

of metal, and we join hands
with one another.

We could stay here
for days,
each of us
witnesses to our own deaths.

William Meissner
St. Cloud State College

Friday Night Television

I am kneading my own blood
into pink clay.
As I knead, I ask myself: where
does the knife blade glisten
like a white eye with no eyeball, like
madness? Madness crawling like a blue glow
under the logs of junked cars,
between cracks in sidewalks, filling up
dimly-lit telephone booths, squeezing itself
like an electric worm through high voltage wires,
spreading thinner, waiting invisible between
the layers of plate glass,
beneath the silver coatings of bathroom mirrors.

We ask ourselves: who has been killed? Who is guilty?
Who drinks blood and laughs?

We mold the clay skin of our own hands
into the shape of a cup.
We drink the grey speechless water
of dead men's dreams.

William Meissner
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