

Two Poems

Brenden Kimpe

A Message to You

Think of the calamity of others in your own time of longing.
Scarcely do you dwell on the bandaged bridges between us, bound by
 fibers and fabric alone.
How lovely it must be, tasting the coolness of water and the softness of
 plums.
You are
Dangerous and unguided,
Alone and overwhelmed.
You cannot imagine another unless you traverse beyond the terrestrial,
Left to dance in wonderful dreams
Forgotten upon the Sun's resurrection.

The Writer

The primitive markings on this page are mere imitations,
Inconceivable notions and ideas that strive to become irresistible,
Tattooed pages that possess the powers of imagination and wonder.
There is an unseen pathway marked between the mind and fingers which
 hold
Instruments of creation.
It is one that rinses away the coatings of reality.
They bare to all a soul, personally exposed to a select few.
Embellished or tamed words are all that remain left behind in this confrontation of self.

Brenden Kimpe is an English major with certificates in creative writing and writing, editing, and publishing. He enjoys strong coffee, purple sunsets, gothic novels, and complaining about everyday life with his cat Marceline.