

Power

By Zachary Zivalich

I'd bet my youth

that you walk on the grass hills of your campus

away from the droning and the rage

as you are filled with a

fuzz-tone of importance

It tastes like the sandbox where you were

dog-piled on and had your first moment of

puzzled admiration for the strong

it sounds like

grandiose ball rooms and subjugated poets; lips wetting yours

maybe it even feels identical to that one dream - yourself, flying over Petrograd

and I bet you hate the way

that the gleeful welcome

of your friends

were never preconceived notions.

and in those moments of grey feedback

I can see you ask the corners of your room

"where does excellence begin?"

and

"where do I end?"