

Artology Remix 2013
Selected student poems

by Bendeguz

The sliding door
I wonder what has passed
through your red crossed
entrance
Have you seen tragedy?
Euphoria?
Or perhaps life is
blessed and you
seek excitement more.
In dangerous times, were
you a haven?

by Gabriela L.

The crimson curtain draped
over the window, shielding
the content from prying eyes.

It holds mysteries, that
people wish to know.

Underneath it all there is something
special perhaps. Or maybe it is a
waste of time.

The crimson curtains just hang there.
day after day.
Holding in secrets
that are not escaping

by Edward

Classical,
still, as age eats away.

A trap door covers
the organs and tendons,
this three-legged creature,

black and white keys for teeth,
stained with dirt,
and through those teeth they
sing.

By Danica T.

The years that pass
Finally succumbed in my
Flesh. How much longer will
I wait? How much longer
Will she take? My dear
Beloved, it has been decades
That you've left me. But
But still I won't forget you in this
Burning home

My tired gaze now [shadabung?]
My life withering at your
Absence. Be home, my love
For I can take no more
My years are over
And want only for my darling
Rose to come through the door
She comes, with lips
Receiving angelic consent
Then finally, I'll know ..
It is time

Grasp less
With no touch
From they soft wamr palm
Leave me now
 But leave
With a gentle
Kiss or a touch
Because no more will
I live to
Feel

The years that pass finally succumbed in my flesh
My life withering in your absence

by Alex L.

He watches us
Hungry eyes
devour us
His hand moves
The sound
of brushstrokes
echo through
the room

He traces
our figure
his fingers
now ablaze
movements
so swift
so energetic
He draws
our full breasts
eyes glowing with
intent

He runs
along legs
and captures
the curves
of our buttocks
His intensity
frightens us

We are his
subjects
We sit
silent
voiceless
as he slowly
devours us

Mice and Men, Pierce the Veil
drawing, painting, ink
is years old.

Panda Hat
fluffy, soft
big eyes
around her red hair
yellowy white
A mouth ago, at a city beach

gift card

likes it

Brings out a cheerfulness, a childishness

contrasts her nose ring and her general appearance

that has innocence about it