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Blue Moon

Erin A. Hopkins
St. John Fisher College

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Eerie isn't it
The Quiet
What is it you fear
shame damnation death
time is the answer
to your holy riddle
spun in the dark ribbon as
idle hands stall
Children
become prophets
suffocated by sand
slipping
through fingers
scratching the concave
wall of the hour
Glass
and then silence
SILENCE
and you
and you
step outside yourself.

Not a breath beyond
this life
this second
this minute
will worries be weighted
with titles
starving for salvation
stops of the clocks
sounding alarms
the oyster tightens its grip
and I
and I
let go
of yesterday
the sand I grasp too tightly
and tomorrow
tomorrow
becomes the pearl
moon
on my watch.

--Erin Hopkins

Orélmus (Let us)

I haven't got a prayer.
Your words that cut me like a ringing true...
But somewhere in the firmament
there is a Trinity of universal
saviors that aim themselves towards
the blackness of your soul.

your soul
that can criticize and chastisement
Divinity is a state of mind--a state of mind
we hallucinate that we are heard
or in the presence of someone
and we find our
outward manifestation
all reflect the
shallow baseness
of someone else's standards.

What is good?
What is right?
It's not to be found in a book.
But in you.
Still, I haven't got a prayer.