Chapstick Breezes

Taylor Sklenar

*Iowa State University

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Looking at a Leaf
Taylor Sklenar

Looking at a leaf:
The possibilities propagate
In a world connected
Into one vast web

Crushing a leaf
Is inspiring a poem
Is fueling a revival
Is transforming a generation

While 19 thousand addicts
Shoot their veins full of a death sentence
Their last worlds spilling over the floor,
A black corroded muck

While 19 thousand mothers
Don’t know any different
Sinking once again into unsure sleep
Eyes no friendlier to the tears

And the child with the built in monitor
Denies it all
‘Because a leaf can’t be greater than a human’
He says without making eye contact

Completely missing the fact that
When anything can be everything or nothing,
The death of one leaf can be greater than

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A chapstick breeze
Catches me unaware

It swirls around me softly
Bringing the faint scent that
Is unequivocally you

For a minute it dances with me
Swaying about with a grace
Not quite that of your hips

Brushing my lips ever so gently
It tastes of you
Leaving my mouth dripping with desire

It caresses my ear and
Whispers gently—ever so gently
The secret it bares:

That winter is coming
and soon we’ll be together

But until then
I have my chilly chapstick breezes
To keep my lips warm

Taylor Sklenar is a freshman studying English and Chemistry. In his free time he enjoys acting, writing, spelunking, fighting dinosaurs, and making up creative past times. He looks for inspiration in everything around him, including nature, society, and his girlfriend, who is often his muse.