

Two Poems

Chad Erickstad

Land of Improbable Dreams

I race
to the land
of improbable
dreams:

a gaunt and
ragged old
man there
deems

me ready
and willing
to take tall
dives

into its
pristine waters

and whetted
knives;

but as I
stare into
his haunted
eyes

my stomach
turns and my
will to stay
dies.

Caffeine and Me

mornings
we do
the hustle

we do
the jitterbug
evenings &
bunny hops
at noon

alone
I don't
the zombie

I don't
& I don't
& I crave
she comes
back soon

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