My First Love

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KRISTAL KUNZER

My First Love

Amidst the sanctity of the cornfield
There you were
So captivating, so distinguished
With your arms out-stretched
Waiting for an embrace.
I gazed up at you
But I couldn't see your face

For the bright halo around your head
Blissfully blinded me.
I longed to kiss you
But I only came up to your
Patch-worked knees.
Oh How I loved thee
Amidst the sanctity of the cornfield.

JULIE ANN RIVERS

Boredom Be Gone

Where's the future?
When will she greet me?
When will my voice's promises unfold?

They don't lie.
Wind blows slowly.
Reminding me
that the time will arrive shortly.

Move on.
Leave.
Approach unfamiliarity.
Oh, how friendly the unknown is.
I've seen and done enough here.
I've become bored.
Bored of waiting
for preparation to meet opportunity

I cannot allow the boredom to
wash away my dreams.

Like a traveler who's lost the way.
And decides to pull off the road.
Only to forget the initial destination.

Stuck forever.