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Gettysburg College
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**Author Bio**
Candise Henson is a sophomore studying English and Education. Her ambition is to be an author, book editor, and 50s-style housewife. She hates writing poetry. Her literary heroes include King, Plath, Jewel, Rowling, and Eliot. She would love to marry either Joss Whedon or Ray Bradbury.
my soul sings in his direction
a man with passion
a rarity
even here, in this swollen academia,
where so many men pretentiously puff cigarettes
talking of political follies and existentialism.
he is apart.
not silly, not important to the outside.
he is understated.
behind that small man is a universe of thought
whirling, sweeping my soul through his vast Space.
I want to curl beneath a blanket of his neural stars
and sleep basked in his planetary cortex,
spinning below a multitude of matter,
licking inspiration from his Milky Way dreams,
safely. As the peacocks strut by
and invite me for a night of fake orgasms and meager efforts,
I’ll dip my head in supposed shyness
and say, another day.
I’d rather lie in that caramello mind.