Once upon a time recently in...a land nearby

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College of DuPage

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Some kind of Grave
By Kamil David Leoniuk

Somewhere deep in Wyoming
there is an old cemetary with the
closest town being 50 miles away
no one lives within those boundaries.
There are no roads leading to the cemetary.
To get there, you walk.
The tundra-like surroundings don’t help.
The cemetary is small and plain.
There are no trees, there is no gate.
There are no tomb stones.
No one was buried there on purpose.
The only ones who rest there,
are the ones who seek it.

Pulling Away
By Madeline DeRose

He giggled at my old, turquoise ring
Worn on my toe because it was too small anywhere else.
Twirling thru an alluring array of lemon colored flowers.
His eyes piercing my heart and creeping into my head.
He’s tried to tap into me with his noisy presence just
Like a radio screaming with rock ‘n’ roll songs.
I am torn with the idea that his heart is crying for me.
Because he tastes like lemons.