

Invar

Kai Szulborski

Kai Szulborski is a graduate student, English GTA, and writer at UND. He first tried writing after he fell in love with a badly written gothic space-opera about a small blue ghoul who uses the soul of Charles Dickens to power his giant hammer-wielding robot. Now, he mostly writes about giant sad women crying in deserts. He is currently working very hard to accelerate the process of entropy in order to eliminate all stars in the universe. That way, he can sleep in as long as he wants.

After Wilfred Owen's "Futility"

The clay cannot claim itself
For all its import and purpose, inside of a circle
The clay cannot claim itself
If it sits idly by, dissolved by the sun
Grown cold in harsh politeness and three feelings
The first is letting go of itself; to tunnel underground
Here the clay will mire and surge until it breaks peace
The second is thunder, coming both from underground and inside of the clay
The thunder is timid and it cannot stir the fire of the sun
Asking questions of the half-sown field
The third, and final, is the sleep of the earth
The sun asks of its clay to break the sleep
But in thunder, and the tunnels below the snow,
In the frozen core of the Earth
The sun cannot reach and the beams cannot break sleep
And the cold star which hailed the seeds from the starship
Has vanished back past the planets
And hidden behind the moon.