seems I've not even a futile gesture
to win your love.

I've tried to court you while fawning on another,

And during this trek, I've given
to a deserving and unsuspecting fool.

In turn you've given to an undeserving bloke.

And now you tease my desire,
And laugh at my love.

You whom I court,
I will finally give in.

You whom I long for,
I will regretfully withdraw.

I once wept for those who glanced
at you and failed to fall.

Yet now I damn Cupid's arrow for hitting one of two,
And I curse the incredible and brutal results.