

Two Poems

James Stanton

Closer

Smoke curls between closely drawn lips—
Inhibitions carried away on a breeze.
Heated glances trailed by cold fingertips,
Haloed by the pinkwashed sky.
Hold me closer.

Icarus

Diverging waters through color blocked fields of green. Icy nights bleed into summer mornings, leaving only a trace of their dance across the northern plains. Clouds of wispy thread hover over the lands, stubborn, in their refusal to give way to clearer skies. Unaware or simply uncaring of their presence, I cut through pale strands with pale wings. Enthralled by the beauty of the scene below. Wind rushing past steel feathers as I dip and dive, climbing to heights unknown. Then freefalling as mother nature pulls me into her comforting grasp and pulling away at the last moment to fly back towards my perch, back to my reality. "Farewell," I think as I glide further and further away, "I'll see you again someday."

James Stanton is a sophomore aviation student at UND. Outside of flying, he spends his time on the ground writing and enjoying audiobooks. He's been known to draft pieces on the backs of receipt paper.