
[Home](#)

[Current Issue](#)

[Spring/Summer 2008](#)

[Winter/Spring 2008](#)

[Autumn 2007](#)

[Summer 2007](#)

[Spring 2007](#)

[Winter 2007](#)

[Autumn 2006](#)

[Summer 2006](#)

[Spring 2006](#)

[Winter 2006](#)

[Fall 2005](#)

[Summer 2005](#)

[Editor's Note](#)

[Guidelines](#)

[SNR's Writers](#)

[Contact](#)



POETRY OF JENNI LORSUNG

COPYRIGHT 2008

Try Harder

Try harder to make me believe
That you aren't on my side.
Tell me again that you hope I find happiness,
Implying that it can be found
Without you.

Tell me again that we connected
On some ethereal plane,
Souls colliding,
But that it's to serve a different purpose
Than to bind us to each other.

Tell me again how much you like the
Status quo.

And how I should, too.

To My Former Future Lover

I slept with you again last night.
As usual,
You were fabulous.

The dreamy whisper
As the scent of my hair
Danced playfully across my pillow
And into your nose
Started it all.

Then I felt the bristles
Of what I imagine was your
Day-old beard
Tickle my throat –
Each one an ambassador.

The best part was your hands.
I'm partial to strong, calloused fingers
And palms as wide as the back of my head.
I gave those to you as a gift to myself,
So as you press me to you
I know I'm protected.

Back when you were an actual
Future lover, one that might find the scent
Of my smoky hair distasteful
Or the warmth of my neck suffocating,
The pressure was more than
I could bear.

Now I summon you whenever I want,
Never reigning in my expectations of you
To avoid tainting reality.
This way, you'll never let me down.

By the way,
I'm free again tonight.

Royalty

Look at the towering aspens
On this frigid December day.
Their frosty tops, like the heads of
A whole colony of ancient royalty,
Are gray and fuzzy like
Self-inflicted permanent waves
Gone mad.

Yet they still seem regal in their
Sameness and their
Solidarity.

But now, the low-skied morning sun
That was causing curly twigs
To glow as if with silver crowns
Has instigated a grand melt.

Even as we watch, the crystals that
Decorated them and
Named them as
Kings and Queens
Have begun to weep

And seep down their limbs.

Eyes made wise by years of reigning
Stare from trunks
Refusing to blink the tears
Out of their lashes.

Instead they let the fresh new water
Run down each wrinkle and crack
Toward its loam-blanketed destination.

Because,
With each liquid offering
Poured on throne steps,
Renewed strength to
Rule another season or two
Comes alive.

Copyright 2008, Jenni Lorsung. © This work is protected under the U.S. copyright laws. It may not be reproduced, reprinted, reused, or altered without the expressed written permission of the author.

Jenni Lorsung has a BA in Creative Writing from DePauw University, Greencastle, Indiana. Currently, she is a member of and participant in the Loft Literary Center's writing programs in Minneapolis, MN. Publication credits include an article entitled, "First Timer Frenzy" in the March 2008 issue of *Lacrosse Magazine*. The poem, "Ten Watches" was also included in the Dakota County 2008 Poetry Contest compilation. Jenni formerly taught middle school English, but is now a writer living in Apple Valley, Minnesota.