

[Home](#)

[Current Issue](#)

[Summer 2008](#)

[Spring/Summer 2008](#)

[Winter/Spring 2008](#)

[Autumn 2007](#)

[Summer 2007](#)

[Spring 2007](#)

[Winter 2007](#)

[Autumn 2006](#)

[Summer 2006](#)

[Spring 2006](#)

[Winter 2006](#)

[Fall 2005](#)

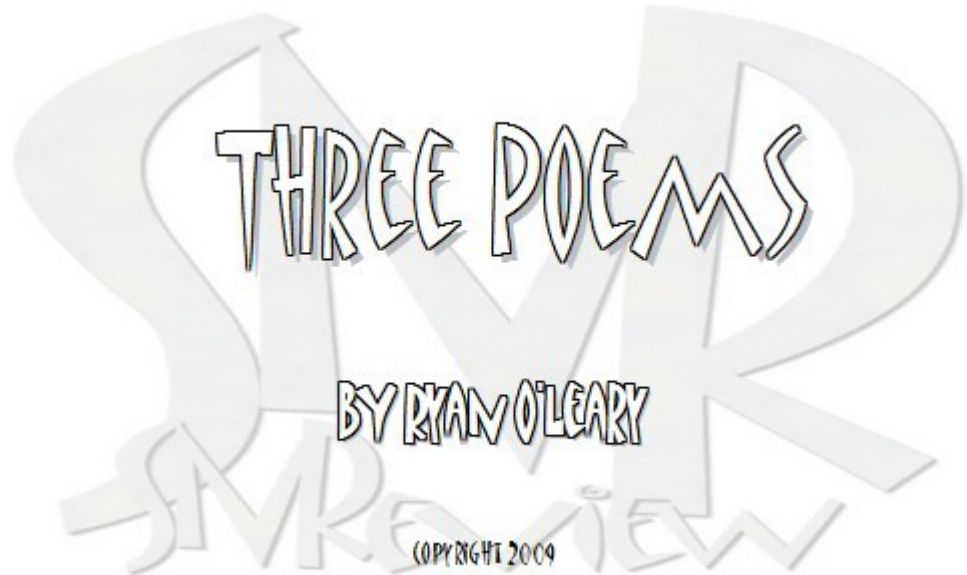
[Summer 2005](#)

[Editor's Note](#)

[Guidelines](#)

[SNR's Writers](#)

[Contact](#)



The Longing

The dark road is endless,
and I have been growing tired,
but there is an enticing light
between the lines of trees
just beyond the road's end.

I begin to run,
and the trees become
tunnel walls
racing past me
in a subtle blur.

When I finally stop, I realize
I am no closer to the road's end
than I was before.
But at the same time,
I am no further from it.

I could sprint if I wanted,
like a crazed man being chased by lions,
but I would still never reach the horizon.

Catastrophe

Sorrows pour down mountains,
like rivers
from the eyes of clouds.

The city our ancestors built
with bare hands
is gone.

The sun will rise tomorrow
and shine on this desolation.

But if just one hand
plants just one seed

a tree will grow.

The masses will gather
around this tree,
and together we will plan
to rebuild the city
our ancestors built
with bare hands.

All the while
our tears will evaporate
and become clouds
towering above mountains.

But when those clouds turn to rain,
it will pour down the mountains,
like rivers,
and we will have to begin again.

The Legacy of the Shining Man

The sidewalk led to a fence where a new one, parallel to the first, began.
In each direction, there was a crowd beckoning him to walk their way,
to leave his footprints of gold on their silver sidewalks.
But in one sudden movement, he jumped the fence
and began down the city street.
He entered a diner where he asked for a sandwich.
But when he took a bite he tasted nothing.
He raced outside and looked up to the blue sky for an answer.
Clouds formed, it began to storm, and all of a sudden,
a bolt of lightning struck his leg leaving him unable to walk,
unable to leave his mark with golden footprints.
He laid there on the cold concrete for hours
before he finally lifted himself with his arms.
He began to walk on his hands,
and he continued down the street
until the road became sand, and suddenly,
he was just a man
standing on his hands
admiring a thousand shades of gold
reflecting off of the ocean
beneath the setting sun.
When he reached the water
he began swimming towards the horizon outlined in gold,
where he will be remembered forever.

Ryan O'Leary is twenty-two and a recent graduate of the University of Texas where he obtained a Bachelor's degree in rhetoric and writing with a minor in creative writing. Ryan's poetry has been compared to Mark Strand's early work.