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## Two Poems

by Morgan Nikola-Wren

### Yours, Our Mother's and Mine

Your trusty DDD breasts  
Pulled your skeletal body  
Downward  
As you clung to your IV rack  
Like it was a lover  
Just as emaciated as you

You had given it a name  
I think it was "Ollie."  
And it could almost pass  
For a passionate embrace  
When you and your tubes  
Tangled around him  
Desperate to keep your feet

Your own body  
Spilling itself out  
In rivers of shit and vomit  
Seeping down the raw grain  
Of wooden floor  
That we all melted down to  
Helpless

You  
Our mother  
And I

My young eyes  
Two wide smatterings  
Of gold flecks in perfect mud circles  
(Like the pans at the gold mine  
From my fourth grade Sacramento tri)  
Had never seen anything like it

And our insides all collapsed  
Deflated

Yours  
Our mother's  
And mine

Winter/Spring 2008

Editor's Note

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As laughter shook us all  
Rough  
And harder than it had  
In a miniature eternity

## Wrapped and Wrangled

and so, wrapping him up  
in black velvet embrace  
that spellbound night  
slid down his throat  
by way of enigma-laced kiss

'til his proper brass buttons  
strained beneath the swell  
for those twin zeppelins  
that hid deep  
inside his ribcage  
were at long last  
growing up with every  
gulp of starlight  
and each  
gasping wish  
that the night  
now trapped inside him  
would unscrew  
his shoes from the ground  
and float him  
lighter and laughing  
away from it all

but it is never that easy  
and the moon sighed a smirk  
sympathetic  
as those crafts shot up  
launching out of his mouth  
and away with his heart  
that skipped between them  
limping  
like some blithely broken  
Dickensian orphan

and so, the three swam on  
just slow enough  
for him to follow  
but only if  
he ran his fastest  
through every shipwreck and bruise  
'til he finally found himself  
in that place he'd always searched for

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in the corner of his sad little smile

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**Morgan Nikola-Wren** attended college to study Theatre Arts, but ended up staying up scribbling manically until 3AM for many-a-night. She favors sweeping, lyrical prose with a satiric bite, and moments that stir you from a place inside you can't even name. Her work has appeared in Scissors and Spackle Magazine, Clover: A Literary Rag, Grey Sparrow Journal and Vine Leaves Literary. Upcoming publications include Tule Review, Paper Nautilus and Writers and Lovers Café.

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