My Galaxy

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My Galaxy

Anne-Marie Bjornstad

Abstract

Lighted into life They say I am drunk with my galaxy. Too soon I am intoxicated. . . Bubbles of rapture curdle off my fleshy lips. Reputation exploited. . . Dissolved to crystal despondency. . . And bar-room floors...
My Galaxy

by Ann-Marie Bjornstad

Modern Languages, Jr.

Lighted into life
They say I am drunk with my galaxy.
Too soon I am intoxicated. . .
Bubbles of rapture curdle off my fleshy lips.
Reputation exploited. . .
Dissolved to crystal despondency. . .
And bar-room floors.
Cat-eyes meteor my convulsed stars into absinthe
And blue and green are my hearts.
They told me my kidneys held the wastes of
Adam's life,
But I laughed. . . and sparkled scarletly
From a vintage ageless and blind.
A swollen tongue drinks from my kidneys
And flesh tipples in the misery of my drunk galaxy.

A Cow’s Reveille

by Neil Gustafson

English, Sr.

I OPENED my eyes to a cold, gray-speckled room and tried
to make myself believe I wasn't awake. The sun wasn't
up yet, but it would be soon, because I could see my brother's
bed on the other side of the room. I figured it was about six.

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