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Butterfly Boy

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He falls back into the folds of the couch,
 sexy lounge lavishing his own flesh.
 His thick, black locks fan out,
 forming a frame of darkness around his delicate visage.
 His eyes shine an incandescent green as he relishes in the
 ridges of his body.

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She reaches into the depths of his room, world, soul
 trying to identify the source of his sensuality.

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The chase: he for her chastity, her for his identity.

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He pushes hard.

She loves, hates, loves him again.

She grasps wildly, attempting to pinpoint his personality.
 He flits away, a nimble butterfly:
 beautiful though bashful, intriguing yet intangibly,
 effeminate and erotic.

He tantalizes and tortures her.
 Sexuality reigns, sarcastic splurges, seeking sensory experiences,
 he penetrates.....her psyche.
 Saltatory conduction hyperspeed,
 leap frogging of the action potentials down his myelinated axons.
 He inhales hallucinogens for a high; she intakes his aura as
 her drug of choice. He acts as her surgeon, performing deep
 brain stimulation.
 All actions – repeating rhythmic motions –
 penetrating eyes narrowing,



head nodding assurance,
body shaking,
overtaking,
she succumbs to his pulsating...

Collapses... defeated, deflated, damaged.

He flits away frenetically: depleted, depraved, disenchanting.

Fresh Strawberry

In the garden of my youth
Winter comes to reign
I become aware of the cold as it freezes me piece by piece
Finger tips, lips, and finally—my heart
I turn numb against the pain of bitter ice
Sweet sunlight caresses me with momentary glimpses of a paradise
beyond
And the blizzard blinds me again
Left only colder
Wandering amidst the whiteness, pure yet void
Fog so thick about me
I wonder whether I am dreaming or in a dream
Fall to my hands and knees
Cry out to be saved
From a hell I know exists because I taste it day by day
Draw closer to its decrepit gates
Feel the vile aura seep into me
My eyes are closed, please say I'm dreaming
As the nightmare becomes reality
Spinning slowly, fever rising
Reach out, clutch desperately
Fresh strawberry against the white void
Lush redness amidst the purity
I place the fruit upon my lips
Frozen I hardly feel the rich nectar
Filling me with life
I still feel the last drops inside me
My soul dances in ecstasy
As I soar high above
Leaving a worn shell on earth
Red strawberry smeared against the white

By day, **Amber May** is a biology major and aspiring pre-med at University of Chicago, holding leadership positions on the Pre-Medical Students Association, Treasurer of the Classical Entertainment Society, Athletic Trainer at the gym, and Surgical Assistant. By night, she revels in the power and release of creating poems and poetic prose. As a child she composed fantasy stories, later turning to free-flow, stream of conscious prose as she matured. Amber has been published in various periodicals and has read her work at numerous poetry fests.

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