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A Poem

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A Poem

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Author Bio

Molly Masich is a Senior Film Studies Major/Spanish Minor with a penchant for sass and intrigue. Molly! wants you to know that sometimes Right and Wrong are the same thing.

other and lit cigarettes and dreaded to be pushed through – and when they came out it was into blinding sun and sand in their eyes – and a boy wakes up and realizes he's a man – and a bullet strikes his heart and he drops dead – and the man looked up from his green stucco chair and muttered holy hell – and a tear dripped from his tired eye as he read the letter written in '45 by a man he had known as Sarge – and his hands wept and his eyes they cried and he covered his hands with his face – and he sat sad and lonely and depressed and his wife hummed and hawed in the kitchen and he gave up – and he detests the southern president talking on the big black box and the way that he stands for nothing and far away in another land an American flag is burning.

MOLLY MASICH

A Poem

There are no answers to fill in the spaces between mind and soul.

Sometimes, Darling, I think of you

I get so excited and I can't get a word in

Though I am all alone

Somewhere a memory of your voice has grown.