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# Tempus Noctem

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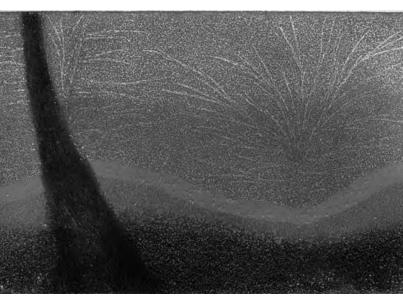
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### **Tempus Noctem**

K.L. Dryk

The barmaid grabs a bottle of Ruffino,
Pulls the cork out with her teeth.
A fallen god breathes violet smoke
And sips absinthe from a straw.



Winter Scene 2 James G. Robinson

Wood nymphs and werewolves

Form a string quartet,

Conducted by the Austrian man-child:

A baton in one hand, Schnapps in the other.

An angel and daemon dance
Their hips grind in rhythm
Her face pink with passion
His face pale with fear.

A water sprite dances alone, Soaked beneath her rain cloud, And with a crook'd finger beckons The monster cowering in the corner.

The barmaid blinks at the doors,
Varnished in white clover,
Protecting her patrons from horrors beyond.
She pours another round.

### **The Rave**

Daniel Sandoval

Spread the word, the Machine is coming, a circus of steel springs and combustions all grinding to the drums. Watch them waiting, every color, every clan; all wanting to be part of the system as it begins with a roar like a turbocharged engine they rush the door.

Inside, heads swim in a new found sea, unconscious are the dancing sparks and gay revelers in their glitter coated world. Limbs pumping, pounding pistons running full blast through the night, up creaking stairs into the radiator, cooling chamber, thick green haze passes over innumerable points of light; oxygen restriction. Drums persist pouring down white rain on melting minds. Thrilling, rushing euphoric rhythms flow like wine from fine crystal. Speak and you will not be heard, listen and you will hear no voice, for the machine stops for no one until morn.

Wasting away in the exhaust of a comatose state are some, eyes open seeing new worlds in clarity are others, while a select few crawl through Hell blinded by visions of terror. Still the electric pulses have yet to slow, numb to the deafening watts as they are now winding their way to the surface of a sleeping city. Whimsical youths will lay until afternoon, their internal timing chains hours slow, yet only eight rounds of the gauge have passed. The beating motion is still lingering as weary heads fall upon waiting pillows, headlight eyes switch off near six a.m. The last sounds fade for these who now dream anew, yet still worshipers of the dance rage against the coming of the light, would they be consumed in the warehouse flames before they saw the dawn?

Spread the word the machine was here and they called it the Rave.

44 FORCES 2010 2010 FORCES 45