

Excerpt From A Blue Reflection

but we indulge nonetheless
pass the wine and oh, what lovely tableware
that must be the silver lining the municipal administrators always speak of
fools
they too end statements with prepositions
and when the sun begins to wane
as it slips into the final credits
the vampires stir
and the geriatric ward grows sleepy,
its tenants postponing
their plan to assassinate the hall director
but tomorrow shows promise
(yesterday just breaks them)
how their knees tremble and their heads spin
anticipation, awaiting that oh-so-rollercoaster experience brought forth by
the paper-cup kaleidoscope of brain candy
administered right-about-now and in-a-little-while, as needed
of course
but I'll be waiting in the lobby
I have some hands to shake
and a tent to pitch
a replica of my burning ambition
just like Thoreau's cabin
but collapsible (foresight)
watch me split the infinitive
it makes for excellent firewood

by Zach Weber, RC Sophomore, who won a 2005-2006 Hopwood Award for Underclass Poetry.