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Richard Stravers

Grand Valley State University

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SOMETHING FAR IN THE DISTANCE AND I CIRCLE EACH OTHER SLOWLY.

by Richard Stravers*

It has taken me a long time
to admit the simplest things.

In libraries, and stores,
I take the back ways,
eager to be unseen, quietly
slipping behind the stacks.

When discovered, I talk and talk.

Like a young boy
fumbling before his father
I have tired to build up courage
with a desperate, methodical, step-by-step.
This thing I bring myself to say
shows much. A voice inside my ear
repeats, ignored, that telling this is inappropriate
and wrong. I have no reply.
I am not morbid. Do not, by nature,
dwell on grievous things.
But nonetheless I work here
towards what is for me a chilling phrase.
I say it now:

I see a distant flicker in the fog
It sees me I quail
unprepared and horrified
to die.

*First Prize Winner of the Annual English Department
Writing Contest, Creative Writing Category.