September 1998, 1:30 AM

Carrie Hansen
Grand Valley State University

Follow this and additional works at: http://scholarworks.gvsu.edu/italics

Recommended Citation
Available at: http://scholarworks.gvsu.edu/italics/vol2000/iss1/33

This Article is brought to you for free and open access by ScholarWorks@GVSU. It has been accepted for inclusion in Italics by an authorized administrator of ScholarWorks@GVSU. For more information, please contact scholarworks@gvsu.edu.
September 1998, 1:30 AM

CAROL HANSEN

Tonight I drink as the Romans did,
My water half wine, but still red.
I sit in silence drawn out against
The war-torn sky of Troy
Which lies open before me.
The simple, black lines patterned
So that I can grasp the meaning,
Violent and terrible,
Of days ten years into a war
Which began eons ago.
The wine glows from the light of the lamp
But my throat is dry.
The color has dimmed from the warm day
Long ago when the fruit fell,
Pruned and Swollen red from the sun.
Fell into the dry, crack, sapient hand of
a farmhand.
Far away in time and place from
The moist, wooded basement room hung
With tapestries and dime-store posters
Where I sit and drink the wine those dry
hands drew out.
But I can still taste it.

The Emotional

DAN FRAYER

The eyes of a drug
staring into the face
Feeling the pain of
love walk out the door.

The Bridge

DAN FRAYER

Suspended in air
between love and hate
with the confusion
Bringing me closer
but farther from the
