Castle of Nostalgia

E.W. Oldenburg

Grand Valley State University

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

Recommended Citation
Available at: http://scholarworks.gvsu.edu/amaranthus/vol1971/iss3/6

This Article is brought to you for free and open access by ScholarWorks@GVSU. It has been accepted for inclusion in Amaranthus by an authorized administrator of ScholarWorks@GVSU. For more information, please contact scholarworks@gvsu.edu.
Castle of Nostalgia

The door of memory locked up tight will open at no touch of latchkey held in shaking fist; all sham sobriety gone, I see with fading double sight keyhole, gargoyle knocker, all recede beyond my reach, and I, compelled at last to act the whole routine, drop my key, and fall to my knees to grope on damp welcome mat, and feel wet autumn leaves between my fingers, conscious that my prat protrudes unseemly while bilious seas of nausea wash and ebb away. The door of memory stays locked. My key is sunk in a hopeless moat. The past will not come out to play.

by

E.W.Oldenburg

An Encounter

The yellow morning glory basked in the glassy sky. I saw the woman with her long hair red and spread out neon in the starving wind.

The luminant signal of the sun on the petals of periwinkles mirrored on her metallic mane burst like a bomb in the hunger of my lungs.

Something light and bright within me seemed to stir. She blocked the sun and faced my famished face and blew my eyes the shining image of a kiss.

by

L.Eric Greinke