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The Snowball

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College of DuPage

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PLAIN OR RINGLETS?

Timothy Craig

One puzzling feature of that Regency was its very aged watchmen and another its spinets and gray paper and another my own defunct manservant with his face like an iron stove. We had witches in Devonshire and mirrors in Belgravia. There were many very trivial kidnappings.

Blessington’s hair lies in dusty cylinders and the carpets at Gore are rolled like diplomas. The air is cranky & granular. I lie among cruets carried through the Northwest Passage. Long lavender sparks sail over the train yard. It is like listening to laughter & laughing oneself while not quite knowing the joke.

THE SNOWBALL

Joannie Liesenfelt

Slowly, it melts, a stranger to heat. Slowly, to dripping, falls frost in a flow, ripples of silken tumble and roll, tumble and roll!

Till warm melts away.
Slivers of icing benumb what was sway, habits of cold shrink flow to a ball rolling and rolling, too layered for thaw.