

2003

Eventually to Rust

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Cover Page Footnote

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JONATHAN CHAROD KING

ONE NIGHT STAND

Arms strapped around my waist like
the Gucci belt I bought last week.
Temptation and desire travel thick
through my veins.

Symbiotic rhythms of nature compel
the forces of lust which burn, hot like flames of
fire on the surface of my already
trembling skin.

Beads of sweat trickle chaotically
in random order off of my body— as if I were oil based.

Clinching silk sheets of another man's scent with my
already crippling toes-I begin to chant the
Name of some ancient war hero,
imagining a battle won.

Each second counts here.
The pace must stay consistent or
the enemy will return.

These sheets of filth must
become soaked with the juices of randomness-
the creation of one night's effort.

In the morning,
(If we shall see it together)
I do not care to remember your name nor
your position.

My only concern is knowing
these silk sheets
now hold the scent of
Me!

MATT MUSZAK

EVENTUALLY TO RUST

Hand full of diamonds,
He threw them into the air,
Light shone in pieces through the sky,
Different shades of sparkle twinkled,
Within my omnipresent eye.
We made the sun of golden rings,
The wind made from our exhaustion,
As we ran through an endless field of cotton,
Heaven's gentle comfort never forgotten.
This illusion an absolute must,
Ending a dream blinded, unable to see,
The sun will eventually come to rust.