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Searching for the Bermuda Triangle

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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