Atoll

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The particular scent of creosote-saturated striations, the essence,  
the emanating incense of Catholic school Lamentations  
cornered by blacktop, castaway in a stone sea, I claimed that stinky log  
as life raft and island, Defensive, dirty haired, friendship-wrecked  
pouring out prayers to those child-gods of playground dominion, the bitter  
of their rejection spoken in tongues, The hum and pitch of their buzzing  
the shimmer-winged sand flies, the bite of beach glass, the sting of  
pretty things of sharp exotic cruelty, I studied each with feverish thirst  

Unquenched, the sun baked down on the wilderness of fourth grade recess,  
and no one got the message I was entirely alone, and no one looked for me  

Criminally in Love  
Veronica Shukin  

Well, I hope you’ve got an alibi  
‘Cause you just stole my heart  
And I hope you left no fingerprints  
When you took my breath away  
You better keep your guilty eyes  
Away from drowning mine  
And I’m sure you made off like a bandit  
With all my common sense  
I bet you didn’t think I saw  
When you put that smile on my face  
They’ll catch you if you don’t watch out  
You’re acting like a drug