2007

Affection

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Cover Page Footnote

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Gaulin Affection

Affection

By Niki Gaulin

Soft kisses upon my brow
wet, cool, and pure,
like dipping my fingers in
semi-sweet chocolate icing
as if I were eight again.
The chilling caress of the rain
brushes over my ripened cheeks
soaking my ruddy-blond hair,
and drips like a loose faucet
off of my nose and over my lips.
Trickles to showers
as I stand colder than bedsheets
not slept in,
waiting for nothing but
everything at once.
Droplets of cloud borne rain
stick to my eyelashes
like and old lover's lingering kiss.
I feel safe and wanted
under the shower of this
undaunted affection.
Yet rain—cold, unforgiving, miserable,
like love can be—
reminds me that sometimes I am
only human.

Sixth and Second

By Meghan Prichard

In the corners of every crease I can see it.
When you say,
"I'm done. That's it. Go. Come back. Say you'll never leave."
So I stepped onto the corner
Of Sixth and Second Street,
Said what I meant
Without the poignancy.
But I knew,
Making plans would ruin this
I wish you saw, what I can always see.

I started humming
Pushing keys through lips
On tiles white and green.
And it's the saddest song I ever sang.
The saddest song I could never really sing.
I walked down to McGregor's:
The last bar without a cover.
The boys here
Will all be sick when morning comes.
The girls, hurling,
Crying for their cotton colored mothers.
I'll be wasted on my front stoop—
Too exposed for chicken soup or my father's lemon tea.
You'll be somewhere sleeping.
A bed, eight pillows, four blankets
Everything you need.
Everything but me.
On our way home
I gave my cell to Sara.
If it were up to me, I'd call 'til I couldn't.
Until my face and hands are clouds.
If you say you mean, I'll believe it.
Confess a quiet conscience
That under liquor, comes out loud.

I've been here for an hour.
It could be three or four a.m.