

Two Poems

Olivia Kost

Dangers of Smoking

aged by stale cigarette smoke and hostility,
the only sign of passing time is the progress
moths are making on the tattered couches and discarded
matches on tobacco-stained linoleum, like miniscule
hands of a clock: burnt out, useless—a familiar word
to these withering walls,
they have ears you know.
moments of castigation castrated only by cracked windows;
this is a family affair.
paint peeling off in curled fingers, flecked
by hues of scarlet and split knuckles.
mold emanating from fist-sized holes in cream-colored dry wall,
a dark bruise spreading its way across pale skin, marring to the point of
completed consumption.
formerly unbent beams buckling under a ceaseless sun, glaring through
absent shingles
long ravaged by nature's unyielding elements;

Floodwall | **Kost**

straightened spines curved by the clock, an amaranthine onslaught of
thinly veiled abuse.

curtains once drawn to keep out rivulets of rain and contain
pouring-down blows of thunderous rage,
reduced
to dilapidated drapery.

gorgon's gaze

cold marble
softening
footsteps brushed in linen
gaze of the virgin
 turned
in deified devotion

cold marble
unrelenting beneath
scrabbling of unblemished hands
gaze of the god
 turned
in whetted appetite

cold marble
unyielding
against alabaster knees
gaze of the goddess
 turned
in rage

cold marble
grasped
in ivory claws
gaze of the lover
 turned
in shame.

Olivia Kost is currently a first-year English PhD student at the University of North Dakota. She has a passion for Ancient Greek mythology, and, specifically, the women contained within it. If you are ever looking for her, you can most likely find her at Urban Stampede, chatting her husband's ear off about her latest mythic revelation over a hot agave miel with almond milk and an extra shot of espresso.