

Two Poems

Brenden Kimpe

Working Man

My consciousness is a sniveling fool who doesn't know what's good for
himself,
Prostrating at the feet of those deemed superior to me.
Cheeks wet with spit spewn scornfully upon a quivering mass of flesh.
My throat is withheld from desires until it tastes the metallic fluid that
steadily drips over its ridges.
A disingenuous movement of lips summon cracks upon their surfaces.
The cool air is no longer soothing.
Heed directions from those upon whose feet you must lay kisses.
Ask not what shall happen otherwise.
Unceasing now, the motions of your limbs fulfill their terrestrial duties,
While the mind wanders the cosmos.

Words of Power

Once, a book of strange design found a home in the hands of a man.
The smooth leather edges whispered songs of which were like no other.
Bewitched, the man followed its cruel bidding.
Foamed mouth, bloodied fingernails, tear-leaden irises.
The book of strange design was of indeterminate origin—this much the
man knew.
It survived its owner, the previous ones too.
The man became too absorbed. Engrossed. Consumed. Eaten.
In its yellowed margins were the scrawls of madness.
Written ten times over, each exact cross of a “t” and hook of a “q”.
It is said that the man retreated from the civilized, off to live within his
own.
Each night he traverses dirt roads and grass covered paths,
Just to rid himself once more of the pages that, with lustful sighs,
Exhaust yet another with their words.

Brenden Kimpe is an English major with certificates in creative writing along with writing, editing, and publishing. He enjoys being frightened by words, drinking strong coffee, and discussing the meaning of life with his cat, Marceline.