As Light Runs from a Frozen Star

Lindsey Monroe

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.winthrop.edu/anthology

Part of the Poetry Commons

Recommended Citation
Available at: https://digitalcommons.winthrop.edu/anthology/vol2014/iss1/9

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by Digital Commons @ Winthrop University. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Anthology by an authorized editor of Digital Commons @ Winthrop University. For more information, please contact digitalcommons@mailbox.winthrop.edu.
As Light Runs from a Frozen Star | Lindsey Monroe

Drowning in the context you tried to hide me in, my originality was overshadowed limited to less than the sky though it deserves the limitlessness of the universe. I became asphyxiated by the waves of your manipulation and love as they washed over me like a polluted estuary that kills shiny, cerulean fish. The brightness in my soul was dimmed, and my bluebird song finally found inexorable release in its surrender.

Untitled | Adam Matonic

I am imprinted by his back. I was whiplashed by his taut-then-slack grasp.

I was unzipped by a hand, once warm and sure, that now plants in the hand of a man I’ve never seen but on a gleaming, sterile screen that leaves an outline seared on my eyes.

So hellbent on staying shut to banish a sight over which I’ve been so set on seething. I open my eyes to see my fists bound around nothing but my own folded, cold fingers.

My knuckles drain of blood, as my grasp tightens vice-like and my eyelids clench, and once more I see his back imprinted on my mind. My grasp slackens, leaving my whole body lax, nonporous, and hollow.

And they thought I wouldn’t notice | Toyé Durrah

Digital Photography