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## Untitled

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# Les Elephants

by Molly Gordon

In a frenzy of rage I ran,  
Ran far, far away--  
Looked not once behind me  
At the sea of decay.

It is the torment,  
The torture and groans.  
It drove me to do it,  
Society alone.

It dropped out of sight,  
Trickled out of my brain,  
Melted off of the Earth,  
And boiled away the pain.  
What remained were vast lands of  
solitude.

And a piercing instant--a significant  
flash--  
Brought forth a new beginning,  
With a ferocious splash.

In came the heat, arousing  
my senses.  
The deep reds, those velvety  
oranges,  
and subtle yellows  
Staining my eyes.  
My errant eyes.

Now the great creatures aligned,  
Carrying vast burdens on their  
backs.

Were they tricks of the mind?  
They left no tracks.

Towering legs trampling over me  
Were undoubtedly a sign.  
Boding no good news  
But rather, a severe decline.

The sun now sets  
On my empire of dreams.  
As does my guilt  
Into endless streams.

# Untitled

by Billie Bolinger

When I look at what you left behind,  
I don't like what I see.  
Because your sudden departure  
left me grasping for an invisible hand.

The places we loved have started to go  
and the world moves on without you.  
All the foods and experiences you  
showed me--  
now the flavor's fading fast.

If we could speak just one more time,  
so many things I'd say,  
but videos and pictures will have to  
suffice  
as your voice drifts farther away.

So yes, it seems, the world goes on.  
though, at times, I fall behind.  
But you're always there along the way--  
my hidden, guiding light.



Photography by:  
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