

The Shore of Existence and Nonexistence

As I walk along the shore of existence and nonexistence

with reality to one side and imagination to the other
I feel the sand come up between my toes

I like to pick up the pebbles
born of existence and carved of nonexistence
I like to think that I, too, am one of them

Sometimes I pick them up and feel them
Most are smooth, some are rough
Most are dull, some are sharp

One day I picked up a pebble that felt different
it fit so perfectly in my hand that they could only
have been
crafted from the same chunk of reality

Its contour filled my palm
and the contour of my palm filled it
so that every part of them were touching and feeling

Usually I throw the pebbles out into the sea
to let them be engulfed by nonexistence
until they are nothing but imagination

Instead I chose to keep this one with me
for the rest of my walk
because pebbles that fit are rare

One day I, too, will become one with the sea
I will take this one with me until that day
when we will share imagination like we shared reality

The sky will watch us walk until then
 sometimes smiling at our happiness with its bright
 crimson eye
 and other times weeping with us

It knows both existence and nonexistence well
 for it spans over each forever
 and if we listen to it, it speaks to us

Of where we have come from
 where we are going
 and why

Brian Holf is a junior in Computer Engineering whose soul belongs to all things creative. He likes to keep his head in the clouds, his feet under the computer desk, his ears near the great Romantic composers, and his hands on some good Nietzsche. Watch "The Worst Show", on ISU9!

Untitled

this coca-cola headache
 is making it difficult
 for me to remember
 the color of your eyes exactly
 but i know they glowed once
 underneath the sweetness
 of a candy-orange-slice moon
 staring at me in your
 sugar-coated way
 that always went so well
 with my early morning
 cup of stale tea

jennylee peterson is cuter than a monkey.