

REGRET

by

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i was an unruly child.

stepped on every crack,
hid when you called,
and laughed when you scolded.

i was an unloving child.

yanked out the ribbons you placed in my hair,
pulled away when you hugged,
and didn't care when you quit trying.

but now i do,
and there's no way to bridge
the gap i've made.

THE ENCOUNTER

by

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Landscape Architecture Senior

The solemn windswept cliff—a wave below
Which thrusts its nose into a cave for show,
Then pulls it out again.

Tasting,

and smelling,

With sunlight's glitter in its eyes, and welling,
Heaving beneath me, its force is back once more.
This time, perhaps, its thrusting nose is sore!
Salt whiskers tickle my windburned skin instead,
As mist swirls cautiously about my head.
It's touching me, I know.

Afraid? And yet

Those haunting eyes will not let me forget
The creature who has carved that empty cave—
Who breathes,

and sighs,

with every cresting wave.