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At Bay

Kevin Sunga
Dominican University of California

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At Bay

By Kevin Sunga

I didn't die,
I moved to California.

To judge whether it's heaven or hell,
It's up to you.

The area sprawling
With astute businessmen and tattered fellows.
No one rejected,
But not everyone accepted.

For those in limbo,
These city nights
Are what we live for;
Left to decide
Whether we waste or preserve
Our innocence.

That skyline, a beacon for young new souls,
Though I know no one in that city.
For a moment,
It will seem to me as if I am going to meet a friend,
But as I wander through the dim streets,
I meet others on the same mission.

Alone together,
We are not lovers, not brother and sister,
Though we drift and in hand
Through a hall,
Thrilling and burning
As though desire expires.