Vines

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Cover Page Footnote

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NEVER AGAIN
BY AMY LEWIS

Soothing hands, sympathetic lips
kind heart, passionate force
Drives fast, but never lasts
moments spent together apart from him.

Open hands
Closed heart

Wedge removed, yet hung beside
the love I pride myself in
not showing.
No less, much more,
yet
no one knows not even him.

We are what we have become,
Us, Friends.
Together today, maybe never again.

I observe our lives when I see your eyes.
Behind my eyes, forever lingers hope.

I stop to question,
you start to go.
Circles running,
never ending, again.
Chasing all haste away from happiness.

Again never happened
just like before.

A love floating
will never reach the
shore.

VINES
BY KARA DREBITKO

It happened last year
Right below the orange tree
Without cause or form or testament
It happened last year
And those who know about it
Don’t remember where they heard

It may have been the sidewalk
Guilty as sin
Covered with the remnants of what was and what fled
Protected by the footsteps that carry the dust around
And with it, the unholy traces

It may have been the oranges
Coke-high and arrogant
Always on the lookout and always on the stakeout
Protected by the reality that no one can reach them
Though no one has ever tried

It may have been the thing itself
Dirty and flirtatious
Cognizant of her evils and proud to be contagious
Protected by the sheer fact that everything avoids her
And anyway, she’s close to dying