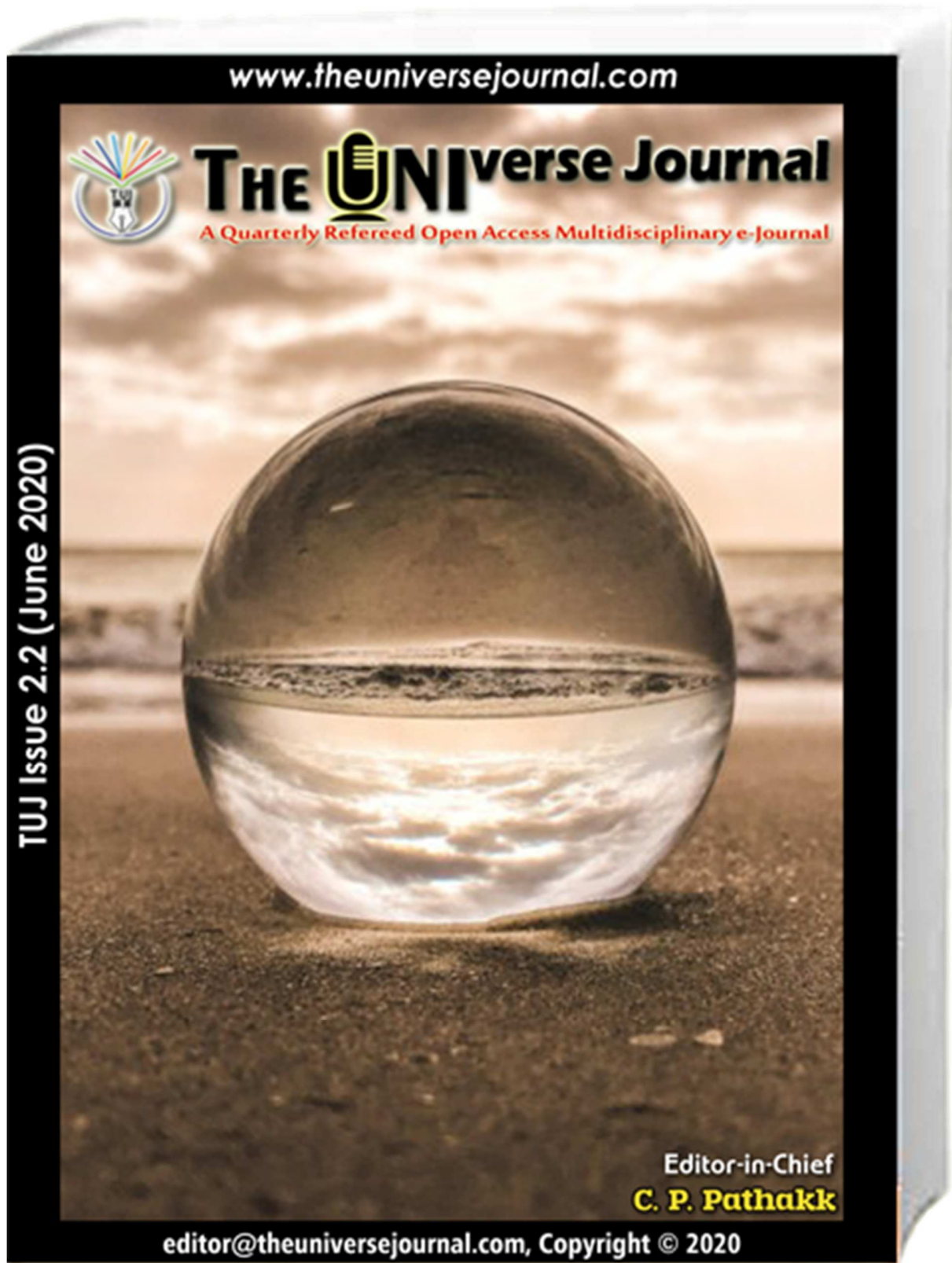


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“Two Poems”

Connor Orrico

I

joy
may come in the morning
but it is a distant hope
and a feeble shield
against the inevitability
of Grendel
and the strengthening
of Hyde

II

My heartbeat mocks me,
my breathing doubts me;
impotent words wreck me
like pockets full
of rocks I drag
wave after wave
into a sea that frees
my bipolar-fatigued brain.

Lights of majesty,
ruling over
day and night
in heavens expanse,
lustrate me
with your sure gaze
so I may endure
on Earth with compassion.