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Parting

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Parting

Karen Webb Owen

When I'm through,
another student could use it
cutting it into bits and pieces.

Begin with the back
once stroked by lovers,
whispering flattering sibilants.

Someone could take my hand,
its skin grown dry;
translucent as parchment.

Clear corneas could be harvested
from irises whose uncertain color
once provoked compliments.

These assignments unfinished,
leftovers are carefully collected.
Parts, unwhole, are summoned,
incinerated, and dispersed as ash.

My parting farewell:
some knowledge shared.

Daniel

Noah Mann-Engel

I am looking out the window. The sunlight was blinding to my tortured eyes. How long had it been since I had seen the light? I had been in the catacombs for much too long. I felt as though the sun was a rock upon which I rubbed to shed my skin. Like a snake I am reborn into a new body, but I still possess the same mind and spirit. They broke my body and my bones with their chains and whips and blows. Let them rip me, let them scar me, let them shred me into little pieces. They will not break my will to think. I am caged, I am a prisoner, but my mind is free. My mind roams the land as my body rots, but I do not feel any pain, I do not see any bleeding flesh, I do not smell the bursting blisters on my skeletal hands. I only smell the wild flowers that my mind can clearly see, reds and blues, and greens. I can only feel the cool coastal breeze on my skin. I do not hear the beast roaring behind the door. I only hear the singing of my dreams and the wind whistling through the bars.