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

Division by Street

Standing sultry
in the cold
still air,
as it
clamors,
clings
to your breath.
Changing the mist
to unurnished 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,
sen 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

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By: Nissa Holtkamp

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