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Peer reviewed|Undergraduate

KENNEDY GLYN SMITH
TWO POEMS

THE VERNAL POOL

ISSUE FOUR, SPRING 2015

Door to the Ocean

I found a door to the ocean.

The tall wood smelled of the sea.

The hole from which my eye had pressed
sent salty water that raised my chest.

The waves that crash, burn, and swell
repeat their cycle all too well.

I found the door to the ocean.

The tall wood smelled of the sea,

But I have yet to find the key.

Oil Painting

Paint until the shadowy hours
when blues and blacks fade.
They say their prayers to die a little,
as red takes the day.
Draw the sun.
Sketch the moon,
Choosing colors to blur the two.
Spill yellows of different hues.
Smudge in the purest white.
As we open eyes to morning light,
try our hardest to recall,
we have not painted a single color at all.