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The Unseen Model

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College of DuPage

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The Unseen Model

The art students
are drawing the live model
They are not drawing her thoughts
or her tiredness
her longing for music
herself as a child
the woman she'll be
They see not her anger
or her pride in her body
They don't draw the tingle
in her cramped leg
or the boredom of taking
yet one more pose

By: Serena Niensted

Homesick

A place barely known
bare skin scorched by the sun
lobster girl
complete with claws that snap and tear
bitter on the back of the tongue

Baby sister sleeping
not really a sister
Saunter three houses down to
the Knonfelt's metal posted light
illuminates the street
but not now

Begin the ritual
slowly, slowly quickening
action figured grip turning
dizzy, never nauseous
rusty splinters tarnish my copper
then, STOP!

For a moment the world spins alone
while I am still
in paralysis
Illinois just across the Mighty river
home, light years away

By: Nissa Holtkamp

Division by Street

Standing sultry
in the cold
still air,
as it
clamors,
clings
to your breath.
Changing the mist
to untarnished
white
while
matching the setting
which is
around.
I sense
you
without seeing.
One of the
oblique abilities
taught to
me
by you.
So,
there you
sit
and here
one does remit.
What it is
I am forsaken,
forbidden
to know.
Your white
dress,
a careless
caress,

seen from afar.
The wind,
winsome yet winter
playing,
pandering softly
with you.
I hold heartily,
heavily
the same
yearning.
But,
division is between
us
and it figures,
I'm fumbly with
math.
I guess
there
you will remain
unsolvable remainder
until
both our sides
are the same.
Equal.
Reciprocal.

By: Brian Reedy