

Two Poems

Nyah Kauders

The Last Breath

With each intake of breath, I know the last one will be the worst,
When the time comes that I will have to stare into your eyes
And confine our lives to the ring of melancholy that circles your eyes,
the residue of our kisses that stains your forlorn lips.
...I know the last one will be the worst.

With each intake of breath, I know the last...one...will be...the worst,
When your jubilant laugh will become muffled and distant,
and the feelings of your soft hands around me will only be numb
...last one will be the worst.

With each intake...of breath...the last one will...be...the worst
When your name merely confounds my mind,
A dissembled book of broken words and crumpled pages

With each...intake of breath—
the last one is

the worst.

Marie in the Fall

Distant Marie,
Something made me think of you,
While I was alone in a desolate field
Sitting, reminiscent, my heart now healed.

Changed Marie,
There was a tree at the centre of the field,
And I sat and watched a branch release the two leaves,
And if I listen carefully the branch still grieves.

Detached Marie,
The two leaves were now free to pursue their desires
As they convulsed in the wind
And danced among themselves as if they had sinned.

Timid Marie,
I sat there attentive and yet with a hint of desolation,
Knowing that winter would soon breathe,
Forcing the inevitable moment when the two would have to leave.

Austere Marie,
I went to the bench for as long as I could,
And one day there was one leaf instead of two,
For if I found it, it would lead me to you

And I am still trying to find it.

Nyah Kauders is a junior at the University of North Dakota majoring in Sociology. She is an avid reader and writer. Nyah got her passion for writing from her grandfather, who is a published author, and she hopes to follow in his footsteps one day.