The Shore of Existence and Nonexistence

Brian Holf*

*Iowa State University

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**SKETCH**

*The Shore of Existence and Nonexistence*

As I walk along the shore of existence and nonexistence with reality to one side and imagination to the other, I feel the sand come up between my toes.

I like to pick up the pebbles born of existence and carved of nonexistence. I like to think that I, too, am one of them.

Sometimes I pick them up and feel them. Most are smooth, some are rough. Most are dull, some are sharp.

One day I picked up a pebble that felt different. It fit so perfectly in my hand that they could only have been crafted from the same chunk of reality.

Its contour filled my palm and the contour of my palm filled it so that every part of them were touching and feeling.

Usually I throw the pebbles out into the sea to let them be engulfed by nonexistence until they are nothing but imagination.

Instead I chose to keep this one with me for the rest of my walk because pebbles that fit are rare.

One day I, too, will become one with the sea. I will take this one with me until that day when we will share imagination like we shared reality.
The sky will watch us walk until then
sometimes smiling at our happiness with its bright
crimson eye
and other times weeping with us

It knows both existence and nonexistence well
for it spans over each forever
and if we listen to it, it speaks to us

Of where we have come from
where we are going
and why

Brian Holf is a junior in Computer Engineering whose
soul belongs to all things creative. He likes to keep his head
in the clouds, his feet under the computer desk, his ears
near the great Romantic composers, and his hands on some
good Nietzsche. Watch “The Worst Show”, on ISU9!

Untitled

tthis coca-cola headache
is making it difficult
for me to remember
the color of your eyes exactly
but i know they glowed once
underneath the sweetness
of a candy-orange-slice moon
staring at me in your
sugar-coated way
that always went so well
with my early morning
cup of stale tea

jennylee peterson is cuter than a monkey.