



2022

Two Poems

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Recommended Citation

Erickstad, Chad (2022) "Two Poems," *Floodwall Magazine*: Vol. 2: Iss. 8, Article 14.

Available at: <https://commons.und.edu/floodwall-magazine/vol2/iss8/14>

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Two Poems

Chad Erickstad

Jug Wine

soft and silly
thoughts
unravelling
our heads
filling
with dry
crisp
apple
overtones

sinking into
oblivion
with you
guys I
wouldn't
want it
any other
way I
love

you guys
are my
best

fiends
friends
where are
we how
are we
here

Pulled to Light

I am muddled, motionless,
suspended between surface and
weedy lake bottom, looking up
toward a murky, greenish glow.

I have not yet spent stretches
of summer kicking limpid water,
gripping the rounded concrete
edge of my small town's public
pool, finally unmooring myself,
free to propel into more turbid
depths of uncertain purpose.

Gripping my tiny wrist, my father
pulls me to the light, removing
me from the lake, gently laying
me onto the dock as water drizzles
from my slack, drained body.

Years from now my father's heart
will burst while jogging, preparing for
an Army National Guard physical
test, having never left the service
after conscription during Vietnam.

I will keep his dog tag, studying it,
wearing it from time to time, running
my fingers over the raised letters, a
blind search for remedy or meaning.

Looking up at my father, I am scared
by the worry I see, his face a mask
of distress unfamiliar to me before
a broad smile transforms it as he
realizes that I am unharmed and safe.

I want this to be my father's
expression, his experience upon
dying: suddenly, painlessly, beatifically
pulled to light by some savior
like I was pulled to light by mine.

Chad Erickstad is a senior at UND majoring in English with a minor in communications.