

First Chance Last Chance

Said she was smitten not frostbitten
And the pain was real yet not cold
Nor hot but warm unnatural longing
Never-ending eternal infernal.
Told her too
Yet said nothing, to save the political gain
And she slipped into mainstream traffic
And I lost her
I was too slow scared weak
Never spoke to her again
But at night in the mirrors
Of my dreams.

Matthew Glenn Ward

Annulment

My eyes are blue and insane today
My hair unkempt and long and greezy:
The easygoing girl I once called friend
Let me down in a letter,
Ending our friendship
Saying all our talks meant nothing.

As I looked at students' paintings later
In the Art Gallery Afternoon
My faith in humanity almost came
It almost
Did.

Matthew Glenn Ward