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## The Space Between Us

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## The Space Between Us

Something is here between us:  
 A bad poem of darkness, a shrunken song,  
 Innocence and an empty vase.  
 You couldn't touch me if you tried,  
 Bringing the space, demons waiting for the toll  
 And me, begging you to cross. Tangled we find ourselves,  
 Tangled and bound before we reach the impasse  
 By some ancient dream, the dream never spoken of  
 Until it twists around our ankles, a beggar's child  
 That leaves us dumb with guilt. Only now  
 Do we feed it, offer it our skin as clothing.  
 And blood, running cold from our bodies,  
 Drips from its greedy lips, the sustenance  
 We search for, only to sacrifice it here,  
 Empty our pockets and let our dying pass.

-Allison Lemieux '96

## Searching For The Bermuda Triangle

On the afternoon of a dry and tasteless day  
 I walk toward an unknown beach  
 Corroded lawn chairs, empty sun block bottles  
 lye in a waves chant, untouched and stale  
 A motion from the foamed friend  
 My feet on burlap, My fingers  
 Emerged in damp hollow silk  
 I awoke with the prickle of its chill  
 As I bent down  
 To introduce myself.  
 I stood there confused about  
 My direction, my passage, my sea  
 This sea of pine needle cold  
 Fighting for warmth  
 I could smell the sweetness  
 But could not find the nectar  
 Of the juice in waters hands  
 So I turn away leaving the powder  
 Of crushed conch shell skin  
 To fall beneath the crevices of my fingers  
 And hope that on a day less bland and bitter  
 I can find the strength to go back  
 And try again.

Victoria Lyall '96