

Luke Park

Bio: Luke Park is a 15-year-old freshman from South Korea, with a love for poetry and comics. He would mention how he loathes speaking in the third person, but enough people loath third-person speech anyways.

Docks

It's a dark blue night

seagulls cry signals

It's last call

Sea salt fills the air

Water winds accompany

A silent peaceful breeze

Yellow of red, red of steel

On ships over yonder

Voyaging

Like elegant dancers

On ocean's stage

Sailing under a blanket

Of an astral followspot

And to the right

Hands ponder

To the left

As well

And carefully toss nets

They do, as

Posiedon's children

Fall to rest

Supper is ready.

Waves are our waiters

And our boats

the tables

And the lighthouse

Afar, the

Signal of due work

to the docks.

Mariana Trench Jury

Baggage of air, I carry
Cry tears of interrogation
Try to breathe, I dare you. Furor of the southern west king

Exclamation mark!
When the dam of yuletide collapsed, a stream of consciousness followed
the child, of the poor, poor, child

Drowned in her own misbelief

How to boil an egg
Place your eggs in a pot
Cover the eggs with water
Ensuring that at least an inch of water has covered each egg Boil for eight to ten
minutes
Serve the shells to the ethereal corpse
Consume without abandon
The eggs go blue, wait till midday

Rise and shine, idiot

Cool crayon of distinct tint
A butterfly steals your cadillac
On further notice, corruption of the quetzalcoatlus

Orange, Asmodeus
Electricity flows through his brain Breathe, Breathe!
I told you to breathe, yet you complied

A lonely soul drifts into a freight train As Saturn devours his son

Horace, taste the pain of gluttony Spaghetti for the damned

A lock was stolen in the process

Goodbye, Mariana Trench Jury.

Firewatch

Isolation
Does it drive the mind To solitude or Insanity?

Abode Clouds, trees Hands, beings Nonexistent

Nothing
Nothing is here
No sparks, no earth

The truth is evident For it does not exist

Envy

No eyes
None on me, none possessed Or so I believed
Upon my art

They say that it's green with envy
I think it's more red
Like a burning flame of misguided passion Spawning cinders, inner demons

A voice
Unexpected, unwanted, unruly Uncoerced
Parasite, gnawing at my insides

But now
Looking down, at My own pedestal I can see

Moon

What a strange feeling this is

To stand upon the star stained hovels

Holding a dish, empty

Save for the reflection of a pale sphere

Devotion (3 poems fit into one)

Isolation
Does it drive the mind To solitude or Insanity?

Abode Clouds, trees Hands, beings Nonexistent

Nothing
Nothing is here
No sparks, no earth

The truth is evident For it does not exist,

Blinded, blissful sleeping

No eyes
None on me, none possessed Or so I believed
Upon my art

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