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Entrapment by YOU

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open. Soon
the night will be blind
too.

The night and I work
to fill you up
to finish the job
like maniacs with blades
because we are maniacal blades.

6.
The handle opens me
to pain
like a pomegranate exposed
to air full of children,
yet it is not the blade
I give thanks for, strangely
it is the restraint of fingers.

7.
Your eyes
are big and beautiful
and your heart
so rosy pink
it lacks perspective.
You're so full.

I want to kiss your echoes,
your reflections.
You don't use them.

I won't bother to explain the hunger.

Entrapment by YOU
Brooke Sahlstrom

you
YOU
vivid shriek in the dark
stumbling about half lit snow banks
leaving behind a trail of ashes
tip gracefully over another pint
spill a drop for me
please
you
haven't left the tangles of electronic spasms
internal shocks keep me separate
terrified to think of him
of you
you can never just be a man
just be someone else
vulnerable in a pile of leaves
shaking on the edge of a railing
teetering atop a steeple
just exposing enough to blush
YOU
YOU
snatched me up
cradled my weak limbs
stroked each gaping wound
until
I bubbled over
awkward glee surrounded
us
haunted by convenience
tortured with consequences
spinning
in the night wind
YOU
cherished whistling through the blinds
YOU
must apply the harsh elements
leave my jumbled neurons
float out
with the next

noreastern
YOU
shall not be forgotten
just leave in peace

Praha Pět

Brooke Sahstrom

I'm a stagnant body in motion
pushed along well traveled tracks
gliding amidst foreign crowds
exiting among rundown pastel structures
those reminiscent of New York's projects
just brighter
less industrial

balconies decorated with Soviet kitsch
dogs chasing the wind in grassy dunes
behind this attempted development
trains tagged by locals whiz past
shaking window panes
rustling laundry strung between buildings
threatening every dog in the area
challenging others to conquer nature as well

across the tracks
quaint cottages rest easy
behind fences shaded by native pines
accented with seemingly random poppies
mothers cruise by with fully loaded carriages
no city traffic to disturb their child's sleep

I'm quickly avoided with a slight turn of the wrist
my tousled appearance startles them
It seems that I meshed better on the other side of these tracks