Spring 2011

The Forum: Spring 2011

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**Recommended Citation**

Halvorson, Hannah; Dickason, Andrea; McCrary, Charles; Oswald, Alex; Olson, Devon; Hill, Beatrice; Olson, Andrew; Crockett, Raeellen; Klaus, Amelia; Saavedra, Jose; and Praus, Samantha, "The Forum: Spring 2011" (2011). *UND Publications*. 62.  
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A Poem

With each word spoken, each character typed
Mirrors are broken,
Shattering persons carefully crafted--
Craftsmanship worsens.

An idea that compels itself.
A cycle that propels itself.

And the best blueprints become
algae in a reflecting pool.

With each word spoken, each character typed
Mirrors are broken,
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And the best blueprints become
algae in a reflecting pool.
Devin Olson

The Last Dinner You Gave

Each June you bought tomatoes from Allard’s, pert Early Girl, dear Super-Fantastic. Gladly, you tucked them between groceries, and drove slow. They’d make it, but you would not.

They nursed upon the kitchen table, on country sun and your used teabags. But then cruel pain struck your abdomen, You told us you’d return, but you would not.

The tomatoes were wilting when we came, fragrant green tatters all in a heap. You wouldn’t stop asking till we went, and watered them for you since you could not.

A day later, they returned in our arms, orphans wearing pots much too small. Their green life’s weight, not yours, in our arms, They bloomed, rounded, gave feasts, since you cannot.
To find ladies like Agony, you find them in a saloon or a catalog, but
To find Agony, you will find her in the streets.
To many, Agony is the devil incarnated in a woman’s body,
To the upper class, Agony is the horror of Society;
To the middle class men, Agony provides the majority of her services;
To the lower class, Agony is the Black ship of God’s Kingdom.
To find her, just walk through the low neighborhood of the city.
To stare at her, she will notice and begin her seductive movements,
To bring her near you, a glance and a smile will be enough.
To men she sells sex, love, and services- per hour.
But, why...
She did it because she was a single mother,
She did it when her child’s father left her once she was pregnant,
She did it across the city, where she was fresh meat for the Gluttons,
She did it afraid of the many risks out in that World,
She did it... she became a Prostitute because of need.
She puts on her costume and enters her new world, but,
She has under her body-mask, a wound in her soul and heart.
She suffers her road of calamity. She will never forget.
She walks through lightless Windy Avenue with a candle
She lights up every night she sells passion.
It was windy all day
and so when I awoke
with night still floating about the house
and heard a humming
I thought at first it was
April’s lion.
But it was too tuneful
and I lay afraid to breathe,
straining to hear, to see
if it were the wind at all.
Or perhaps my mother
up for a drink of water.
What I’d wanted was
not mine own but the mother
of all, singing to me alone.
I lay in the dark with my whole
self, every bit, hoping.
And then a well-modulated
male voice broke in
to tell me the time.
And I realized it was just
the radio.
And that someone had forgotten
to turn it off.
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