

## Two Poems

Chad Erickstad

### Jug Wine

soft and silly  
thoughts  
unravelling  
our heads  
filling  
with dry  
crisp  
apple  
overtones

sinking into  
oblivion  
with you  
guys I  
wouldn't  
want it  
any other  
way I  
love

you guys  
are my  
best

fiends  
*friends*  
where are  
we how  
are we  
here

## **Pulled to Light**

I am muddled, motionless,  
suspended between surface and  
weedy lake bottom, looking up  
toward a murky, greenish glow.

I have not yet spent stretches  
of summer kicking limpid water,  
gripping the rounded concrete  
edge of my small town's public  
pool, finally unmooring myself,  
free to propel into more turbid  
depths of uncertain purpose.

Gripping my tiny wrist, my father  
pulls me to the light, removing  
me from the lake, gently laying  
me onto the dock as water drizzles  
from my slack, drained body.

Years from now my father's heart  
will burst while jogging, preparing for  
an Army National Guard physical  
test, having never left the service  
after conscription during Vietnam.

I will keep his dog tag, studying it,  
wearing it from time to time, running  
my fingers over the raised letters, a  
blind search for remedy or meaning.

Looking up at my father, I am scared  
by the worry I see, his face a mask  
of distress unfamiliar to me before  
a broad smile transforms it as he  
realizes that I am unharmed and safe.

I want this to be my father's  
expression, his experience upon  
dying: suddenly, painlessly, beatifically  
pulled to light by some savior  
like I was pulled to light by mine.

**Chad Erickstad** is a senior at UND majoring in English with a minor in communications.