

5-1-2011

Facing My Crossroads

Eunice Bridges

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Recommended Citation

Bridges, Eunice (2011) "Facing My Crossroads," *Forces*: Vol. 2011 , Article 5.
Available at: <https://digitalcommons.collin.edu/forces/vol2011/iss1/5>

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White-Lily Silk

Melissa Dang

Here spawns the truth, I am riddled with guilt,
Loosing and oozing blood stained with black ink,
Ruin the smoothness of white-lily silk.

Phoebe's ivory smile—downward it tilts
Strained and panged with rejection's cold favor
Here spawns the truth, I am riddled with guilt.

Selfish things I have done, words I have spilt.
Taunting and haunting what I cannot undo
Ruin the smoothness of white-lily silk.

Tampered with how love's been rendered and built,
Torn and scorned every last visage of faith—
Here spawns the truth, I am riddled with guilt.

Sewn together, my maimed memoir quilt
Charred and scarred from flames I daringly tried
Ruin the smoothness of white-lily silk.

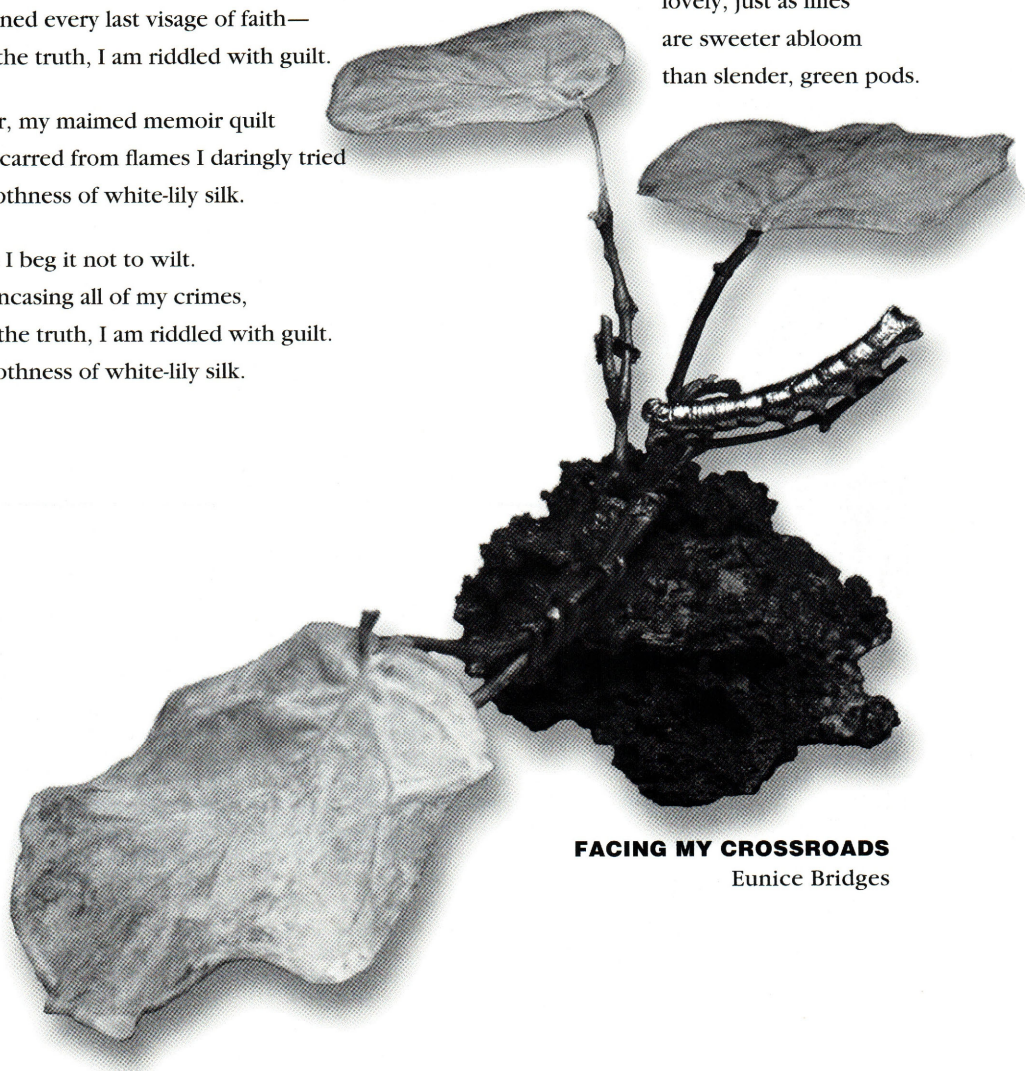
If grace exists I beg it not to wilt.
Wasting and incasing all of my crimes,
Here spawns the truth, I am riddled with guilt.
Ruin the smoothness of white-lily silk.

A Mind Away

Hugh Bramlett

I went to the back
yard of my mind.
As I gazed through
the chain link trellis,
I noticed proud trees
standing like eleven,
reaching maturity.

In the soft light,
I met someone
I thought I knew.
The memory had grown
lovely, just as lilies
are sweeter abloom
than slender, green pods.



FACING MY CROSSROADS

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