

Broken

Tyler E. Waskow

The long walk from later year,
the new dear, alone with no one with which to hear.
It's not the fault of the beer,
the artificial mans beverage to which he swallows all of his fears.
In the empty dew of this, a new day a cow moos,
as a man moans, and groans,
On his own, because his love was manufactured,
and he does not know.
The fellow of you the men inside,
bipolar and dried, washed up and crying.
The problem of fate is when does it end,
who does it send, where lies a friend.
The day has been born once more,
and you lie upon the floor.
Whore.

Tyler is a freshman studying History from Wauke, Iowa. He came to Iowa State this year with his band so they could continue their collaboration and has recently started branching out from music into poetry.