Remembrance

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i've been drinking vodka-and-squirt's for the last hour and there were a couple of cans of beer before that so now I'm just sitting here at this typewriter and my eyes are bloodshot and i'm smoking every now and then. . . .

there's nothin' I can do except once I could run like a strong wind through a line, I could love girls with my hands, once I could even recognize myself. . . .

laugh with me cause i'm nobody and i'm glad you listened and can see i'm depressed but it's all right, college does that to some people meanwhile I think I'll just sit here and take the vodka straight and. . . .

I feel high.

Remembrance

by Mary Lou Lifka

Journalism, Soph.

Incense glow
And candle flame
And an ice-kissed evergreen
Summon smoke-dreams
Of that summer last night
When the cold was crushed between us
And the moon somersaulted
Out of the sky
Into your eyes.